Bloat! Her! Up! (2 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

“Wha—what’s going on?” mumbled Caitlin.

She could barely see what was going on as the stagehands rolled her over, propping her back in her chair, her colossal form moving with the slow ponderous motion of the tide changing. She was completely round; she vaguely remembered the infamous scene in the old Willy Wonka movie where the Oompa Loompas had rolled around the helplessly inflated Violet Beuregarde. Gawd. I’m just as round as she was in the film! Thought Caitlin. How was this possible? If she didn’t know better, she would almost expect to see her skin start turning blue. But that was silly… she was no blueberry, just a hopelessly overfed blimp-of-a-girl.

“Ugh… she’s kinda heavy here.. I could use some help?” said Herbert.

On cue, a pair of stagehands approached, grabbing hold of Caitlin’s blubbery overhanging belly and, grunting with the exertion, lifting it up to expose her bloated fupa and plump pussy.

“Ohhh!” She gasped, her eyes going wide, as she felt fingers probing around her nethers.

Agnes was behind her, squeezing the chubby cheeks of Caitlin’s ass with such vigor that Caitlin forgot to hold it in. A loud fart escaped, nearly blowing Agnes to the floor! Gawd, how embarrassing…. But, at the the same time, Caitlin couldn’t help but be amused at the situation.

Agnes pulled aside the back of Caitlin’s undies to get a full view of the swollen woman’s full moon. She leaned in close to Caitlin’s rear and inhaled deeply, sucking the miasma of Caitlin’s fetid flatulence deep into her lungs.

“Oh her farts are definitely real!” shouted Agnes, waving her hand in front of her face to dissipate the smell. “And, ugh, wow! They smell! And no wonder with how this gassy blimp’s been stuffing her face!”

She grabbed something off the cart. Caitlin couldn’t see it, but she could hear the audience gasping a knowing “ooooooo!” as she did so.

“What—what’s going—OH!” Caitlin gasped herself as suddenly she felt something penetrate her backside. The feeling wasn’t unpleasant, but it was surprising!

“Agnes has chosen the butt plug!” cried Guy Wiley. “And Herbert? How about you?”

“I’m gonna choose the vibrator!”

Caitlin gasped again as he shoved a vibrating egg against her puffy pussy. Oh Gawwwwwd… her pussy was throbbing with desire now, so intense that it was almost painful!!

“Wise choice, Herbert! And what’s that mean for you Caitlin? Well, if you want to advance to the next round, it’s simple. All you have to do is ride out the next five minutes without cumming. But, if you DO cum, well, then EVERYONE gets to feed you!”

The audience jumped up and down in excitement. After all, why should only Herbert and Agnes get to have any fun?

Caitlin’s eyes rolled back in her head. Five minutes? Oh Gawd, she didn’t think she could make it THAT long!! And the plug up her bottom was only intensifying the feelings… the only downside was that she couldn’t fart when she was all stopped up and she could feel the gas building up inside her, bubbling and burbling. Gawd, she felt so good that she was sure that wouldn’t be able to last much longer. She was doing her best to hold together, but, if she came, she was certain that she wouldn’t be able to keep up the mental concentration to hold her insanely bloated body together. She was certain that she would burst if she came!

But that knowledge didn’t dampen her arousal…. Gawd, if anything, it just made her more excited!!! The ominous buzzing between her turgid legs started to sound like sinister chuckling … or… no, more like a clock ticking down, counting down the moments as she grew and grew and grew, edging closer and closer to her final fate – an explosion that would surely rival the detonation of a nuclear bomb!

And with all the gas inside her, her explosion would surely prove just as toxic!

“Let’s heighten the suspense, why don’t we?” said Guy Wiley. “I think Caitlin just needs a little more help!”

“Oh… no… no…” Caitlin wasn’t sure what was happening, but it couldn’t be good. She could barely see over her own bulging boobs and bloated belly, but a stagehand was coming at her with a funnel.

“Oh no… no, not that!” Caitlin had a sinking feeling that she knew what was about to happen! They couldn’t seriously be thinking about forcing even MORE food into her?! She was way past her limit! And the sensations coursing through her body from the vibrator were already making her feel insane… how was she supposed to eat even more now?

