Dream Dining  
By Mollycoddles

“Oh for me? Thank you,” said Audrey as the maître d’ pulled out a chair for her.

It was only after she was seated that she started to reflect on how strange this all was. The table was huge, way too big to just seat a single diner… It wasn’t as if there weren’t other tables around, although the restaurant was quite crowded. She briefly scanned the room. Jeez, everyone else was dressed so… impeccably! All around her were men in suits and ties, women in evening gowns… This must be an extremely fancy restaurant! Audrey felt suddenly self-conscious about her appearance; she was wearing a simple button-down white blouse, tucked into her beige slacks, cinched at the waist by a black leather belt. It was a simple look, but then Audrey had an understated, girl-next-door quality that didn’t need anything more. A slender brunette with her straightened hair falling to her shoulders, Audrey wasn’t shapeless – her curvy bottom balanced out the swell of her modest bosom – but she definitely fell on the more tomboyish side of the spectrum when it came to curves.

“What… is this place?” she asked, narrowing her eyes in confusion. Come to think of it, how did she get here? She couldn’t remember anything earlier than a moment ago when the head waiter – she assumed he must be the head waiter, though she couldn’t remember him telling her that – had seated her here.

“Please, madam, just enjoy yourself,” said the maître d, clapping his hands loudly as if to draw attention. “Tonight is all about madam’s enjoyment.”

“Oh thank you, I guess,” said Audrey uncertainly. This was all super weird! She didn’t have time to dwell on that for long, though, because no sooner had the maître d’ clapped his hands then the double doors to the kitchen flew open and a waiter appeared carrying a domed tray.

The waiter was dressed in the style of a regency gentleman, with a high-buttoned, gilt-edged tailcoat over breeches, immaculate white gloves on his hands, and a fancy powdered wig atop his head. Of course the waiters would be dressed to the nines in a place like this, thought Audrey. Her eyes briefly roved about the room, taking in the exquisite architecture – the Roman columns and intricate wainscotting and high domed ceiling. She gulped nervously, once again feeling out of place.

“Oh, is that for me? Gosh… thank you,” said Audrey as he slid the tray onto the table before her and removed the dome with a flourish. Audrey was shocked to see a cutlet of roast pork with mushroom dressing and a side of rosemary potatoes! This was high class dining!

“I really think there’s been some mistake—hello?” Audrey tried to protest, but the waiter was already headed back toward the kitchen, completely ignoring her. And the maître d was gone too, already back at his podium at the foyer helping another new arrival. Audrey looked down at her plate. It did smell delicious! This food was way richer than her normal fare, but the maître d had said that tonight was all about her enjoyment. Maybe she’d won some sort of contest? In any event, it seemed rude to refuse.

Audrey plucked a knife and fork from her place setting and set about slicing off a bite of pork. Popping it into her mouth, she sighed and her eyes nearly rolled back into her head. Heavenly! So soft, so tender, so juicy!

“I guess I can afford to indulge a little just this once,” said Audrey, smiling to herself as she sliced off another bite. She did feel a little naughty eating something so decadent, but, honestly, that was part of the appeal! Isn’t a treat better when you feel like you shouldn’t?

Luckily, as rich as the food was, there wasn’t too much. Taking small dainty bites, she gradually worked her way through the cutlet with relish. When she finished, she replaced her silverware and dabbed her mouth with her cloth napkin.

“Wow, that was really good!” she said, patting her stomach. “I need to remember… oh hello!”

Unbidden, the doors to the kitchen had opened again and the waiter – was it the same waiter? She couldn’t tell with all that fancy clothing – reappeared with another dish. Just as silent as before, he approached her with a second domed tray, expertly swapping out Audrey’s empty plate for this new dish.

“Oh wow!” blurted Audrey as he removed the dome to reveal chicken medallions in a white wine reduction with fennel and pine nuts. “This is way too much… and too fancy… uh, hello?”

But the waiter was already gone.

