Bloat! Her! Up! (1 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

“Welcome, everyone, to another episode of—”

“Bloat!! Her!!! Up!!!”

Caitlin blinked awkwardly, holding a hand up to shield her eyes from the harsh studio lights. The studio audience roared with approval, clapping their hands and stomping their feet. Caitlin wished she could feel even an iota of their excitement, but the truth was… she was far too nervous! She’d never been on television before, after all.

Caitlin shifted in her seat, her slightly-too-wide bottom squishing in her chair. Where was she? She was obviously on a TV stage, of course, but there was more: She was seated at an enormously long banquet table, covered in an endless array of dishes and platters of all sorts of food: tureens of French onion soup, platters of shrimp linguini, bowls of buttered corn, plates of delicate tiramisu… way more food than an army could eat. She gulped nervously. Her stomach gurgled urgently at the delicious aromas, but, even so, Caitlin felt nervous. She was the only person seated at this table. Surely this wasn’t all for her, was it? That was insane! This was enough food to feed an army. They couldn’t expect her to eat it all, could they?

Her thoughts were interrupted as a tall, barrel-chested man in a double-breasted navy blue suit, his luxurious black pompador starting to go stylishly gray at the temples, shouted into his microphone:

“That’s right, it’s Bloat Her Up! The game show where eager contestants can eat their way to BIG prizes! I’m your host with the most, Guy Wiley!”

Guy Wiley grinned and motioned for the crowd to cheer again; they did, even louder than before. Guy Wiley twirled his microphone between his fingers, his grin growing even wider. His pearly white teeth positively gleamed in the studio lights. The audience cheered again. They loved this guy!

Caitlin felt completely overwhelmed listing to this charismatic showman. She was just a plain girl, an average no-body with short mousey brown hair, dressed in her usual work clothes of a white button down shirt and belted slacks. Darn it, if she had known she was going to be on TV, she would have tried to look more presentable. Come to think of it, though, HAD she agreed to be on TV? She didn’t remember…

“And hereeee’s today’s contestant: Caitlin Smith!”

Guy Wiley shoved the microphone into Caitlin’s face. A silence fell over the audience, as they waited for Caitlin to say something.

“Uh… hi? I think there’s been some mistake… I don’t remember signing up to compete on a game show-“

“That’s great, Caitlin! And we’re just SO excited to have you here on Bloat! Her! Up! The game show where eager contestant eat to compete!! How are you feeling about your chances, Caitlin? Now, of course, you’re familiar with the rules, Caitlin. Round One is simple. All you have to do is clean your plate!”

“Clean my plate? B-but you can’t—I mean—” She motioned at the endless expanse of food helplessly.

“Clean! Your! Plate!” chanted the audience. “Clean! Your! Plate!”

“Come on, Caitlin, they’re all rooting for you!” said Guy Wiley. “You wouldn’t want to disappoint your fans, would you?”

“No-o, I—”

“Then you better get started! The timer is ticking! And you won’t win THE GRAND PRIZE if you give up this easily!”

“I’ll get started!” yelped Caitlin quickly. She grabbed the nearest bowl and dumped a heaping helping of mashed potatoes onto her plate. Without a second thought, she started shoveling them into her mouth. This situation was ridiculous, she knew, but she…well, as strange as it sounded, she really didn’t want to disappoint her fans! All those people out there in the stands were cheering for her, chanting her name. How could she let them down?

“Caitlin’s off to a good start, but she’ll need more than luck to win this round,” said Guy Wiley. “She’s got to eat everything on the table without stopping or popping. And that’s not as easy as it looks!”

“P-popping?!” Caitlin’s head popped up, a frightened look in her bulging eyes, a trickle of marinara sauce oozing from the corner of her overfull mouth, at Guy Wiley’s warning. “Did you say… popping!? Are you saying I could—”

“The clock’s ticking, champ! Better get to eating if you still want that GRAND PRIZE!”