They didn’t ask her for her opinion on the issue. The stagehand simply popped the narrow end of the funnel into Caitlin’s mouth. She could just spit it out, right? Of course she could! Then.. why didn’t she? Even after the stagehands tilted a massive jug of rich creamy strawberry smoothie into the funnel and she felt that rich creamy deliciousness slurp down her throat and start to fill up her already way too full stomach… she still didn’t spit it out! She just sat back and swallowed and slurped and gulped and, deep in her throat, moaned in pleasure just a little. She could feel herself rising with smoothie and gas, filling up like a monstrous gas balloon… like a rubber raft… like a zeppelin… and yet she was powerless to resist!

She winced at a sudden stinging sensation at her flanks. Stagehands were gathering around, slapping at her belly. Ughhhh! She was so full of gas and food and all that attention was causing her belly to grumble loudly… they were agitating the gas inside her, making her inflate even faster! Oh Gawd!! If she didn’t get that butt plug out soon, she was gonna blow for sure! The pressure behind the plug was so intense, she could feel the backed-up gases building and building and building to the point that she felt like that butt plug was going to blast out of her ass like a broken sewer main!

No one else seemed to be worried. The audience was enthralled watching Caitlin billow and swell, and Guy Wiley was distracted congratulating Herbert and Agnes on their performances. Caitlin was vaguely aware that Guy Wiley was talking about the door prizes that they would get for their participation today, including the home version of Bloat! Her! Up!

“Oh Gawd…. Oh Gawd… I can’t… oooof… it’s too much… oh I’m too big… too bloated…. Oh gawd, I’m just gonna pop… I just know it… ohhhhhhh!”

Caitlin’s frenzied gasps of terror suddenly gave way to a long, loud moan, reaching a crescendo that rattled the rafters before tapering off to whimpers and whines.

“Uh oh!!!” said Guy Wiley, putting his finger to his mouth in an exaggerated display of mock-surprise. “Seems like Caitlin couldn’t quite hold out! Bad for her… but good for you!”

“No… no… how close was I?” She could only gasp and wheeze as stagehands pulled the vibrator from her sopping wet crotch and the plug from her butthole – releasing a sudden torrent of flatulence that threatened to peel the paint from the walls! Gawd, it felt SO GOOD to let all that out!! Caitlin almost felt like she might have deflated just a little bit from that massive fart, but the change was negligible to anyone watching from the outside. She still looked every inch like a giant gas-filled hot air balloon. Caitlin was so far gone that she had no concept of the passage of time anymore. Had she held out for three minutes? Four? She had no idea and Guy Wiley was too eager to move on to the next game to tell her.

“Let’s see how much she really does like it!” said Guy Wiley. “Ready the Fupa cam!”

A stagehand grabbed the waistband of Caitlin’s overstretched panties and yanked it roughly upwards, pulling it over her gut like a stage magician pulling a tablecloth from a fully set table. It looked like a parachute in full bloom.

“Oof!” gasped Caitlin. It was giving her a wedgie something awful! She could feel the back of her underwear wedging itself between her monster ass cheeks.

The audience broke into fresh laughter, but it took a moment for Caitlin to figure out why. It wasn’t that her underwear was giving her the world’s west wedgie. It was because it was pulled up so high that it was wedged between the plump lips of her fat pussy in front, too, revealing her bushy pubes, glistening with arousal, to the whole world! A camera zoomed in and an image of her hairy pussy appeared, in all its glory, on the giant overhead monitors.

“She loves it!” cried Guy Wiley. “You can’t deny the facts! Our bloated fart factory here just loves the attention!”

Oh my Gawd!! Everyone could clearly see just how turned on she was! This was totally humiliating and yet… it just made Caitlin even hornier! Her pussy was getting squishier by the second the longer that the camera lingered on her, her stretched panties starting to soak through with her fluids. She was going insane with anticipation!

