Dream Dining 2  
By Mollycoddles

Audrey opened her mouth dutifully as another spoon of soufflé came in for a landing. She gulped it down and opened again as a forkful of sponge cake came from another direction. She was under an onslaught of food, very politely being offered from every direction and Audrey was completely incapable of resisting!

What could she do? She was so far beyond saving now. An army of waiters were shuffling out from the kitchen, each carrying a tray groaning under some new delectable dish. They were doing it all for her! She couldn’t say no, couldn’t tell them that this wasn’t even her idea… This was all a mistake! She had accidentally wandered into this restaurant and the maître d’ must have mistaken her for someone else when he sat her at this table. They must have been preparing a feast for a huge party, but now they seemed to be under the mistaken impression that it was all for her! Yet they never gave her a chance to explain and Audrey could only gobble down food as fast as she could in a futile effort to keep up with this constant deluge of food!

Her body was showing the effects of her gorging. Gone was the slender young brunette who had first entered the restaurant only a few… hours?... ago…. Now she was a massive tub of flesh, so bloated and billowing that she looked like the Hindenburg zeppelin. Her belly was enormously round and firm, her butt puffed out behind her, her arms and legs were uselessly engorged with blubber… She looked, for all intents and purposes, like an overinflated balloon! She was putting on weight so fast now that her body didn’t even have the chance to sag… all her new flesh was tight and firm, so much so that she felt certain that she must surely explode if she didn’t stop eating… and growing… soon!

Audrey heard a grating, scraping sound and felt a sudden release of pressure against her protruding gut; she suddenly realized that her swelling girth was actually pushing the table away from her. When she tried to reach forward, her midsection only forced the table further away… and put the food out of reach! On the one hand, Audrey was almost relieved… the last thing she needed was more food. But on the other hand, there was nothing that she wanted MORE than more food!

As the table edged away from her, the space was suddenly filled with more waiters. They gathered around her, jostling for attention, leaning over her growing belly, propping themselves against her girth as they vied for her attention with yet more offerings.

“Miss? Try this, miss.”

“Another taste, Madam?”

“Please, open wide, Madam.”

Audrey was besieged on all sides! What else could she do other than struggle to keep up?

“Ma’am? Your next course is ready. Open wide, please.”

“Mmmpff!” Audrey tried to protest once again, but the food was still coming. Everytime that she opened her mouth, more just found its way in! Her arms were too plump now to feed herself, but the waiters seemed to take it upon themselves as their duty to help her out.

Worse, she could feel her clothes reaching their limits! She could feel the stitches in her blouse, the seams in her pants, tensing and straining against her burgeoning body. They wouldn’t last much longer! She was going to burst out of her clothes any--

She startled suddenly as she felt the waistband of her overly snug pants snap, the button bursting from her crotch and ricocheting to hit the table leg. Her zipper instantly slid down as her overfilled belly plumped out, instantly tearing the lowest buttons of her shirt from their moorings. Her belly spilled over her now exposed panties white – and if Audrey hadn’t been so intent on eating, she might have thought to peer over the arc of her wobbling gut to see that the front of her panties had the words “Feed Me” written across the front. Her pants button exploding almost seemed to act as a release valve, signaling her body to double its expansion, because her thighs suddenly plopped out to her sides and her butt puffed up behind her. More threads split down her pants legs, until her clothes were almost in tatters. A cacophonous burst of flatulence exploded from her rear at the exact moment that her wide load rump finally split the seat of her pants, revealing that the back of her panties had printed upon them a yellow caution sign with the ominous words “Warning: Highly Stinky!” What truer words could be said of Audrey’s wide load rear, which continued to rumble and blast out chaotic bursts of flatulence? Gawd, how embarrassing! Even worse, Audrey could hear the other diners snickering at this new display.

“’Highly stinky?’ How appropriate!” said one man. “This hog is filling the whole room with her gas! Nice to see she’s giving us all adequate warning.”

“Highly stinky is the understatement of the year,” giggled a young girl, waving her hands in front of her face to dissipate the miasma of Audrey’s farts. “She’s rank! That enormous gas bag just can’t stop farting! That’s what comes from overeating like that!”

The final button ripped from her shirt and her top fell away. Audrey was now in nothing but her underwear, but her panties and bra were destined to burst away soon too if she kept growing like this!