“Jeez, well, I guess I can’t just not eat it,” said Audrey uncertainly. Truth be told, she was already full from the first dish… who really ate multiple course meals these days? But again, this place was so fancy… She couldn’t just leave it there! Audrey felt like the eyes of the other patrons were upon her, almost as if they were judging her, scrutinizing her, waiting to see what she would do. Were they waiting to see if she would eat this second course? She felt a deep flush of embarrassment in her cheeks at the thought that everyone was looking at her. She grabbed her silverware and set to work. As soon as she pushed the first bite into her mouth, she felt the room relax, as if the other diners, satisfied, had turned their attention back to their own meals.

The chicken was delicious, but even before she was finished she saw the kitchen doors open again. The waiter returned, again with another domed tray.

“Um, excuse me? I’m not…” Audrey was still pecking at her food when the waiter grabbed the plate in front of her and started to remove it. Now there was a deep dish of steaming, creamy pasta carbanara in front of her. But Audrey wasn’t finished with her chicken yet! Despite herself, as the waiter moved the old plate away, she continued jamming her fork into chicken slices and stuffing them into her mouth in a desperate bid to get as much of the food into herself as possible before it was out of her reach. Only when she couldn’t reach anymore did she turn her attention to the carbanara.

“Okay,” she huffed to herself, “This is getting a little out of hand. I’m supposed to eat this too?”

Sighing heavily, she grabbed her fork and steeled herself to the task ahead. She plunged in eagerly – it was delicious after all! – but Audrey could already sense that she was nearly at the end of her meal. Her stomach was way too full, she could feel her swollen tummy pressing against her belt, ready to overflow onto her lap if she unbuckled. Gawd, she just knew she would really have to hit the gym when all this was over!

There were two waiters now.

They were bringing her more dishes, rice pilaf and salmon tarragon, arranging them on the table before her.

“I didn’t order this,” she burbled through a mouth stuffed with too much creamy pasta. But again, her complaints were ignored. The waiters were like pre-programmed robots, completely uninterested in Audrey’s opinion on the matter – they were just here to serve!

“Alright! Alright! No big deal, I can definitely do this,” mumbled Audrey to herself. “Sure, it’s a lot of food… but I can do this!”

First things first… she still had to tackle this pasta! She slurped down the noodles as fast as she could, all too aware that the waiters could reappear at any moment and snatch the dish from her. She was eating as fast as she could, shoveling food into her mouth with abandon, until she felt her fork scrape against the bottom of the bowl. She was almost done! There was still a lot of pasta left to go when the waiter came to take her bowl – Audrey again made a last ditch feeble attempt to grab a few stray noodles off the plate as he carried it off – but she still felt a definite feeling of accomplishment as she set to work on the rice pilaf.

In the meantime, the waiters, all three of them – three??—were still ferrying more plates out of the kitchen. Audrey blanched. She needed to pick up the pace! If she lagged behind, soon the whole table would be covered in plates and platters of too much food!

Audrey drew herself up to her full height, tossed her chestnut brown hair, pursed her lips, and furrowed her brow. Okay. Okay. This was no big deal. She could do this! She just had to be methodical about this. One plate at a time. Ignoring the gurgles of her full tummy, Audrey attacked the closest meal – it was a platter of shrimp puffs – with a new sense of purpose. She plucked each puff up by its tail and popped into her mouth, one by one, chewing vigorously and purposefully. She almost felt like she was making progress! Or she would have, if the dang waiter didn’t just snatch the plate away from her just before she was done and replace it with yet another tray FULL of braised artichoke. Audrey stared at the new tray, her lips slack, crumbs obliviously dusting her chin. She almost wanted to cry! Gawd, how could this keep going? This was WAY too much food!