“And boy! If you couldn’t SEE how much she loves it, you sure can smell it, right, folks? Get a good whiff of THAT heady aroma!” Guy Wiley inhaled deeply, wafting his hand in front of his face as a wine connoisseur might do when they were testing the aroma of a fine vintage.

The audience followed suit. Caitline could hear them – dozens of people all inhaling at the same time, with the same exaggerated relish. And then they broke out moaning and gagging!

“Ugh, she stinks! That’s rank!”

“Gawd, it’s so strong! She’s REALLY got the musk! Someone needs to wash up downstairs!”

“She’s so horny that I can smell her musk all the way over here! That’s incredible! She must be the horniest, gassiest pig in the world!”

Crack! The chair finally buckled beneath her, legs cracking, seat shattering, and dropped Caitlin to the floor with a thunderous SPLUT!! She flopped over, flat on her back. She was too big to move now, her belly pinning her down. The impact was too much for her remaining clothing: Her panties exploded into ribbons of spent fabric and her brassiere split like a dam breaking, her freed breasts spilling out like a flood. Her turgid, fat-swaddled arms stood out stiffy from her sides like two puffy cones of flesh. She couldn’t move!

“I… can’t… too heavy… too full… I can’t move,” mumbled Caitlin. On one hand, she was sad that it was over, that she simply couldn’t feed herself even more. It was heavenly while it lasted! But on the other hand, it was the perfect excuse to stop. She had to or she was literally going to blow!

“Don’t worry, Caitlin, we’ve got you covered! We won’t let a big girl like you go hungry!”

“Open up,” said a stagehand, tilting a bowl of barley soup into Caitlin’s mouth. She had no choice but to obey, opening her mouth to gulp down whatever he poured in. When he finished, he stepped aside and another stagehand took his place. This one had a bowl of gazpatcho. Caitlin realized with mounting dread that being too stuffed and fat to feed herself wasn’t going to be the obstacle that she had hoped it would be…

A line of stagehands was forming, each one dumping food into her mouth, her stomach swelling out to greater and greater sizes with every gulp. And they weren’t just feeding her! She could feel them climbing over her as well, scaling her monumental sides to reach the summit of her belly. Was she really this big? Had she become just a huge, gassy blimp that now people could just ride her like she was a float in a Thanksgiving parade? Caitlin was completely nude by this point, but any hope that her constant farting might discourage attention was short-lived. The stagehands were laughing about her flatulence, whispering to one another and giggling every time that she released a fresh blast of methane. But they weren’t stopping! If anything, they were only getting bolder. They were fondling her sides and belly, kneading the firm, tight flesh of her overstretched body with so many, many hands. Someone was sitting on top of her, squeezing her naked breasts and pinching her nipples until they stood up hard and erect. She felt hands on her butt, sliding between her cheeks to tickle her asshole, and other hands teasing her sopping, squishy wet pussy until she wanted to scream from the excitement of it all – but every time that she opened her mouth someone put even more food in!

“Now it’s time for everyone’s favorite part of the show –” Guy Wiley turned to the audience and gestured for them to speak. Obviously, they were all loyal viewers because they knew exactly what he wanted.

“Guess! Which! Hole!”

“That’s right, it’s Guess Which Hole. Don’t worry, Caitlin, the rules of this game are simple – all you have to do is guess which hole every finger has been in, only using your nose! If you get it right, you’re that much closer to winning the grand prize! And if you don’t, you have to chug from the ice cream hose!”

“What? Huh?” Caitlin blinked in confusion. “What does that mean? What are you talking about? What do you--- oh!!”

Caitlin yelped as she felt eager hands suddenly exploring the space between her legs, tearing at the remnants of her shredded panties, rubbing her crotch, fingering her clit. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Oh Gawd!!! She shouldn’t be so aroused, she ought to be scandalized! Her personal space was being invaded but… it felt so good! Behind her, she could feel more hands prying between the colossal flabby cheeks of her butt to finger her anus. Oh Gawdd… the stimulation was driving her insane, almost as pleasurable as the throbbing of her overfilled belly. This was too much! She was trying her best not to moan out loud but it wasn’t easy! She felt like she was going to cum again! She felt like she ought to be spent by now… after Herbert and Agnes used that vibrator to tease her to orgasm, she ought to be completely worn out, her pussy too raw to respond to yet more teasing. But she was already getting wet AGAIN! How was this possible? She felt like this would never end! They would just keep teasing her to orgasm again and again and again and she would never get tired of it! How could one get tired of the ultimate pleasure? That was like getting tired of food! And Caitlin already knew, despite the aching fullness of her massively overstuffed gut, that she would never get tired of food.

