

N.T. CANON

# Ridiculous Cake

What's green and fat  
and ten feet tall?



THE THING FROM THE SWAMP

# **RIDICULOUS CAKE**

## **THE THING FROM THE SWAMP**

**N.T. CANON**

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# YOU ARE BAILLEY GOLDING

Bailley was a hard working young woman, though she was actually a goat. She was a little under five feet tall, and twenty seven years old.

She currently worked at a generic Halloween attraction on the outskirts of town set up on rural farm land. There was a haunted house, a corn maze, and some food stands. It was seasonal work, but that suited Bailley fine. She could never hold down a job. The longest she had worked at any one business was when she was a cashier at a gas station for three weeks.

There was always the threat of *Her* showing up. At every job there eventually came a day when a particular customer would show up and things would implode in a matter of minutes. Bailley had no idea why she was constantly crossing paths with that *particular* customer, but she had a good feeling she would avoid her this time. It was just one last week of work in late October, and then she would have a reference that could actually be usable for future resumes.

Bailley was currently stationed at the ticket booth at the front of the property. The sun had just set and the sounds of a few hundred Halloween enjoyers echoed from behind her, with a few more trickling in from the field-turned-parking-lot spread out in front of the main entrance. It looked like it was going to be another peaceful autumn shift.

But there was a chill in the air. Bailey felt something stirring in the far corner of the parking lot. The ground was faintly rumbling, shaking as if a herd of cattle were walking past. There was a large shape snaking its way through the parked cars, heading towards her.

“Oh no... is that...?” She stammered. Bailey felt her blood run cold, as she caught a glimpse of a thick green tail, blonde hair, and a red and white trucker hat. It was *Her*.

Gerry. Geraldine Almer. The ten foot tall, five foot wide, half-ton of Florida alligator, stuffed in cargo shorts and a black t-shirt. The woman who had eaten everything that wasn't bolted down at the gas station Bailey had worked at... and at the burger joint, and buffet. She was the woman who had crushed every bed at the mattress store, and fallen through the floor of the press box at the college football stadium. Gerry seemed to invite danger and destruction with her wherever she went, either accidentally, or on purpose.

And the only thing worse than that, was that she often recognized Bailey, and seemed to regard her as a *friend*.

Bailey knew this night could now only end one way. She could either abandon her post and try to slip away, or hide in the ticket booth, and avoid being spotted.

Maybe Gerry hadn't seen her yet?

- 
- Escape while you can
  - Stay and hide at your post

Bailley jumped to the door at the back of the ticket booth and bolted towards the safety of the crowds occupying the Halloween-themed attractions.

The swamp creature perked up. “Hey wait a sec!” Gerry called, breaking out into a sprint to catch up, “Ah know you!”

The crowds parted for the extra-large lizard, but not so for Bailley. She had to fight and claw and push her way through idle bystanders, families, and groups of teenagers, but even so the crowd of people was not thick enough to actually lose Gerry.

Looking over her shoulder, Bailley could see Geraldine following from far behind. Blonde bangs covered the gators eyes, along with the black brim of her trucker cap. Even still, Bailley could feel her staring at her with a wide, intimidating grin plastered on her snout.

She would have to lose Gerry somewhere else, somewhere more densely packed, distracting, or labyrinthine.

Thankfully, she did have options.

- 
- Run to the haunted house
  - Get lost in the corn maze
  - Shimmy over to the food stands

Bailley ducked down below the counter and put her back against the wall. She did her best to curl up tightly and hide from view.

She could feel the heavy steps of the gigantic gator as she walked up to the ticket booth.

“He-llo?” Gerry called out. Her voice was deep and dripping with a southern accent as thick as molasses.

Bailley held her breath, praying that the uncouth customer would just turn around and go home.

But Gerry peered over the counter, and spotted Bailley in her little hiding spot. “Howdy!” She said, with a big shark toothed grin, staring at the cashier with all the friendliness of a horse-sized pitbull.