Besides, she wasn’t even hungry anymore! Her tummy was definitely bulging now; it would have been sagging over her belt if it could be said to sag. But it was full and round, bloated out like a pumped-full basketball and testing the buttons on her blouse. Gawd, how embarrassing. She wanted to suck in this new gut, but she was simply too stuffed. She couldn’t do it. Absently, she rubbed her new belly with her left hand while her right hand kept busy shoveling more food into her mouth. She couldn’t afford to fall behind now! She had to keep going… more, more, more! She could feel her stomach stretching as she packed it all in and she absently wondered how long her blouse could last under the strain of her growing gut. She could feel her buttons stretching, pushed further apart by her swollen middle, patches of tender pink tummy coming into view in the growing gaps between the quivering buttons. She could hear her leather belt creaking when she leaned forward to grab something off the table, feel her full bloated belly sloshing with fullness… but she had no choice, did she? She couldn’t stop! They just kept bringing more and more food and she was powerless to resist!

Gawd, but that wasn’t even the worst of it! Audrey could feel her guts roiling with this massive meal. She wasn’t used to gorging like this and all these rich foods were doing a number on her digestion. She felt like she could actually feel her stomach and intestines struggling to deal with this heavy gutload! But there was no polite way to say it: Audrey had to fart. She could feel the gas building up inside her, she could feel the urgency growing.

“I’ll just hold it in, I can do this,” she mumbled to herself as she shoved another forkful of lemon butter fettuccini into her bulging cheeks. What a dilemma! An awful thought occurred to her. She needed to get away from here, she had to excuse herself to find a restroom… but she couldn’t get any of the waiters’ attention. When one approached with yet more food, she raised a finger to try to draw him near so that she could whisper her need to him. Hopefully he would take pity and order the onslaught of food to stop, or at least pause, so that she could quickly scurry away to the ladies room. She couldn’t just drop her silverware, stand up, and walk away in the middle of this fine meal WITHOUT excusing herself! She was already all too aware that the other diners were glancing at her, shaking their heads and clucking their teeth. What would they think of her if she did something that rude?

Nevertheless, the urge wasn’t going away. It was only getting stronger! Audrey grimaced, clenching her buttocks tightly in hopes that she could ride this out. Maybe they were getting toward the end of this meal…. I mean, how many more courses could there possibly be? But the food just kept coming and the waiters showed no signs of letting up.

“Ohhh Gawd, I really gotta go… I don’t know how much longer I can hold it,” whined Audrey under her breath. She grit her teeth, clenching her eyes shut, as sweat beaded on her brow. Her stomach ached, her intestines quivered, she desperately needed to release this gas as soon as possible or she was just going to burst in a cloud of methane!

“Oh Gawd, I’m still… eating?!” Audrey suddenly realized that she was still cramming food into her face as fast as possible even as she felt fuller than ever, both with food and with gas. Why was she still eating? That was only going to make the problem worse! Yet what else could she do?

She couldn’t hold it anymore. The pressure was too high. She clenched her pert buttocks as hard as she could, hoping against hope that she could keep her asshole so tightly locked up that not even the smallest wisp of a fart could squeak through… but she knew it was a losing battle. Shit. Shit! She was in trouble. Her eyes darted left and right. The waiters were completely intent on their task, carrying plates and platters of food without ever giving the slightest indication that they even noticed the desperate, bloated woman in their midst. Maybe… maybe they wouldn’t notice? That was her only hope. Maybe she could just… let out a small one… maybe that would be enough… just enough to relieve the pressure for now, to buy her some time until she could get away and really let loose… maybe that was the answer.

Grimacing, Audrey relaxed. A tiny, nearly imperceptible fart squeaked out of her ass, her rump quivering ever so slightly at the release. Ohhhh Gawd, that was good! What a relief! Audrey’s elation was short-lived, though. What if someone heard? Suddenly, she was worried again, terrified even. She whipped her head back and forth to check. The other diners hadn’t react. The closest waiter, retrieving a half-eaten plate of shrimp scampi, smirked slightly as if he knew, but quickly regained his composure.