“Miss? What do you think?”

Someone – a stagehand? An audience member? Caitlin was too bleary-headed to know – shoved a finger under her nose. The thick moist stench of pussy filled her nostrils and Caitlin knew – she knew exactly where that finger had been and she knew exactly how to play this game!

“Pussy,” she said. The audience cheered. Apparently, they wanted her to win. That was good. Though the audience seemed to get equally excited by the prospect of Caitlin losing and being forced to drink from that ice cream hose that Guy Wiley had mentioned….

Another finger. Caitlin sniffed deeply and recoiled. “Ass! Bleh! That’s ass!”

The audience whooped and roared. They were endlessly amused by this.

One by one, so many different people were offering their fingers to Caitlin, fingers that had been inside her, massing her sloppy wet cunt and braving the clouds of flatulence to probe the recesses of her asshole, and Caitlin huffed and sniffed and snorted and identified every single one.

“Pussy!”

“Ass!”

“Pussy!”

“Ass!”

The fingers were coming faster and, as ridiculous as it was, at least it was a break from the endless eating… at least it gave Caitlin’s monumental belly a few quiet minutes to digest. This momentary respite was a welcome relief; maybe it would give her time to digest enough that she wouldn’t actually burst like a balloon after all!

“Pussy! No wait, I mean—”

“Oops! Looks like you goofed that one, Caitlin!” Guy Wiley chuckled. “And you know what that means…”

“Ice! Cream! Hose!” shouted the crowd in unison.

“No, no!” cried Caitlin. Her belly was already groaning and creaking in anticipation of a new onslaught of food. “That’s not fair! I meant to say… you were just going too fast—”

“C’mon, Caitlin, you know the rules! Now you want to be a good sport, don’t you?”

“I…I…yes…”

“Thatta girl! Now let’s bring out the ice cream hose!”

Caitlin opened her mouth, ostensibly to protest more… but also… gawd, she kinda wanted the hose! Had she actually gotten the answer wrong? How could she actually mix up the smell of ass and pussy? That was ridiculous, she knew exactly what she was saying when she gave that answer. Maybe, just maybe, she DID want the hose. On a subconscious level, she wanted to eat MORE! The excitement of the crowd was contagious. All she could hear were their chants of “more! More! More!” and she was coming to find: She wanted more just as much as they did.

They didn’t have to force her mouth open at all. She took the hose willingly, eagerly… she could only imagine how good a deluge of pure, sweet, buttermilk fatty ice cream would taste, how delightful it would be to feel that torrent of soft serve fill up all the little nooks and crannies inside her, fill out every space that (as impossible as it might be to believe) wasn’t already completely filled up with food… yes, she needed it. She could take it! Fill me up, she thought, her pulse quickening, fill me up to the limit, past the limit, I don’t care… I’ll take it all!

A stage hand must have turned a crank or flipped a switch or something, because suddenly ice cream was blasting into her mouth, so quickly that she had to swallow desperately to keep up with the pace. It was blowing into her faster than the butter hose earlier, faster than the parade of stage hands feeding her, faster than she humanly thought possible! She felt like an inflatable raft attached to a pump, being blown up! Every blast of ice cream was like a pump of air into a balloon… and she was growing bigger and bigger by the second!

An overhead monitor lit up: 400 pounds!!

The crowd went wild. Caitlin was vaguely confused – she wasn’t standing on a scale, was she? How did the monitor know her weight? It didn’t make sense! But she was too busy gulping down ice cream to worry about it. She barely had time to taste anything – what flavor was this ice cream? Chocolate? Vanilla? Did it matter? Of course not! All that mattered was that she got more, more, MORE of it!!