Poor Caitlin! She was normally so prim and proper, she hated to think of how vulgar and uncouth she must look guzzling and gulping and gorging with abandon. She must look like an absolute pig! But everyone was counting on her, the crowd was SO excited for her to win the Grand Prize and Caitlin would feel just so absolutely terrible if she couldn’t live up to their expectations! She had to try!

Caitlin looked up from her plate. To her horror, stagehands were already bringing more food. What the hell? How was she supposed to finish this feast if they just kept bringing her more? Nevertheless, she had to try! Steeling her resolve, she plunged back in, licking the last remnants of a meal from one plate before reaching for another… and another… and another! She mowed her way through plate after plate of food, barely pausing to breathe. She could feel her belly swelling with her tremendous feast, straining against the buttons of her shirt. She surreptitiously placed one hand against the bulge of her gut, fingering a button to test how much give remained. Hmm, it didn’t feel like she was in any danger yet. She still had plenty of room to grow!

“Oof, wow,” said Caitlin, her heavy-lidded eyes drooping. She didn’t think it was possible, but she had completely decimated that entire feast! She’d eaten way more food than she ever had ever before in her life, way more than she thought was possible to eat with bursting… and yet… here she was. Her tummy was as big and bloated as a fully-inflated basketball, testing the buttons of her blouse so severely that heaving pink flesh was visible through the gaps. Honestly, she was amazed that she hadn’t burst her buttons during the feast; she was so full that she could feel the fabric of her shirt pressing uncomfortably on her poor poor overloaded tummy and binding her around the sides. It would almost be a relief to undo her buttons and let her belly hand out free, but, of course, she wasn’t about to do that on national TV! She didn’t want to make more of a spectacle of herself than she had to. She slid down in her seat, her butt nearly slipping from the cushion, as she rubbed her swollen middle with both hands. “I… am… so… stuffed…”

“You really packed it away there, Caitlin!” crowed Guy Wiley. “Careful, young lady, with an appetite like that, you might just get a little chubby!” He poked Caitlin in her belly and a sudden belch tore from her lips. The audience howled with laughter and Caitlin felt her cheeks start to go red. Gawd, how embarrassing! She couldn’t believe that she just let out a major burp on TV!

“I hope you saved room! Because now you’re advancing to… ROUND TWO!!!”

The audience screamed its approval. As stagehands cleared away empty dishes, Caitlin could only sigh in relief. She’d made it! She didn’t think it was possible, but somehow she had managed to finish everything on the table and now she was going to actually have a shot at this grand prize… say, what was the grand prize anyway? Caitlin didn’t have a clue, but all thoughts of any prize suddenly left her head when she noticed that the stagehands weren’t just clearing away dishes: They were bringing out more!! In fact, it looked like they were bringing at least two more plates of food for every one empty one that they were taking away.

“H-hey!” cried Caitlin, her face going pale. “What’s going on? I thought that I – hic! – finished all the food!” She stifled a sudden hiccup, her cheeks going rosy again.

“You did! But in Round 2, everything is DOUBLED! But don’t worry, we’ve got faith in you. Right?” He turned to the audience, who roared in excitement.

“I…I…” Caitlin stammered in confusion, but suddenly a buzzer went off.

“ROUND 2 BEGINS!!!”

She didn’t have time to think. Round 2 was underway! If she didn’t play along, she wouldn’t be able to win that grand prize! Instantly, without thinking, as if the buzzer was a pavlovian trigger, Caitlin started shoveling food into her mouth. Bite after bite after bite, Caitlin ate as fast as she could, the cheers and hollers of the crowd adding to her determination. She couldn’t let them down, after all! Her belly was already aching with fullness, she could feel her gut edging forward with every additional mouthful, the buttons of her blouse tensing and straining as she ballooned under this constant onslaught of food. She paused for a second – just a second! – to catch her breath, but looking up from her plate was a mistake. She saw the full expanse of the food still left to consume, more food than she could even imagine, and she wanted to despair. Her belly gurgled in complaint; she was stretched beyond her limits and her overloaded stomach was sending desperate warning signals to her brain that it couldn’t take much more. But Caitlin couldn’t give up now! She pushed forward, shoving forkful after forkful of rice pilaf and sauteed squash and filet mignon into her mouth with reckless abandon.