“Thank God no one noticed!” sighed Audrey. “But, Jeez, I’m still feeling so bloated…” And no wonder! Looking down at herself, Audrey noticed that she… her whole body was swollen and puffy! Her belly was round and tight, the size and weight of a bowling ball, pushing her clothing to its limits. Her breasts were noticeably plumper; she could see through the gaps in her shirt that she was beginning to spill out of her pearly white brassiere. She felt… bigger? Rounder? All over, her whole body felt bloated and puffy, like she was a balloon steadily being inflated with too much food and all that food was just making her grow bigger and bigger… This was an even bigger problem than her farting, she thought nervously, even as she felt her guts bubbling with renewed flatulence. “What’s going on? I’m… I’m blowing up… how can this be?”

The waiters ignored her queries; the only reaction she got was a raised eyebrow as one waiter pulled away yet another unfinished plate.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” said Audrey, her mouth full as she hastily scraped a few more bites off the plate as the waiter removed it. “I’m eating as fast as I can! I just… there’s too much… I can’t keep up! Please… have mercy on me… I’m really trying!”

She shouldn’t have let herself get distracted. Another fart slipped out, louder than the first, loud enough that she was certain that someone MUST have heard this time. A titter rippled through the room as some of the other diners turned to look. Oh no! Yeah, people were definitely noticing.

“Uh huh huh,” Audrey laughed nervously, her face flushing pink. Gawd, this was so embarrassing! “Sorry! I…er, excuse me!”

An older couple seated at the nearest table shook their heads and rolled their eyes. The woman whispered something to the man and he nodded in agreement. Audrey felt her face grow hot as yet another fart started to brew in her guts. Oh Gawd, they were definitely talking about her!

It didn’t help that she was taking up more and more space! She was puffing up like a balloon, her belly pushing out onto her lap, her breasts rising up to smother her face. She could feel her belt pinching tighter and tighter around her burgeoning waist, the seams of her pants stretching dangerously as her thighs and legs plumped up.

“I need to stop eating,” she repeated to herself, dribbling a mouthful of risotto into her rising cleavage. But that was easier said than done! The food kept coming, at a faster and faster clip… There had to be five, no, six, no, ten waiters now! They were forming a fire brigade to ferry food to her, but she was too stuffed and bloated to keep eating… and yet too stuffed and bloated to offer any resistance! She felt like she had to keep eating because… well, she felt like she would be rude to stop, that she would somehow insult these waiters or lose face in front of the other diners. Yet, at the same time, wasn’t that just a convenient excuse? She COULD stop eating any time that she wanted to. She could simply put down her fork, push herself to her feet, and wobble away. Sure, she was fatter now, but she was still mobile. She could feel her spreading hips press into the arm rests of her chair, she could feel her blimping bottom press against the back rest. It would take a little effort to extricate herself, she knew her hips were already becoming wedged in, but she could do it. Better to risk a few stares while she was struggling with her chair than to stay here and eat and eat and eat until she burst like an overinflated balloon!

And yet, somehow, she couldn’t! Not for any of the reasons that she told herself… not because she was overly concerned about the feelings of the waiters or the thoughts of the diners… but because she truly, honestly, deep down in her heart of hearts, wanted to eat! Gawd, it felt so good to just shove food into her mouth with wild abandon, to stuff her face without any worries about her weight. It was heaven!

She hoped that the pressure of the armrests against the sides of her expanding backside might help to clamp her butt cheeks shut, but no such luck. The pressure inside her guts finally overcame her resistance, and another fart exploded from her rear. It was a temporary respite from her fullness, opening up a small amount of room in her guts that she was instantly compelled to refill with food food food DELICIOUS FOOD!!

The couple at the next table coughed, the woman waving her dainty hand in front of her face in an exaggerated manner. “Oh goodness! How rude!” she said.

“Frightfully undignified,” agreed her companion.

“My goodness! Look at the greedy hog! No wonder she’s blowing up,” said an older refined-looking woman. “She’s as big as a blimp!”

“Not yet,” said a woman who might have been her sister. “But, at the rate she’s going, she will be soon! Just look at how huge she’s become! Have you ever seen someone eat themselves so absolutely massive?”

Other diners were also murmuring their own comments. Audrey felt her skin go cold as she realized that she had become such a gassy, bloated spectacle that her fellow diners could no longer ignore her.