The monitor rang out with a loud DING! And another reading appeared: 450 pounds!!

Oh my gawd, thought Caitlin dimly. The crowd was roaring its approval, but Caitlin barely heard them. How was it possible that she’d gained 50 pounds in only a few minutes? She was getting huge! But, gawd, she loved it! What was wrong with her? All she wanted was to eat and grow and eat and grow… and this weird game show was giving her the perfect excuse to indulge this secret desire that she’d never dared to articulate, even to herself!

500 pounds! 550 pounds! 600 pounds!

The numbers were spiraling out of control and Caitlin couldn’t believe it… she was as big as an elephant, as big as a whale, a huge gassy blimp too fat to believe!

It seemed like an eternity before they pulled the hose from her mouth. Caitlin didn’t want it to stop! She clamped her teeth down as tight as she could – which, given her near-catatonic state of overfullness, wasn’t very much! She could only whimper sadly and offer token resistance as they pulled away the hose, dribbling a few last dollops of rapidly melting ice cream over her lips and double chin as they dragged it away.

“No… I’m… not… done,” gasped Caitlin, her whines cut short by a belch and a fart.

The monitor lit up: 625 pounds!

“Sounds like you really enjoyed that one!” said Guy Wiley. “Does it still count as a punishment if you enjoyed it? Well, I wonder!”

“No… I… didn’t… no,” muttered Caitlin, her chubby cheeks going red. Gawd, she was so embarrassed to admit the truth, but, at this point, what did it matter? Everyone could clearly see just how eager she was to keep guzzling.

“Don’t worry, Caitlin, I know you’re still hungry… but we’ve got plenty more to give you!”

“Oh… oh no…”

“Everyone wants to get into the act!” shouted Guy Wiley. “Folks, Caitlin has been a real good sport, hasn’t she? Give her a round of applause… and give yourselves a round of applause, too, for being such a great audience! But I know you folks want to do more than just watch, so, for our next round, I want you all to look under your chairs… you’ll find that our top TV chefs have prepared some exciting new dishes! Now you can bring those down and feed them to Caitlin yourselves!”

“Ooooh… oh my Gawd…. You’re… kidding…” Caitlin was gasping for air, so absurdly, insanely full that she couldn’t even think about eating anymore. She was a titanic blimp now, a round, billowing blob so pinned by her own rotundity that she couldn’t do anything but lie flat on her back, her breasts and belly rising like three massive wobbling mountains above her. “I can’t take it… it’s too much… I’m too… oh gawd… too stimulated…. Oh gawd… if this keeps up… ohhhh I’m gonna cum in front of everyone… if I don’t explode first!”

She could see out of the corner of her eye that audience members were standing up, looking under their seats as Guy Wiley instructed… and suddenly finding trays of broiled lobster, plates of skirt steak, fajitas, ribs, Peking duck… a whole new spectrum of food! And now they were marching down the steps, down the aisles, every person bearing an offering of food, all coming toward her.

And yet, as frightened as she was… she still wanted it!

“M-more…” said Caitlin. “Put it in my mouth… I’m gonna… I’m gonna win that grand prize…”

She was so far gone now that she didn’t even bother to protest. The endless parade of food continued…

“Hey Caitlin, my name’s Lisa. Do you like crème brulee?”

Caitlin blinked at this eager, young woman looking at her with such an earnest expression in her eyes. What the hell? After everything else that had happened today, that this woman was… introducing herself was just completely surreal!

“Um… yes… thank you, Lisa…. I love crème brulee…” Caitlin gulped, her chubby cheeks going pink despite herself. She was naked and farting and as big as a house, but somehow THIS was embarrassing her?

“Good… I know how much you love to eat, Caitlin. And boy! It sure is making you fat and farty, isn’t it? Phew! I feel like we’re all gonna suffocate in your farts, haha!”

“Mmmpf..” Caitlin didn’t respond, she was too busy eating as Lisa dumped a bowl of sweet crème brulee into her mouth. As Lisa moved aside, another audience member took her place.

“Hey, Caitlin, I’m Warren. Wow, you really fill the whole studio now! Have some gelatin, huh?”