Released from its cloth prison, her body appeared to suddenly billow out to an even greater size. If she’d been filled with helium instead of blubber, she surely would have floated right out of her seat considering her size now!

A chorus of laughter erupted from the other diners at this most vulgar evidence of Audrey’ s continuing growth and gluttony.

“She’s actually outgrown her clothes! See, that’s what happens when a lady can’t control her appetite,” clucked one old woman. Her dinner companion, another wizened crone, nodded sagely.

“Gawd, how embarrassing! I would literally die if I was that fat… and look at her! She’s practically naked! She just stuffed her face until her clothes exploded off her! Scandalous!”

Audrey would have said something to defend herself, but she simply couldn’t! The waiters were all around her, devoting themselves entirely to her care and comfort. They just wanted to make sure that she got to sample every delicious treat! How could she fault them?

“T-thank you,” she said through a mouthful of chewed food, vaguely aware of how ridiculous it was that she was thanking these waiters for so relentlessly stuffing food into her mouth despite her attempts to dissuade them. Or was she trying to dissuade them? Cuz, truth be told, it was soooo good! As much as she tried to tell herself how awful this all was and how full she was and how desperately she needed to get out of here, a strange hunger was roiling in her vast, voluminous belly. She was farting constantly now, a steady stream of methane blasting from her behemoth backside, her bloated buttocks quivering visibly with every violent release so that she felt she would soon blow her panties to shreds as well. But this feeling in her belly was definitely something more than gas… it was desire! She wanted them to keep feeding her. Gawd, it was all so good! And the best part? As long as they were feeding her and she was just trying to keep up.. well, she could just tell herself that this wasn’t really her fault now, was it? She wasn’t eating herself round of her own volition, was she? No, she was just trying to be polite, trying to keep up… It was all outside of her control! She could just eat and eat and EAT and whatever happened to her, no matter how big she grew, no matter how bloated and gassy she became, it simply wouldn’t be her fault! She could just… let go and enjoy. The thought was dizzying, filling her head with a dangerous euphoria. This was a frightening thought. If she did let go and give in to this burning desire to indulge, where would it lead?

How big was she? It was almost impossible to believe that all this belly in front of her was her, all part of her? She’d grown it herself, through her own gorging and gluttony, and, despite herself, Audrey felt a strange sense of pride in that accomplishment. What an incredible feat! She experimentally smacked the side of her belly with a pudgy hand, watching as the slap reverberated through her flesh. Incredible! She was on her way to becoming huge and, in a way that she barely dared admit to herself, she was ready for it! Grimacing, she felt yet another fart brewing in her overloaded guts.

“Pardon me, please,” she said, partly to the busy waiters and partly just to the room, as she leaned to the side, lifting her colossal buttocks to squeeze out another burst of methane. This was a big one, the sound echoing through the room. The table cloth fluttered wildly in response, the wind nearly ripping it off the table.

“H-how much more food is there?” asked Audrey. Sweat was pouring down her brow, but she had only seconds to wipe her forehead with the back of one plump hand before yet more food was placed before her and she had to turn her attention back to eating.

To her surprise, a waiter actually paused and turned to address her. “Why, madam, we’re just getting started. We have your favorite dish coming right out!”

“M-my favorite?” Audrey gawped. Despite her fullness, her gut grumbled loudly at the thought. Surely… it couldn’t be?

But it was! The door to the kitchen flung open and two more waiters emerged, carrying a monstrously huge tiramisu cake between them. And it wasn’t just two! There was a whole new line of waiters behind them, each carrying more trays of their own, following in their wake.

“Tiramisu? Oh Gawd, I’m done for,” moaned Audrey, her mouth watering at the thought of that rich coffee cream goodness. She absolutely loooved the sweet gooey texture and delicious taste of tiramisu! She really shouldn’t be eating yet more, but she needed it! She was already reaching out, her chubby hands flexing, ready to grab this new delectable dish and shove it in her mouth!

“Of course, that’s not all, madam. We know how much you also love key lime pie.”

“W-what?!” Audrey hadn’t yet processed the fact that she was getting one massive dessert let alone two. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed another double door – had that been there before? She couldn’t remember! – fling open to reveal two more waiters with a gigantic pie… and another line behind them!

“And, of course, we know how the lady loves opera cake…”

“Oh no! Oh no!” cried Audrey, already dreading… yet secretly anticipating… what was to come next.