Caitlin grimaced. Her guts burbled and gurgled, struggling to digest the massive load of food… and complaining that Caitlin was constantly pumping in more food while her stomach was still full. Ughhhhh… she could feel gas building up inside her, roiling in her intestines, bubbling and churning and demanding to be free. Oh no!! She clenched her buttocks resolutely, knowing it was a futile gesture but what else could she do? She had to fart desperately, but she wasn’t about to do it in front of a whole studio audience… not to mention who knows how many people watching on their home televisions? She groaned softly, sweat beading on her forehead. The gas was building, making her feel even MORE full and bloated, and Caitlin didn’t know how much longer she could hold out. Maybe… maybe she could do it quietly? Just let out a little? Just enough to release the pressure? That way, she WOULD have more room for food and if she had more room for food, then she could eat faster and win that grand prize? Yeah, that sounded right! With that rationalization, Caitlin decided that she could afford to just… relax. She could control it. She just had to be careful and quiet and everything would be fine.

“Careful, folks! Caitlin’s really packing it in… she’s getting pretty tight in there and you never know when she’s gonna blow!”

She shifted in her seat, surreptitiously lifting her bottom off the seat cushion in hopes of pulling off a classic one-cheek sneak. But she miscalculated. All that food inside her was just too much and she was just too bloated. Her ass blasted like a trumpet, the force of her fart causing her butt cheeks to ripple and the sound to reverberate through the whole studio.

“Wow, Caitlin, how rude!” said Guy Wiley, though his smile and the twinkle in his eye revealed that he wasn’t scandalized at all by her outrageous behavior. “Sounds like this piggy is really starting to forget her table manners! When I said ‘She’s gonna blow,’ that’s not what I meant!”

“Hahahaha!” The audience screamed with laughter, although Caitlin wasn’t sure if they were laughing at her embarrassment or at Guy Wiley’s corny jokes. Not that it mattered! She was so humiliated. Her face was red and her whole was hot… but she didn’t have time to worry about that! She still had way too much food that she needed to finish!

She grabbed her fork and plunged back in, hoping she could make up for lost time.

“Our champ is really blowing up here!” said Guy Wiley. “Let’s check the monitors to see her progress!”

A close-up of Caitlin’s overstuffed middle appeared on an overhead monitor, so that the audience could clearly see all the wobbling pink flesh pushing between her gasping buttons. Caitlin’s gut was as round as a pumpkin; she looked like she had swallowed a fully inflated basketball.

“EAT! EAT! EAT!” cried the crowd. These people were ecstatic! They would giddy with excitement about Caitlin gorging herself to the gills, but, as strange as it was, Caitlin was too focused on forcing more food down her throat to think about it. Their encouragement lit a fire under her widening ass, encouraging her to keep eating even as her own body was starting to rebel against her extreme feast.

“What? Oh, don’t show that!” cried Caitlin in sudden embarrassment. She jerked her head up to look at the monitor, accidentally dropping her fork to the ground as she did. The audience howled in excitement as if they knew something that she didn’t.

The words “DROPPED FORK!!!” suddenly flashed on the overhead monitor. With a sinking feeling in her overstuffed stomach, Caitlin realized that she had made a major mistake. She wasn’t sure what was happening or why, but she just knew something bad was about to happen.

“Uh oh!!! Looks like you dropped your fork there, Caitlin! I’m afraid that you’re going to have to…” He motioned to the audience.

“PAY! THE! PENALTY!” chanted the crowd.