Staying put was not an option. The frightened goat would have to flee.

---

- [Escape while you can](#)

The haunted house would have the densest crowds. She could easily slip through the maze of corridors and lose Gerry inside.

Bailley jogged over to the spooky attraction. It was an old barn that had been stained black from years of poor weather, with a make-shift queue on one side and the exit on the other.

From behind, Bailley could hear Gerry calling out over the sound of the guests. “Hey! Where do ya think you’re going? I ain’t even said hello yet!” Gerry chortled, knocking some bunny girl over.

With a shudder, the meek goat frantically looked at the two routes of escape. She could try and maneuver her way through the line to enter the haunted house, or sneak in through the exit. There wasn’t any line there.

- 
- Go through the entrance
  - Sneak in through the back

Bailley was not going to risk getting tangled up in a crowd of customers. She jerked to the left and ran towards the end of the barn.

The exit was covered with a thin black curtain to keep out the light. Bailley reached out and pulled it aside.

Just as she did, an incredibly loud, monstrous growl echoed from inside the barn and a flood of high-pitched screams came rushing her way. A pack of sorority girls came pouring out of the barn, trampling Bailley as they fled some animatronic terror. The underpaid employee could feel every step and stomp, every pair of pumps and sneakers, and every little twist of a heel as they crushed her body as easily as a bug.

When the dust settled, Bailley looked up, seeing Gerry looming over her with a slight smirk.

“Dang...” Gerry said “Them bimbos really messed you up huh?” Bailley could only reply with a meek groan.

“Tell ya what. Let’s get out of here and I’ll buy you a drink. Can’t hurt nothin’, can it?” Gerry teased, folding the goat hide into a manageable bundle, and slipping it in her pocket.

Bailley couldn’t refuse, not that she would have. After an experience like this, she could use a strong drink, or twenty.

## THE END

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- [Go through the front instead](#)



The crowds could only help Bailey in this case. She pushed her way through the line at the entrance, making sure to announce that she was an employee. “Sorry folks, coming through. Excuse me, shift change.”

When she reached the entrance she glanced over her shoulder, seeing her pudgy pursuer shoving customers aside, wading through the crowd. “Outta my way. I ain’t gonna be long.” Gerry snarked.

Bailey’s heart skipped a beat, seeing how close Gerry was. So she hurriedly slipped into the darkness of the haunted house.

There was fog filling the air, accentuating colored gel lights and the peering red eyes of cheap hardware store animatronics. Spooky ambiance played through some unseen speakers, and all around there were fake spiderwebs, and real ones from the old barns own supply.

Bailey *had* to lose Geraldine in here. But how?

There were really only two options: she could keep moving and try to make it out of the haunted house before Gerry could, or she could hide, and let the gator pass her by.

Bailey could see a collection of bedsheet ghosts scattered around a tiny styrofoam graveyard in a room-sized clearing, and past that there was a hallway leading further into the attraction.

---

- Hide among the ghosts

- Keep moving forward

The clever employee hopped over to the staged graveyard and tossed one of the ghost's sheets over herself.

Not a moment later Gerry wandered in, stomping about and looking all over the room. "Hey buddy, where'd ya'll go?"

Bailley kept completely still. Even one peep could doom her. Gerry lingered in the graveyard for a while, taking her time to at least glance at all of the decorations. It was oddly quiet for a haunted house.

Just as she was inspecting a cardboard tomb, a plastic skeleton leapt out at her, getting so close it knocked off her hat.

"YEOW!" Gerry howled, staggering backwards towards Bailley.

The poor goat froze up like a deer in the headlights, as the giant woman's even more gigantic backside came crashing down on her.

**SCRUNCH!**

Gerry slowly got up, scratching her head. She felt something stuck to her rear, and peeled off a bedsheet that had belonged to one of the ghosts.

"Ah dang, my bad... Now, where'd that lil' lady get off to?"