“Ughhhh,” she sighed in relief as yet other fart ripped out of her gargantuan ass. She was filling with gas too quickly now to even make a pretense of holding them in! She was farting constantly, spewing a steady stream of flatulence as she ate. It was the only way to calm her roiling guts, to make room for more food! Despite her constant farting, she was still blowing up, expanding into a big round billowing blimp. She leaned over in her chair, raising one leg to surreptitiously let out an especially loud burst of methane – a pointless gesture as everyone instantly knew what she was doing. But what else COULD she do?

“Ugh! She’s farting up a storm!” complained another diner. “How unladylike! I would be sooo embarrassed if I were in her position!”

“She can’t stop! How hilarious! She’s a fart factory!”

“Can you believe someone would pass wind so brazenly in public? Disgraceful!”

“Someone open a window!”

The other diners were making exaggerated noises of disgust, playing up their revulsion as Audrey filled the restaurant with the miasma of her farts. Gawd, she was so absolutely humiliated! Yet she was still cramming food into her mouth, even though it was getting harder and harder to bend her turgid arms to reach the table in front of her. She felt like she was literally inflating, becoming so packed with blubber that it was becoming harder and harder to move.

Bang! The top button blasted from her shirt, revealing a little more of her ample cleavage. If she was in a better situation, Audrey might have been proud of her new bustiness. Lord knows she’d always felt a little conspicuous because of her flat chest, but she didn’t have time to think about that now. The loss of one button was embarrassing, but worse was yet to come. The buttons all the way down her front were hanging on for dear life, so much pink tummy flesh bubbling out between the gaps. Stitches on her pants were dying, tears opening along her legs with loud RIIIIIIPPPPPing noises.

“She’s busting out of her clothes! How indecent!”

“No surprise. She’s literally as big as a house!”

“She can’t last much longer! She looks like she’s about to explode already.”

“Perhaps, my dear, we should relocate… for safety’s sake.”

Audrey was dimly aware that the nearest couple to her had stood up and were awkwardly scootching their table away from her. Whether they were trying to escape the rank fog of her constant farts or literally in fear that they would be injured when she inevitably exploded from her own gluttony, she had no idea. She could barely be bothered to care! All that mattered was all this delicious food! She had to eat it as fast as possible, even if it kept getting harder to keep up as 20 waiters brought her more and more to eat. 20 waiters?? This was getting absolutely ridiculous! This was completely off the rails!

Pow! Another buttons burst under the strain, revealing a glimpse of Audrey’s straining brassiere. How much longer could her bra stand up to her big pale boobs? How much longer could her shirt last, she was losing it button by button as she inflated. Her pants were stretched so tight, pinching into her thighs and pulling at the crotch! It was almost on cue as she slurped down a braised asparagus that her belt finally lost the battle. It creaked loudly, but she was so consumed with eating that she barely gave it a thought until suddenly… FWOOMPH!!! She felt a release around her middle and felt her swollen belly sudden puff out triumphantly to its full, monumental size. The prong of her buckle finally slipped from its hole, tearing through the overstretched leather, and the entire belt burst open, flinging to her sides as her belly burst out like a huge balloon.

“She’s busted her belt! She’s definitely on her way to busting as well! Won’t be long now!”

“That’s what happens to greedy girls who don’t control their appetites. They grow to massive proportions just like her! Look at that hippopotamus. Just disgraceful! Such indulgence! So unbecoming of a lady.”

“Not to mention the farts.”

“Ugh! Don’t remind me! She’s absolutely stinking up the entire restaurant!”

Audrey wanted to apologize, to protest that she didn’t mean to do that… she was honestly trying to hold it all in, but it was too much! The pressure inside her kept rising and the food wasn’t stopping, so she didn’t have any choice. The farts were blasting out of her fast and furious now, her face red both with embarrassment and the strain of release. Yet she could barely even mumble an apology because she was too busy eating! She was flailing to reach anything within her arm span, grabbing at food from trays as waiters drifted past and stuffing it into her mouth. She could feel her body swelling with her indulgence and… Gawd, why did it feel so good?? She was so confused! On the one hand, she was terrified – the food wouldn’t stop coming and her body was clearly showing the effects of her constant eating! Her clothes creaked ominously and Audrey felt the pressure building behind the remaining buttons.