“Aw, no fair!” cried Caitlin, spitting a mouthful of spinach down her chin. “I didn’t know that was a rule!” She was so agitated that she momentarily forget herself, relaxing her guard – and another loud fart suddenly burst from her backside.

“Wow! That one was even louder… and smellier!” Guy Wiley waved his hand in front of his face to pantomime that he was trying to dissipate a bad smell. The crowd laughed. “But don’t worry, Caitlin, we’ve got JUST the thing to settle your stomach!”

Caitlin was too stuffed and bloated to resist as a pair of stagehands wheeled her away from the table, her overfull tummy jostling painfully against her lap as they moved her chair. But a sudden fear cut through her stupor as she saw that they were also wheeling out what appeared to be an enormous cannister attached to a coiled up fire hose.

“W-what’s that? What are you doing?” asked Caitlin nervously. Her instincts told her she should run, but she was too weighted down by her gut to move. “Y-you can’t be serious! There’s no way…”

“We all know what the penalty is, don’t we folks?”

“The! Hose! The! Hose! She gets the hose!”

“That’s right! So Caitlin, I know what you’re thinking: There’s just no way that you’d be able to drink pure liquid butter from a hose for five whole minutes straight, right?”

“N-no! There’s isn’t!”

“Well, there is here on-“

“Bloat! Her! Up!”

Caitlin opened her mouth to protest, but she didn’t have time to say anything before a stagehand shoved the nozzle of the hose into her mouth. She could have spit it out, of course, could have refused to go along with this increasingly weird game show with its increasingly weird challenges… but a glance at the audience made her reconsider that. All those smiling faces, all those excited fans… No, she could do this! She would power through!

Caitlin flew back in her chair from the force as the stagehands turned the crank to start the flow. Immediately, she was hit in the mouth with the full force of 100 pounds of liquid butter. Her cheeks bulged and her eyes rolled back as she felt the liquid shoot down her throat and fill every nook and cranny of her already way too full belly. Oh Gawwwwd, she didn’t know how much more she could take!! She glanced at the monitor, which had already begun a count-down. 5 minutes. 4 minutes, 59 seconds. 4 minutes, 58 seconds. She wasn’t sure if she could last a whole five minutes! Her belly swelled in front of her, bigger and bigger, a perfectly round sphere as big as a beach ball. Her shirt pulled out of her pants. Her buttons stretched. And strained. Her belly was so big and bloated that she could barely breathe, her lungs compressed under the enormous gutload. Her mind was reeling from the dizzying sensations coursing through her – the pain of her full belly, the confusion and fear that she might just explode, and, deep down, behind all those other emotions, a strange excitement. She was getting bigger, yes, but she was winning! She was going to win this game! She was going to get the grand prize!

And the best part? She would eat her way there.

It was so embarrassing, too embarrassing to ever admit to herself…. But she kinda wanted this? There was something so freeing, so wild and delicious and sinful, about letting go and giving in to your darkest desires. Caitlin always tried her best to be demure and modest and to make everyone else happy, but the truth was… she hardly dared admit it to herself, but she had always wanted to do something like this. Why should she have to live a buttoned-down life of denial? Shouldn’t she be free to eat to her heart’s content?

Her thoughts were interrupted by a sudden loud BANG! Caitlin bounced in her seat, surprised by the force as the first of her shirt buttons finally gave up the ghost and blasted off, her belly plopping out through the gap and instantly increasing the pressure on her remaining buttons.

“Pop! Pop! Pop!” chanted the crowd. Caitlin dimly hoped that they were hoping for her remaining buttons to pop rather than for HER to pop. But considering how enormous her belly was growing, she didn’t think the latter was such an absurd possibility…

After what seemed like an impossible eternity, someone pulled the hose from her mouth with a wet pop.

“You did it, Caitlin! You survived the penalty round!” shouted Guy Wiley. “Jeez, you’re really getting as big as a house, aren’t you? What do you have to say for yourself after all that?”