Bailley was closer than she could have ever guessed. The pancaked goat was plastered to her butt like a novelty sticker, face-first and smothered by more booty than she could handle. For Bailley this was...

**THE END**

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- [Keep moving forward instead](#)

There was no point in hiding. If she could slip out first, Bailey could run to the parking lot and get to the safety of her car.

She kept moving along, slipping past a few slower groups. Only once did she run into another employee, who reached out from a blacked-out hiding spot and screamed at her.

“Not now, Kevin.” Bailey grumbled.

“My bad.” Said the scare actor.

Still, she could hear Gerry making her way through the barn. Her bulk was rubbing up against the plywood walls and knocking over props. Bailey had to pick up the pace.

But there was a fork in the road. The spooky attraction split into two paths. One seemed to lead into some sort of cramped paper-mache forest, while the other lead to a dungeon’s hallway.

Gerry was drawing closer. There wasn’t any time to be picky.

- 
- [Take the path to the woods](#)
  - [Venture into the dungeon](#)

Bailley jogged through the ‘woods’, which were just cardboard trees stapled to black plywood walls. It was a pretty short journey through, as it quickly came to a dead end. The only thing that it contained was a couple mannequins dressed up as witches and a giant bubbling cauldron.

“Hey, bestie! Where are yooooou?” Gerry called, making her way down the same path.

Bailley had to think fast. She jumped into the cauldron to hide, only to let out a yelp of shock. It was hot, *boiling* hot. She instantly felt her body begin to soften and melt, mingling with the churning liquid into a sort of soupy goop.

“No no no! Somebody, help!” She cried out, feeling her limbs begin to weaken and slip away, as her entire body dissolved like sugar.

Gerry looked into the gigantic cauldron, seeing her ‘friends’ worried face floating on top. “Oh dang, what happened? I think this here hot-tub is a bit too toasty...” Gerry bent over to adjust a knob on the cauldron, turning it down from eleven to three. “Better?”

“M-mmhmm...” The melted goat whimpered, anxious as could be.

“Good... Now, lemme get in there with ya. I could use a soak.”

## THE END

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- [Take the dungeon path instead](#)

The dungeon hallway *had* to lead somewhere. There were noises coming from the end of it as well. Bailey ran down the corridor, though she had to slow down as it began to narrow.

“Who designed this...” She muttered to herself, brushing her hands against the faux-stone walls, though they did seem surprisingly heavy.

Behind her, Gerry was catching up. She bounded down the hallway, bumping against the wall and squeezing through, moving the walls with her bulk if needed. “Hey, wait up!” She sneered, with her sharp teeth shimmering in the darkness.

Bailey yelped, darting forward towards a thin gap at the end of the dungeon hallway. It lead to a small clearing with the exit at the far end. She just had to make it through.

But her waist was stuck in the gap. Gerry’s nudging and shifting of the walls had narrowed the hall, trapping Bailey.

“N-no! This isn’t fair!” The squeezed goat gasped, thrashing about, desperate to escape. She could feel the titanic gator breathing down her neck, only inches behind her.

“Gotcha!” Gerry cried out, bursting her way through the dungeon, sending Bailey tumbling forward into the clearing.

Then, all at once, the plywood and stone walls of the corridor began to topple over, falling onto the imposing reptile woman like the lid of a waffle iron.

With a deafening THUD, the wall sections crushed Gerry underneath them as easily as a lump of green clay in a play-doh press.

Bailley looked on, shocked. Her heart was racing and her skin was clammy. She slowly gathered herself and stood up, looking down to inspect the green band of rubber spilling out from under the plywood walls. She gave it a little poke, eliciting a pained groan from Gerry.

“Oough... Hey... buddy? Can ya give me a hand?”

Bailley’s time working at the ticket booth for the Halloween haunt had wrapped up in quite the peaceful way: a whole week of easy work without any drama, aside from that *one* time. She sat in her living room, reflecting on a job well done, eager to enjoy the month of November.