“She’s already blown off her belt, the rest of her clothes won’t last much longer.”

“What do you think will go first? Her blouse or her pants? She's bloating up pretty evenly all over, it’s hard to say!”

“She’s filling the room! I’ve never seen someone get so huge!”

Audrey was finding it harder and harder to maneuver her bloated body to grab hold of anything. Her overstuffed belly plumped down on her thighs, pressing into the table as she struggled to grab a basket of rolls off the table. She crammed one into her mouth and chewed vigorously. She could feel her pillowy belly pressing against the crotch of her pants, the waistband cruelly cutting into her middle as every bite caused her to puff up larger and larger. If she’d been gaining weight normally, her belly might have sagged over her pants and flopped onto her lap, but… she wasn’t gaining normally? She almost felt like she was inflating… My God, how can that be? Her mind was abuzz with possibilities, what could be causing this? Was it because she was gaining so fast? Was she growing too big too fast to just add extra fat to her body like a normal person gaining weight? Was her body being forced to just.. blow up to accommodate all the extra calories she was cramming down her gullet? She had no clue, but she only knew that she had to keep going. Not just because she couldn’t disappoint the people so kindly (ha! They were killing her with kindness!) bringing her food, but goddamnit because she wanted to!! She wanted to eat! The food was delicious and she never got to just indulge like this… Gawd, how big would she get? She shivered at the sudden mental image of herself huge, as big as a balloon in the Macy’s Thanksgiving parade, as big as the Goodyear blimp, as big as the Hindenberg Zeppelin, bigger than the planet, bigger than the univserse… just a massive, bloated, over-inflated blimp of a woman constantly growing bigger and bigger and BIGGER with no end in sight! Where would this all lead? She had no clue! She was in a whirlwind of gluttony now, shoving food into her chubby face as fast as she could with no regard for the sauce and crumbs slathered her plump cheeks and burgeoning double chin. Her only thought was to consume as much as she could as fast as she could!

Except... how could she? Her arms were so puffy now that she could barely move. She looked like the Michelin Man, a big plump pillowy marshmellow woman. She was incapacitated by her own bulk, too inflated to effectively move her arms. She was becoming so turgid with blubber that her arms wanted to stick out straight to her sides in a T-pose.

“Ma’am?” said a waiter. It was the first time that a waiter had said anything to her all night! She looked at him, her mouth hanging open in surprise.

“Thank you, ma’am,” said the waiter, spooning some buttery mashed potatoes into her open mouth. He placed his gloved hand under her double chin and gently nudged her mouth shut. “Very good, ma’am.”

Audrey dutifully swallowed.

“Another bite, ma’am?” asked another waiter, appearing at her other elbow with a plate of mixed vegetables.

Audrey didn’t have to respond. She opened her mouth dutifully.

“Open wide, please, Miss.”

“Here you go, Ma’am.”

“Please, ma’am?”

The waiters were now feeding her! It felt like, somehow, things were reaching an even higher stage of insanity, but Audrey was grateful for the help. She was too big to feed herself now, after all! But she was worried, these waiters were awfully enthusiastic… She was having even more trouble keeping up, her eyes darting wildly, sweat pouring down her fat face, as several dozen waiters now vied for her attention.

How much longer could this go on?

“I’m… trying… please… I can’t keep up,” mumbled Audrey, but the waiters simply kept shoving food into her mouth. Their plaintive little cries of “Miss?” and “Madam?” were so heart-breakingly polite that Audrey couldn’t resist them even if she had wanted to!

Audrey gulped. She didn’t know how much longer she could keep going! She could feel her overstuffed, overfilled body creak and groan against its own bulk. She was becoming dangerously full… and she shuddered to think what might happen if she finally surpassed her own limits!

To be continued…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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