“Yeah…” Caitlin belched loudly, the gaseous eruption followed almost immediately by another from her backside. She was so full that she was burping and farting up a storm now and she couldn’t help it. But the truth was, she was way beyond caring now. “I guess… I (BURRP) am getting kinda big.” She smiled weakly, patting her protruding paunch. She was surprised that her shirt was still hanging on, the gaps between her remaining buttons pulled so wide that it seemed impossible for fabric to stretch that far. They were hanging on by a thread. One more bite and she would probably shower the audience with buttons… if it didn’t make her explode like a megaton bomb!

“But you’re not done yet! We’ve still got a ways to go before you can win… the grand prize! Let’s get our contestant ready for the surprise speed round!”

“Gawd, there’s more? You’ve got to be…” Caitlin’s face fell. The stagehands were already wheeling her back to the table, her bloated belly bouncing and jostling against her lap as they moved her. They were taking her back to the table! And the table was… completely replenished?!

“I can’t… this is too much…” Her butter-bloated belly gurgled urgently, as if it was just as frightened as Caitlin. It couldn’t take much more! Could they really expect her to pack in yet MORE food?

“Caitlin! Caitlin! Eat! Eat! Eat! We wanna see you eat!” chanted the audience.

Caitlin sighed and grabbed a fork. Well, she couldn’t disappoint her fans, could she? She attacked a plate of grilled sea bass with a vigor that belied her appetite. She was already stuffed, but she could force down a little more, right? She would have to, if she wanted any chance at winning that grand prize! She ate and ate and ate, polishing off plate after plate, tossing empties aside and going for more. The audience screamed and shouted, but Caitlin barely heard them. She was in the zone. More and more food… Stagehands were rushing in, piling new platters of steaming potatoes au gratin and cheesy broccoli casseroles on the table. They were moving faster and faster, too fast for Caitlin to keep up! They were grabbing empty plates from in front of her face and dropping new ones down with such speed that Caitlin had to choke down her bites without even chewing to even hope to keep pace. And more food just kept coming! She was in a tizzy, her pudgy hands wildly grabbing at dishes and cramming food into her mouth as fast as she could.

“Eat! Eat! Eat!” chanted the audience.

Pop! Pop! Pop! The remaining buttons burst from her shirt, her belly and breasts popping free as the stitches on her sleeves split with a loud jagged riiiiip! Her titanic tummy barreled out triumphant, like a mountain rising before her. Her slacks pulled tighter and tighter around her thickening thighs and blimping rear until the stitches began to snap, one by one, the soft white flesh of her hips and legs spilling out. Her leather belt squeaked and creaked as her tummy billowed out like a sail in the wind. She felt like a hot air balloon! Her belt complained louder and louder, biting into her waist until Caitlin felt like it was simply going to cut her in half and then, suddenly, she pushed a little too far, grew a little too big, and her belt buckle ruptured with a loud snap, her belt ends flinging to her sides. Almost immediately, the crotch of her slacks exploded – the button from across the room and the zipper slid down. She could feel the seat of her pants failing as it fought to hold in her gargantuan rump… first, one stitch popped, so suddenly that Caitlin’s whole body bounced in response! Then another… and another… Pop! Pop! Pop! The rear seam of her pants were tearing, thread by thread, and every inch that the rip advanced only gave her mushrooming ass more room to assert itself… and force the tear wider! Her seat split wide open just at the worst time! The shock of her splitting pants caused Caitlin to momentarily lose her composure – and a sudden burst of flatulence exploded from her rear, so loud that the audience broke out into laughter and sarcastic applause!

“Sounds like someone’s announcing their triumph a little early!” said Guy Wiley. “Let’s see that again!”

He pointed at an overhead monitor and Caitlin saw, to her embarrassment, that an instant replay of her fart was being broadcast… in slow motion! The audience laughed uproariously as they saw her pants burst apart again, followed by the tell-tale rippling of her blubbery buns and long-drawn out squeal that signaled a massive fart.