“I think I could get used to this... No interruptions, no destruction, no being bullied or teased... I think this is just the change of pace I needed, That I *deserved*. Am I right?”

There was a slight murmur from the mouth of her new rug. A familiar looking flattened out alligator was spread across the floor of the room in front of a fireplace, with a lounge chair stood on top of it. The gator’s jaws were clamped shut with a band of duct tape, not that Gerry could do more than twitch in her flattened-out state.

“Maybe I’ll get a *new* rug when you learn about the concept of ‘boundaries’. But that sounds like a thing to do in the spring to me...”  
Bailley teased, finally getting a taste of how the other half lived.

**THE END**

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It would be easy to lose Gerry in the corn maze. Bailey steered over to the far end of the property, where the maze's entrance was marked with glowing yellow lanterns.

There were fewer families out here, mostly college students and teens. The sound of toothless chainsaws occasional buzzed from far off into the maze. For those that wanted a scare, this was the main attraction.

Bailey ran into the maze. The whole gimmick was that it was pitch black inside at night. There was nothing but the moonlight to faintly guide the way.

That wasn't good enough for the panicked goat though. She pulled out her phone and turned its flashlight on; sending a bright spotlight that only illuminated some of her surroundings.

Already there was a fork in the road: the path on her left lead to a more wide area of the maze, while the right path was crooked and gnarled.

Bailey had to choose fast. Fumbling with her phone had cost her precious time. Gerry was only seconds behind.

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- [Left path](#)

- [Right path](#)

The path on the right looked like a death trap. Bailey sharply turned left and jogged on ahead.

The corn stalks of the field made for an oppressive environment to run through. The light of Bailey's phone against them caused strange shadows and lights to flicker through the whole corn field.

She could still hear Gerry stomping somewhere behind her, but there were other noises too. Someone was walking through the corn field, stalking her.

"W-who's there?" Bailey squeaked, turning around to shine a light back where she'd come from, before gasping and cupping her hand around the phone. That light could give away her position.

While it helped her see where she was going, it may be best to just shut it off and keep moving in the cloak of darkness.

- 
- Keep the light on
  - Turn off the flashlight



Bailley scampered down the right path, being careful not to trip. It was a slow trudge through that part of the maze. However, the uneven ground was not only cracked and dangerous, but there were roots poking out of it every which way.

“S-shoot, shoot...” The frightened goat groaned, feeling her pace slowing, and the sounds of Gerry drawing closer.

“Hey! There you are!” The gator called, causing Bailley to shriek.

“Ahh! Get away from me!”

“What are ya talkin’ about? Get over here!” Gerry grinned, bounding over to the creeped out worker.

Just as Gerry was drawing near, she tripped on a dried out root, toppling over and face-planting right into the dirt of the corn field.

“Unf! Owch... Dang... Huh? Where did ya go?” Gerry called out, before looking down to find Bailley flattened against her giant stomach and impressive chest. The goat looked like a sticker, her face all dazed and cartoony from the impact.

“Oough... Did you... get the plate on that... cruise ship?” Bailley mumbled, wriggling faintly.

Geraldine laughed, brushing herself off and straightening her new goat-covered t-shirt. It was just the souvenir she wanted.

## THE END

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- [Take the left path instead](#)

She wasn't going to waste more time fumbling with her phone. Bailey kept moving forward, though she struggled to focus on both Gerry tracking her down, and the sounds of the stalker among the ears of corn.

Suddenly, a horrible monster jumped out into her path, waving around a chain saw and screaming at the top of its lungs.

“NO FLASHLIGHTS IN THE MAZE!”

Bailey put a finger to her lips and shushed the teenage employee. “*Keep it down!* I'm trying to shake somebody!”

But her coworker wasn't paying attention anymore. He was looking up at the humongous alligator looming behind Bailey.

Gerry tapped the goat on the shoulder, and spoke in a loud booming voice, “Are ya'll lost?”