“Thanks, Warren… yes, please!”

“Hey, Caitlin! I’m Nadia! Hey! Hey!”

Caitlin wasn’t even done sucking down the wiggling, jiggling red gelatin offered by Warren before someone else was trying to get her attention. Cheeks bulging, she craned her neck to see.

“I’ve got some opera cake! You love opera cake, right? You fat, greedy farting blob, huh?”

“Yes, please… thank you…”

People were on all sides of her plying her with food and Caitlin could barely keep track, wildly turning from one person to the next, lolling her tongue chomping as fast as she could. Her eyes crossed with the strain of keeping up.. she was way too exhausted and way too stuffed!

“Remember, folks! This is the final round! That means you can do anything you want with Caitlin! And I mean anything! After all, she’s too big and gassy to resist, right?”

Oh no, thought Caitlin’s rational mind. But deep down, a tiny but persistent voice in her id had a different reaction: oh yes. OH YES!

Even more people were climbing all over her, playing with her tits, her ass, her belly. A confusion of hands were stroking her pussy, she was half certain that she felt the delicate, wet touch of a few tongues as well – and that only served to send her to even higher heights of ecstasy! She was helplessly entangled in the throes of extreme passion and she felt like she was about to lose her mind… she felt like, if she came, she would literally cum so hard that she would either destroy the building or blow herself to pieces… or even both! She could feel something against her hands too. Men were pulling down their pants, unzipping their flies, pressing their rock-hard erections against the soft palms of her plump hands and the tender soles of her chubby feet. Gawd, why did even THAT turn her on? To be so helpless, to be nothing but a big bloated gassy fuck blimp… Gawd! It was too much! She groaned out loud, the noise timed with the release of yet another noisy round of farts. The room was filling with the miasma of her farts, the smell almost overpowering the equally dense scent of her arousal. Her pussy musk was dank and heavy, making her giddy and light-hearted as just another sign of her incredible sexual arousal. She’d never felt anything like this before!

And everyone was feeding her! She grew bigger… and bigger… and BIGGER!!

The monitor was ringing out with higher and higher numbers, dutifully tracking Caitlin’s expansion: 700 pounds! 800 pounds! 1000 pounds!

No, no, it couldn’t be real, it couldn’t be right… was she really half a ton? She didn’t think it was even possible, yet the proof was right there in front of her. She was enormous, a towering mountain of flesh, so big that she couldn’t even fathom herself, a big naked sphere. What did it matter that her clothes had all exploded off her? She was too big for clothes now, they didn’t make outfits in whatever size she was now! Her nudity filled her with conflicting feelings… she still couldn’t help but feel that familiar tinge of embarrassment that everything was on display, but, at the same time, she was proud. So proud of everything she she had accomplished, of everything that she was. Yes, she was enormous! Yes, her tits and ass and pussy were on display for everyone to see and, gawd, she didn’t even want to think of how many different people had groped her today and how many times she had shamelessly orgasmed in front of a crowd of complete strangers…. But there was something so delightfully raunchy about the whole experience! She was a body built by and for pleasure, a monster of indulgence, her greed and gluttony and hedonism written large across her swollen body. She couldn’t deny what she was, anyone who looked at her would instantly know. So what if she kept eating? So what if she kept growing? All at once, the possibilities opened up in her mind, like she was suddenly unfolding a map and gazing at the landscape of some beautiful foreign country for the very first time in her life. If this kept going, pretty soon she would outgrow the entire building. And then what? The city? The country? The world?

The monitor continued: 1100 pounds! 1200 pounds! 1300 pounds! She was growing out of control! She knew that there must be some consequences for this, she simply couldn’t inflate forever without some sort of consequences, but she didn’t care… this was what she was meant to do, what she was meant to be! The food kept coming and Caitlin was getting fuller and fuller, to the point that she was certain she was soon to meet the very limits of her size. That was inevitable. If she didn’t stop, she was definitely going to burst. But everything was so good! And the pleasures that she got from this endless feast… oh gawd! Too good! It would have to end sooner or later, but at least she was going to make it a fun journey. A colossal fart exploded from her mammoth rump, offering momentary relief. Letting out gas was the only way to reduce the pressure now, but it was a temporary solution. Who cares? Caitlin only needed a temporary solution. She just wanted to stave off explosion for as long as possible, to enjoy this delicious feast for as long as she could.