And that wasn’t the worst part! Her clothes were in complete tatters!

“Whoops, looks like Caitlin’s suffered a major wardrobe malfunction!” said Guy Wiley. “Don’t worry, our helpful stagehands will give her a hand!”

A pair of stagehands grabbed at the tatters of Caitlin’s clothes, tearing them off her with long, rending riiiips. Caitlin was too stunned and stuffed to protest! By the time they were done, she was wearing nothing but her underwear. Caitlin should have been embarrassed to be seen on TV bulging out of her bra and panties, but she was too intent on eating now. She was farting constantly, an unbroken cacophony of flatulence blasting from her quivering ass cheeks, but Caitlin was far too excited by her own gluttony to worry. Gawd, she was actually… kind of proud of herself? Her farting was only one more indicator of her extreme gluttony, a badge of honor as obvious as her explosive belly, titanic tits, and expansive rear!

“More! More! More!” cried the crowd, getting into the rhythm of the chant. Many people were holding up handwritten signs of encouragement (“Go, Caitlin!” “Eat more!” “Bloat up!” “We want to see Caitlin Blow up!”), but Caitlin was only vaguely aware. She was too busy cramming food into her mouth, slathering her chubby cheeks with sauce and syrup and frosting. “More! More! More!”

“Can you do it, Caitlin? Everyone’s counting on you!”

“I can handle anything!” Caitlin grinned despite her fullness and smacked her bulging stomach. Oof! She winced at the pain. Oohh, she’d miscalculated that! Her belly whined loudly, her guts churned, and a sudden loud fart escaped her backside before she could clench.

“Can you? Sounds like your butt has other ideas? What do you think, ma’am?” Grinning widely, Guy Wiley pressed his microphone up to Caitlin’s cavernous ass crack. “Sounds like you have some strong opinions! What do you think of Caitlin’s chances of winning?”

The audience laughed and hooted to see Guy Wiley conduct a mock interview with Caitlin’s enormous (and very noisy) bottom. It was hilarious!

“It’s not funny,” mumbled Caitlin. “Stop talking to my butt!”

She groaned and her chubby cheeks rippled as another fart burst forth. She couldn’t help it!

“Sorry, Caitlin, I’d love to but your butt won’t stop talking to me! And, boy, her opinions sure do stink!”

He turned to the audience with a wide grin, certain that they would love the joke. They did!

“Hahaha! She can’t stop farting! She’s farting up a storm!” yelled an audience member.

“She’s got more gas than a hot air balloon!”

“She reeks! What’s she been eating? Oh wait, I know—everything!”

Caitline felt slightly sick, but she didn’t have time to worry about that or about the crowd’s constant, relentless teasing. There was more food coming! An endless parade of stagehands was bringing out fresh trays of food, resetting the table faster than Caitlin could eat. This was insane! She was working as fast as she could, gulping and gorging and gobbling, but the stagehands were so eager to replenish the table that they were grabbing plates even before Caitlin was finished! Not that it mattered… there was so much food in front of her that she didn’t have any hope of making a dent into this ever growing feast!

Her confidence started to drain away as she suddenly realized just how much food was still to come.

“Please… slow down… I can’t keep up,” begged Caitlin, stabbing her fork desperately into a platter of spaghetti marina as a stagehand silently pulled it away from her and replaced it with a plate of linguini alfredo. As silly as it was, Caitlin felt like leaving any food uneaten was a waste, a failure! She couldn’t stand the thought! She futilely mashed her fork at the retreating plate, grabbing every morsel that she could before the plate was completely out of her reach and she was forced to turn her attention to the new plate in front of her. She heaved a heavy sigh of resignation as she squared her shoulders and attacked her new meal.

“Oops, Caitlin! Since you’re as big as a house now, you’re now subject to our new house rule – which is, if your waistline is over 100 inches, you have to eat everything our stagehands can feed you!”

“Everything?! B-but I’m just barely keeping up right now!”