The teenager and Bailey both freaked and flailed about, causing the boy's chainsaw to slip and cut the goat girl cleanly in half.

“A-ah!” Bailey squeaked, flopping to the ground like two sides of beef. She had been split from head to toe. “What the *heck*, Chris!?” She screamed “You're supposed to take the chain out!”

Chris had already fled, leaving Bailly and Gerry alone. Gerry picked up one half of the goat, scratching her head at the sight of it.

“You seem busy... I'll just hang out with *one* half of you tonight.”

## THE END

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- [Turn off the flashlight instead](#)

The light was more trouble than it was worth. Bailey turned off her phones flash and stumbled deeper into the corn field in total darkness.

It had gotten very quiet, with the only sounds being that of her feet stepping on dry corn husks.

“I think I lost her...” Bailey whispered, making her way back towards a light source in the distance.

Brushing aside corn stalks, Bailey found herself in a small clearing in the center of the maze. It was the only illuminated part, with orange string lights draped around a scarecrow, with a fog machine placed on the ground.

“Shoot, I went the wrong way!” Bailey panicked, now lost and unsure of where to go. What’s more, she could hear the familiar sound and rumble of Gerry stomping her way towards the center of the maze.

Looking out through the foliage, Bailey could see the mountain of a reptile making her way straight towards her.

“Howdy! is that you over there, partner?” Gerry called, catching a glimpse of Bailey’s red work shirt through the corn stalks.

Bailey had to think fast. She couldn’t run, she’d have to find something to use to defend herself. But the only thing at the ready was the string of lights, and a fog machine.

---

- Gather up the lights

- Use the fog machine

Gerry pushed her way through to the clearing, towering over Bailley, arms raised. “There ya are!”

Bailley yelped, scrambling up the scarecrow and attempting to untangle the string of lights to use as a lasso, though Bailley was not as coordinated as she had thought. She fell from the scarecrow and landed face-first onto the fog machine.

“Nnmph!” She squeaked, feeling her stomach start to inflate with misty air, filling her gut and soon all of her body. She was blowing up like a big cream-colored balloon, stretching her work shirt in the process.

Gerry watched from a safe distance, confused at her pals climbing, falling, and expanding. “Uh, do ya’ll need any help?”

“M-mmmph!” Bailley yelled, muffled by the nozzle in her mouth.

“Ah my bad. You seem to know what yer doing.” Gerry smirked.

Bailley could only wiggle her limbs and whimper as she was slowly inflated. Her blimped body was rubbing against the ground and the clearing’s scarecrow. She felt massive, humiliated, stretched thin, and very *very* fragile.

It wouldn’t be long before a stray twig or splinter pierced her inflated body. She could only hope Geraldine would pick up whatever was left, and stitch her back together. Or else, this was...

## THE END

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- [Use the fog machine instead](#)

“There ya are!” Gerry called, having stomped into the clearing. She absolutely dwarfed the poor goat, who only came up to her hip in height.

Bailley grabbed the fog machine from off the ground, holding it out in front of herself like a flamethrower. “Don’t come any closer! I’m w-warning you!”

Gerry looked down at the pint sized petting zoo reject and let out a hearty laugh. “Haha! What the heck are ya gonna do with that thing?” She taunted, poking the black box with a sharp claw.

“Maybe uh... I’ll... Oh hey, look over there! A Dracula!”

“Dracula? Who’s that?” Gerry turned around, scanning the corn field for suspects.

Bailley ran around the ankles of the gator, wrapping them up in the fog machine’s extension cord. Before Gerry knew what had happened, she completely lost her balance.

“W-woaaah nelly!”

Bailley froze up, dropping the fog machine and getting out of the way of the tumbling terror, as Gerry flopped down right on top of the fog machine’s nozzle.

“YOUCH!” The gator yelped, tensing up as a strange sensation began to creep over her. Her scaly stomach was slowly distending with air as the machine pumped her full of fog.