“Keep eating, you hog! You’re already the fattest woman ever, why stop now?” asked an audience member.

“Hmm… yeah,” said Caitlin dreamily.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone on Bloat! Her! Up! get THIS big!” said another. “I’m surprised you haven’t burst yet… but, damn, when you do… it’s gonna be a hell of a show!”

“Hmm…”

“Look at her eat! She still wants more! What a greedy glutton! No wonder she’s let herself get so fat!”

“Hmmmmmm…”

“She’s as big as a whale! And she’s so full of gas that I’m surprised she doesn’t just float away… guess all that blubber is keeping her anchored down!”

“Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!”

“And, whooo, she’s still farting constantly! This gas bag just can’t hold it in! No self-respect at all, how embarrassing for her!”

Caitlin didn’t notice when suddenly buzzers went off, lights started flashing, and confetti fell from the ceiling. But the audience did and they screamed in uncontrollable excitement, so loud and intense that it sounded like they had all collectively lost their minds.

But then Guy Wiley said the words that she’d been longing to hear for so long, the words that she was desperate to hear and yet had started to feel like would never come… waiting for them was like edging herself for the world’s most satisfying orgasm! She nearly lost it all when he finally told her…

“You’ve done it, Caitlin! You won the grand prize!” cried Guy Wiley.

“I…did?” mumbled Caitlin. She stretched her neck to try to get a better look at Guy. Her head was sinking into the divot of her inflating body, making it difficult to turn.

He leaned in close to whisper: “The ‘grand prize’ is becoming a big fat gassy fuck blimp for all to see!”

“Oh Gawd, yes… yes please! I want… I need to be the biggest… the fattest... the gassiest… fuck blimp of them all!”

“The champion asked for it!” cried Guy Wiley. Before Caitlin knew it, the host was undoing his belt, his pants dropping to the floor and then tearing off his underwear. Caitlin blinked in surprise. Guy Wiley clearly liked what he saw – his cock was standing fully at attention, throbbing with excitement, a pearl of pre-cum already glistening at the tip of his glans.

“Oh Gawd… please!” said Caitlin, licking her lips. “I’m… I’m so hungry….”

What was she saying?? This was next level! Okay sure, she was naked and farting on TV… and they had tickled her to orgasm several times, shoved vibrators and butt plugs into her… but this was too far! Right? Right? But, at the same time… who cared? Gawd, all she wanted to suck that big cock, to have something else in her mouth! She opened her mouth wide, wiggling her tongue by way of invitation. Guy Wiley grabbed her scalp and tilted back her head, her mouth opening even wider. And then he was on her, his dick suddenly in her mouth, pumping her throat with all the vigor of a man half his age… gawd, he was on fire! And Caitlin was so hungry for dick, she wanted to take all of him into her… but there wasn’t much to do except enjoy the ride! She tried to suck at his dick, feeling his girthy rod thicken as she ran her delicate tongue down his shaft, as she sealed her lips around his penis head, as she drank him in… He was humping her, face fucking her as fast and furious as he could. Meanwhile, her mouth occupied, people were still trying to feed her… shoving food into any orifice they could, she could feel hands mashing food into her crotch and ass, not wanting to waste a single second that could be spent “feeding” her! Guy Wiley grunted loudly as he came, pouring his hot seed down her throat, filling her up even more… she could feel his spunk inside her, imagined how it would swell her to even greater sizes… Gawd, what if THAT was the straw that broke the camel’s back? What if that was what finally made her just explode? Wouldn’t that be something? But it didn’t… she was still intact despite everything.

“Thanks for joining us for another thrilling episode of Bloat! Her! Up!” cried Guy Wiley, falling back and fumbling to pull up his pants. His smile was still just as wide, his manner just a polished, so confident and composed as if he hadn’t just face fucked his guest on live TV. “And this is Guy Wiley signing off! Thanks for playing Caitlin!”