Her pleas fell on deaf ears, though, as a pair of stagehands approached her. Caitlin leaned back in her seat, her gut pushing forward on her thighs, as if she was putting her belly on display for them. In a way, she was. She honestly kind of wanted to know how big around she was now. She could already tell that she was huge, her monstrously bloated belly so swollen that she felt like a tick about to pop, but how huge? She desperately wanted to know the number just as much as the audience did! Even if it meant that she was about to lose this challenge and be forced to eat EVEN more…

She sighed as the stagehands looped the tape measure around her bulky body, waiting with bated breath as they tugged the tape measure tight around her gargantuan beach ball of a belly.

“It doesn’t reach,” reported one stagehand. “She’s over 150!”

“What? Oh, that can’t be… how could that be possible…” Caitlin was flabbergasted. How could she honestly be over 150 inches around? She literally WAS as big as a house! Guy Wiley wasn’t kidding at all!

“Sorry, Caitlin, you’re just TOO big! And you know what that means… it’s time to get even bigger!”

Caitlin shrugged her padded shoulders helplessly. What else could she do? She opened her mouth as a stagehand shoved in a chocolate bonbon. She chewed and swallowed and opened up again. The second stagehand pushed in another. Caitlin dutifully chewed and swallowed. This wasn’t so bad after all. She could definitely keep pace with just two of these guys feeding her!

“Wow, Caitlin, just two? That’s hardly enough to keep our favorite blimp satisfied, right, people?”

The audience cheered its approval. “Bloat! Her! Up!”

“Oh! You heard the people, Caitlin. Let’s get you properly bloated up!”

“I’m already 150 inches around!” cried Caitlin. “Ulp!” Her eyes crossed as the first stagehand shoved another bonbon into her mouth. Nougat filling. Mmmm… Gawd, this was good. She opened her mouth again, tongue lolling for more. This was certainly a lot easier than feeding herself!

“She’s still hungry! Let’s add a third!”

Suddenly, there was a third stagehand in her face, offering her a thick slice of prime rib. How could she refuse that? She turned to this new person, opening her mouth wide and lolling her tongue, accepting it eagerly. But the first two stagehands were also vying for her attention, so Caitlin had to turn back and forth, vigorously chewing all the while to keep up with the pace of feeding. And now there was a fourth! And a fifth! Her guts were bubbling loudly, but Caitlin was too busy eating to pay attention… and she jolted as suddenly, she farted again. The stagehands laughed, but they didn’t stop feeding her.

“Jeez, you really are gassy today! Guess that’s what happens from eating so much.”

“Sounds like you freed up a little room in there! Let’s try refilling it with some more delicious food, huh? Open wide!”

 Soon it seemed that there were ten, no, a dozen stagehands… and they were all eagerly feeding her, shoving food into her mouth, more more more, so much that she could barely swallow… Gawd! She couldn’t keep up! But she kept eating and eating and eating, her belly growing and growing and growing. There were so many stagehands scuttling around her now that she couldn’t keep up, all vying for her attention like worker ants serving their big bloated queen. She was barely cognizant as one enterprising fellow clamored up on top of her belly (she could feel his hands and feet sinking into her pillowy flesh as he scaled the mountain of her massive gut), so that he could reach her mouth more easily among the crowd of eager servants. Caitlin didn’t object… not that she could! She farted again, louder this time, her fraying panties fluttering, but she barely had the strength to be embarrassed any more.

“Can you believe that’s all Caitlin right there?” said Guy Wiley, motioning at the mammoth blimp of Caitlin’s trembling mass. She was as big as a circus elephant now, a tight quivering ball of blubber, filled to the limit with food and fat and gas. She was still eating as fast as she could, gulping down food into her overloaded stomach. But there was only so much space inside her and she had to struggle harder and harder with every bite to find room. Every swallow forced another tiny squeaking fart out of her backside, almost as if the food was displacing the flatulence. It was lucky, really! If she didn’t fart constantly now, she would probably explode!