“Nnngg... What did ya’ll do?” Gerry muttered, feeling dizzy and strange as she swelled up. Her skin took on a rubbery appearance as the air worked its way through her entire body, bloating her features and making her appear puffy and shiny in the amber string lights.

Bailley was shocked at the new appearance of Geraldine. The horrifying heifer was as round and bouncy as an inflatable lawn ornament. Her shirt rode up to reveal more of her globular green stomach, and her khaki shorts slipped down to show off more of her tail, and a pair of boxers.

There was still plenty of room for more though, So Bailley stood close by, watching the show unfold.

When the fog machine ran out of juice, there was a new centerpiece in the haunted corn maze. The scarecrow was now smothered under a massive inflatable alligator decoration. It was about twenty feet wide and fifteen feet tall. The string of lights were wrapped around its chest and stomach, creating a warm orange and green glow that danced across the surface of the corn field.

Gerry could only faintly groan and grumble at this turn of events, between the occasional belch of fog anyway. Bailley was pretty satisfied however. She had brought a new decoration to the seasonal attraction.

“Do you think my boss will compensate me if I donate you as a new inflatable? I think you have potential to make a career out of this!”

Gerry wasn't amused. She did not look forward to spending her Halloween tied down in a corn field, but it could be worse. Her body was holding air well enough, and her clothing had remained intact.

For now, anyway... Though she wished she'd worn a bra.

**THE END**

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All of the food stalls and vendors would be perfect for distracting Gerry. Bailey made a sharp right towards the smell of popcorn and sugar, leading her pursuer along like a mouse guiding a cat.

“Slow down, girl!” Gerry called out, trailing behind by thirty yards or less. Even though she was heavy, her strides dwarfed those of the goat. She would catch up sooner or later.

Bailey was unsure of where to try and ditch her scaly stalker. There were plenty of carnival styled vendors around, she just needed to pick one that would grab Gerry’s attention.

Coming up the path was a cotton candy stall. The smell of caramelized sugar was so tempting even Bailey wanted to stop and grab some, though there were also more options on the horizon.

- 
- Grab some cotton candy
    - Keep running

Bailey couldn't help herself: Cotton candy was the thing that would spare her from Gerry. She hopped over to the food stall, standing in line to buy some. But Gerry was right behind her. This was going to take way too long. "Sorry, emergency!" she said as she cut through the line.

Bailey tried to grab some cotton candy right out of the machine, only for her arm to get yanked in by the spinning vortex of sugar. "A-ah!" She managed to yell, before being completely incorporated into the mass of hot sucrose.

Gerry was certain she had seen her friend walk over to grab something to eat. She waddled up to the cart, and bought herself a big stick of cotton candy. It was a strange color, more white than pink, and with some odd splotches on it that almost looked like a blurry face if you really squinted at it.

"Hmm, must be out of the pink sugar..." Gerry shrugged, before taking a big bite out of her sugary snack.

It was pretty delicious, if oddly savory. She would definitely have to go back for seconds, and maybe thirds.

## THE END

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- [Keep running instead](#)



There was no way Gerry would be satisfied with just cotton candy. There had to be something more substantial around.

“Uh, uh... Pretzels?” Bailey muttered, seeing a soft pretzel cart coming into view.

It was hard for her to focus though. Gerry was calling out to her over the sounds of the crowds and Halloween ambiance. Bailey didn't even want to imagine what may happen if she let that gator grab her. Last time she'd been smothered under the reptiles bulk for six hours, while the fire department removed her from a Waffle House.

There were more options for food ahead, but everyone liked soft pretzels. Gereldene had to be distracted by those, right?

- 
- Keep on moving
  - Stop for pretzels

These little snacks were not what Bailey was looking for. She needed something massive and outrageous to stop Gerry in her tracks.

“Something BIG... Something special...” She mused to herself, jogging into the heart of the food stands, situated in a clearing next to the parking lot, where all the food trucks and vendors could pull up onto the dirt path.