Caitlin was barely aware of anything now; she was completely focused on eating! Stagehands and audience members alike were shoving food into her face, dumping platefuls of pasta and pork adobo and refried beans and chicken piccata and all sorts of delicious, wonderful things into her mouth, and it was all she could do to chew and chew and chew to keep up with them. Her body was massive now, an enormous fleshy globe, as round as a balloon and still growing! She couldn’t see over her breasts and belly, but she could still feel them expanding ever bigger and bigger. The apex of her belly was pressing against the ceiling with increasing force – this was insane! Was she actually outgrowing the building? She could feel her flanks pressing into eth walls now and the answer came to her with a sudden cracking, crashing sound as suddenly her blimping bulk broke through the walls and the entire structure came tumbling down. Her massive form kept growing, bigger and bigger. Caitlin felt like a blimp being inflated for take-off, but the inflation didn’t stop – she just kept growing and growing, well beyond sanity, well beyond reason. She was getting so fat and bloated that she was sure that she must surely outgrow the world soon! But everyone kept feeding her. She could feel people climbing on top of her, jumping on her voluminous gut, sliding down her sides. An infinite number of hands poking and prodding her, rubbing her flanks and teasing her exposed pussy and tender asshole. Gawd, it was making her soooo wet!! This insane feeding was making her so horny, but all these people stroking and poking and kneading and rubbing her, stimulating every inch of her gargantuan body until it felt like she was on fire… And she could sense more people coming to her every minute! People from all over the city, all over the country, all drawn to her like light into a black hole, all coming to reverently touch her colossal blimping body and then… to lose themselves in her, to fondle her flab and prod her flesh and touch her and tease, losing all inhibitions as they dedicated themselves to feeding and fucking this massive mammoth flesh balloon! Oh Gawd, she didn’t know how much longer she could take it! She was as big as a house, as big as a whale, as big as a continent, quickly outgrowing metaphors as her body spread across the land like an inescapable avalanche of flesh! Her ass rumbled like deafening thunder as she released a gale of flatulence, blowing any number of her eager worshippers across the land. Oh well, sucks to be them! She was so big now that her farts were affecting the weather patterns, creating hurricanes of her fetid miasma, tornadoes of methane. She was so wet that she was drenching the land in her pussy juice, flooding towns and villages. She was too big! The littlest thing would bring waves of destruction onto the land! Luckily, she was so fat and rotund now that she was practically helpless, a tight inflated globe of blubber, trapped in her own corpulence – so her own helplessness helped to somewhat limit the damage she could do. But not for long! If she kept growing, soon she would destroy the planet, bury everything under her sheer bulk. And yet… the food… kept… coming! And coming! And coming! And Caitlin was powerless to do anything but eat and eat and eat! She needed it! She needed every bite! She didn’t care how big she got! She was filled with so much food that she felt like she truly was filled to the brim – that she was more food than woman, that she was nothing but the thinnest, thinnest membrane holding back an infinite ocean of blubber ready to rupture… Ohhh…. Gawd…. She was ready to blow… she couldn’t hold it together any longer….any longer… any longer… here it comes….

“Gah!!” Caitlin sat bolt upright in bed, her eyes bulging and her chest heaving. She blinked in the darkness, disoriented for a moment. But then she realized where she was… she was home, in her own bed. She wasn’t huge anymore, just her regular chubby self. She put her hand to her chest, steadying herself. Phew! It was all a dream! But what a dream! It was so vivid! And, dare she admit it, erotic. She could feel a dampness between her legs.

“It’s too bad that’s not a real game show,” said Caitlin to herself. Despite everything, all the fear and terror and worry, she was exhilarated. She’d never admitted her feelings about food before, but her dream was telling her the truth loud and clear: She was a glutton at heart and nothing would make her happier than giving in to her greed. “I wouldn’t mind being a contestant on Bloat! Her! Up! at all.”

Well. A girl could dream!

\* \* \*

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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Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at mcoddles@hotmail.com . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

Molly Coddles