“That’s not special effects, folks! That’s all just one really greedy blimp. Don’t believe us? We’ll prove it. Why don’t we have someone from our studio audience verify the truth!”

Everyone in the stands immediately leapt to their foot, waving their arms and shouting. Everyone wanted to be the one chosen to check that Caitlin really WAS just as fat and bloated as she looked!

“Well, I think you’re all winners!” said Guy Wiley. “But I think this nice couple here in the front wants it most. Sir? Madam? Come on down!”

A tacky-looking tourist couple waddled down from the bleachers, squealing with excitement the whole way.

“And your names?”

“I’m Herbert McGillicuty and this is my wife Agnes! And we’ve come all the way from Des Moines, Illinois, just to see you, Guy! We’re huge fans and we’ve always wanted to see a live taping of Bloat! Her! Up!”

“Well, Herbert and Agnes, today is your lucky day! Some folks here don’t believe that Bloat! Her! Up! is 100% real, so what I want you to do is: We’re gonna put all those rumors to rest today, okay? I want you to go up and inspect Caitlin here and I mean REALLY INSPECT her until you are absolutely, completely, 100% satisfied that everything you see here is totally real! Can you folks do that for me?”

“Absolutely, Guy! We love you, Guy!” cried Agnes, shoving her husband aside so that she could get up close and personal with her favorite game show host.

“Alright, let’s get to it!”

Caitlin was barely cognizant as the couple walked around her, poking at her sides, grabbing thick handfuls of blubber and roughly jiggling her. She was too busy eating to worry about anything like that!

“What do you think, Herbert? Is she all real?”

“Absolutely!” Herbert pushed against Caitlin’s side, his hand sinking into her spongy flesh until it encountered resistance from her packed tight stomach beneath. Caitlin burped in response. “She’s huge but it’s all her! I can’t believe how big and fat you’ve made her! She’s as big as a whale! Look at the size of this gut! Guess that’s what comes from being such a greedy glutton, huh?”

“Huh.. yeah,” said Caitlin weakly between bites. The stagehands weren’t pausing in their feeding even as the two tourists pinched and prodded her, squeezing her blubbery flanks and kneading her soft wobbly flesh. Caitlin was still gobbling food as fast as she could, doing her best to ignore these distractions. She still had a grand prize to win, after all!

“Just can’t control yourself around food at all, really. No manners at all! You should really be ashamed of yourself, young lady! Why, you’re blowing up like a balloon!”

Sure, Caitlin was still growing, her belly spilling out further in front of her, her butt spreading wider behind her, everything swelling, bloating, ballooning… but Caitlin still couldn’t believe that this guy was lecturing her! Who did he think he was? She wanted to point out that, yeah, maybe she WAS a greedy glutton, maybe she didn’t have any manners… but HE was the one who had come to be in a studio audience to watch her!

A sudden burst of uncontrollable flatulence erupted from her asshole, as hot and poisonous as the vapors from a volcano. Behind her, Agnes was laughing.

“Oh my gawd! This pig really can’t stop farting! Gawd, she doesn’t even care that she’s so rude… I tell you, I would die of embarrassment if that was me.”

“Thanks, Herbert and Agnes, you’ve been wonderful, just wonderful. In fact, you’ve been so wonderful that maybe you can stick around a few minutes more and help us with our next game. What do ya say?”

Guy Wiley didn’t have to ask twice.

“We’ve really put our poor Caitlin here through her paces, so this next round, we’re gonna do something nice for her! And Herbert, Agnes, you’re going to help. You’re each going to get to pick out a special present to give to our lovely contestant!”

The audience clapped and hollered as a stagehand wheeled in a gurney covered in… what were those? Caitlin couldn’t quite see. She tried to crane her neck but she was so full that she could barely move and all she managed to do was allow yet another fart to escape as she twisted in her seat.

“Take your time! Find one that you think Caitlin will REALLY like!”

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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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