Two options jumped out at Bailey. For fifty dollars you could enjoy an all you can eat barbeque buffet served out of an impressive food truck.

There was also a stage set up, covered in tables and pies, for a pumpkin pie eating contest, with a cash prize.

Gerry was drawing near. Bailey had to decide which of the two big distractions could best occupy her gluttonous ‘friend’, before she ended up becoming her main source of entertainment once again.

- 
- [Pay for the all you can eat BBQ](#)
  - [Enter the pie eating contest](#)

These would definitely be more filling than cotton candy. The salesman working the snack cart was busy rolling out and twisting pretzels for baking.

“I’m sure I can just, grab one and pay later...” Bailey whispered, reaching over to grab one of the golden brown baked goods.

Suddenly, she felt her hand be grabbed by the salesman, who was reaching over for some more dough. With little more than a squeak coming from Bailey, she was flattened out and rolled into a rope of dough and twisted into an appealing looking goat pretzel.

“I... Should have just waited, huh?”

Gerry wandered from attraction to attraction, snacking on an armful of treats and taking in the Halloween atmosphere. She’d gone through the haunted house three times, and the corn maze just as many. There was even a haunted hay ride she had prematurely ended, just by getting on.

“Man... This place was a real find... We should do this again tomorrow. What do you say?” Gerry smirked, talking to a tiny bite of pretzel she held between her fingers.

“Uh, sure? Sounds good...” Bailey said, lacking any ears to understand what the gator had asked. Thankfully, the night was nearing...

## THE END

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- [Keep on moving instead](#)

Bailley ran over to the barbeque food truck and handed over her credit card. She could feel the shadow of the ample alligator creeping over her.

“Howdy, buddy... Where have you been?” Gerry snickered. She was surprised when Bailley turned around with a look of relief.

“Here! A gift, for you!” Bailley squawked, handing over a receipt. “I got you an ‘all you can eat barbeque’ meal, as a... a Halloween treat?”

Gerry looked a little shocked. Her eyes flashing for a moment behind her long blonde bangs. “Really? That’s... dang, well that there is just plain *generous*. Thanks, girl.” The gator grinned.

Gerry leaned against the window of the food truck, practically pushing it over with her weight. “Gimme five pounds of everything.”

She carried multiple trays of smoked meats over to a picnic table. It wasn’t long before she was stuffing her face at a pretty speedy tempo, her stomach slowly distending with food and rapidly consumed calories.

Bailley couldn’t help but watch, though she maintained a distance such that she could leave at any time. “I guess this is better than what usually happens when she shows up... I suppose getting *huge* isn’t a problem, when she’s outdoors.”

“Hey! More food!” She barked to the food truck. Gerry’s swelling stomach was spilling out onto her lap, and then onto the floor. She was growing blobbier with every tray of greasy lip-smacking goodness.

There wasn’t much to do now but let nature take its course. It was just a question of which would give out first: Gerry’s appetite or the food truck’s supply of meat and carbs.

Hours later, the Halloween venue was shutting down for the night. Guests trickled out of the front gates and into the parking lot. Everyone was ready to clock out, but Bailey still had one task to complete.

“Okay, easy now. Watch the tail...” The goat ordered, gesturing with her arms. A group of workers were loading Gerry onto a flatbed truck to be driven home. The mountain of alligator blubber was astoundingly massive now. She was easily the size of a log cabin, and spilling over the sides of the truck bed.

“BWURP... Ah man, that there hit the spot...” Geraldine laughed, flapping her useless hands and feet and flicking her fat, stubby tail.

“Glad to hear it!” Bailey smiled, feeling quite satisfied herself. “You seem pretty... hefty now. I guess you won’t be walking around anytime soon?” The cashier asked in a hopeful tone.

“Na I guess not. Not for a few weeks anyway...”

“Weeks? Hah! good one.” Bailey smirked.

“No I’m serious, my metabolism is gnarly. I’ll be back ta normal if I just don’t eat for a few weeks...”

“... Oh... That’s... great?” Bailey’s eye twitched. She wasn’t prepared to have to look over her shoulder for Gerry again so soon.

Though there was a way around this. She could always delay the inevitable by sending some free take-out to Gerry’s address.

**THE END**

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Free food seemed far more tempting than paying for barbeque. Bailey rushed to the pie eating contest, hoping Gerry would be enticed. At worse, she could always try and lead her onto the stage directly.

A crowd had gathered to watch. Bailey weaved her way through and up to the front of the stage, looking for some sort of sign-up sheet, though she couldn't find one. She could feel her palms starting to sweat: out of the corner of her eye she saw Gerry walking up behind her.

“Howdy... I didn't take you for the *competitive* type?” said Gerry.

“Oh! It's you. Uh, no. I'm not competing, but maybe you could-”

“Ah! You need me to help you, huh? You know, I did coach flag-football once. You got an eye for talent, don'tcha?”

Bailey stammered, shaking her head and waving her arms around. “Oh no *no*, I actually... I'm on the clock, so I need to...”

Before she could explain, Gerry had dragged her up on stage with the other contestants, and the pie eating contest was ready to begin. Bailey felt her blood run cold, and squeaked at the sound of a pistol shot starting the race.

The sight of a ten foot tall alligator woman shoving whole pies into the mouth of a little goat lady half her height is hard to describe. Imagine a grown man shoving oatmeal cookies into the mouth of a teddy bear, or a boxer punching a kindergartener in the mouth with fists made of pudding cups. It wasn't a pretty sight, but no one could look away.

Bailey was choking down pie after pie, which were shoveled down her throat with an almost mechanical speed. Gerry meanwhile,

had the calm concentration one would expect if they saw her at the gym doing any sort of repetitive exercise. Together, there were easily crushing the competition. Bailey's body was an efficient storage container for the pie's Geraldine wished for her to consume.

After what felt like an eternity, a loud buzzer signaled the end of the contest. In ten minutes, Bailey had somehow consumed six hundred pies, each containing at least two thousand calories: equaling an extra three hundred and fifty pounds of weight. The poor goat was spilling out of her work shirt, sporting a massive bean-bag-chair-sized stomach and a wide, doughy rear. She felt sick, and yet, unfortunately for her waistline, she couldn't throw up even if she tried.

"Huff... puff... Did we win?" Bailey wheezed between burps.

The moon was out now. The crowds were dispersing and the haunt was shutting down. Gerry helped her goat gal-pal along, keeping her from losing her balance on account of her huge belly.

"You know... Out of all the times we've run into one another, this time went about as well as can be expected..." Bailey mused.

"Oh yeah? Because you and me went and had fun as a team?"

Gerry smirked, puffing her chest out a bit.

"No, it's because I won a hundred bucks... At least that will pay for a gym membership."

**THE END**

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Written by RidiculousCake, Cover art by RidiculousCake, 2023





## ***CAN YOU OUTRUN HER?***

Bailey Golding is a hard worker, but she can't keep a job. Some crazy alligator woman keeps showing up and wrecking everything. She eats everything in sight, and is a real klutz.

But things are different this time. In this book YOU choose what happens next and if Bailey wins or loses.

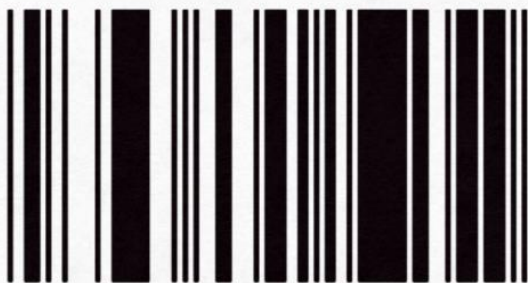
She can count on you to help... right?

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Hold on tight – you're in for a fright!

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