ANOTHER door flung open. Another line of waiters advanced out. Three separate lines of waiters, all marching as purposely as batillions of army ants, were converging on her from every direction… and they all had food for her! She simply couldn’t eat it all! And yet…

“What? What’s that?” Audrey startled as she felt someone clamor up on top of her. One of the waiters was actually climbing up on top of her belly, grabbing handfuls of her wobbling adipose as he maneuvered himself up to the crest of her towering gut.

“Ma’am?” he said, straddling her middle and offering her another tray of treats – lemon bars, this time.

“T-thank you,” said Audrey, “Could you, uh, put them in my mouth? I seem to be having some trouble reaching these days…” She wiggled her plump little sausage fingers for emphasis.

“Certainly, madam,” said the waiter. He scooched forward and delicately placed the first square onto Audrey’s waiting tongue. Heavenly! This was incredible.

This was the first time that Audrey had actually asked a waiter to feed her. Did it signal something changing deep within her? An acceptance of her secret desire to indulge, maybe? Was this the beginning of the end for her? She would never again regain her nice trim figure if she thought like that! But at the same time… did she really care? Audrey was startled to realize that the waiter was seated on her gigantic tum in such a position that she could feel his erection through his pants. He was actually getting aroused by Audrey, by feeding her, by seeing her grow!

“Mmff… that’s so good… please… is there… I need… more…”

She probably shouldn’t have said that, because immediately there were MORE waiters rushing out the kitchen with MORE food. They were coming at her so fast that Audrey could barely keep up with the almost sinister onslaught of food. She could feel herself swelling bigger and bigger, making it harder and harder for her to continuously swing left and right to accept offerings from waiters on either side. But Gawd, she wanted it all so badly! She wanted to eat everything!

“Please… please… m-m…oh Gawd it’s… so delicious…. Ooof… I’m so… oh thank you… mfff…mm… I need… I need MORE!”

Why was it so hard to admit that to herself? So hard to get that word out? She wanted more, she needed MORE. She didn’t care about her limits anymore, other than her need to surpass them. She had said the word and in saying it she had given power to her own cravings, her own desires. Yes, she wanted more food! She wanted to stuff her face until she was full, full, full, beyond full, beyond bursting, no matter how big she grew, she didn’t care, all that mattered was the glory of the feast!

Almost instantly, waves of waiters were upon her. So many that she couldn’t count them all… and every single one of them had a new dish of delicious treats for their queen. That’s what she was after all, a decadent glorious queen to be served and pampered. They were all here to serve her, to follow her will. Because that was the truth, wasn’t it? They were only doing what she wanted, giving her exactly what she desired in her deepest heart. Somehow they knew it before she did, but it was the truth.

“More! More! More!” Audrey mumbled, her demands muffled by mouthfuls of chewy sponge cake and gooey pie filling. Not that it mattered, the waiters knew exactly what to do. Even if her mouth hadn’t been full, the constant baritone rumbles of her farts filled the room with excess noise.

The pressure of her inflating flanks proved too much for the confining chair. She could feel the arm rests against her sides and hear the subtle creaking as she pushed against them more and more with every swallow. They were restraining her, keeping her locked in, preventing her from attaining her true full size. And she knew they wouldn’t last, that wood wasn’t strong enough. Sure enough, when it happened, it happened fast. Another swallow and suddenly the arm rests snapped off, dropping to the floor and allowing Audrey’s sides to suddenly balloon out to their full size. Nothing was keeping her back now!

With another restriction on her growth lifted, it felt like a restriction on her flatulence was lifted too. She was more gaseous than ever! It was hard to think of anything other than the waiters who were SO entirely dedicated to her pleasure, to making her the center of their universe, but the constant roiling of her guts demanded at least a fraction of her attention – she kept farting even as she ate, the constant release of gas the only thing that let up the pressure in her enormously overfilled belly enough that she could keep eating.

“Mmfff… sorry,” she mumbled, trying to apologize for her gas but she could barely talk between bites. There was just too much! The size of her belly forced her to lean backwards, so that her overloaded stomach didn’t press on her lungs to impede her breathing, but she was rapidly becoming so obscenely full that not even that trick would work for long. The waiters were all around her, circling her, pushing tighter and tighter against her in their desperation to reach her mouth.

No matter how much she apologized, how many times she tried to communicate how very sorry she was for ruining everyone’s dinner with her vulgar display of gluttony and her constant farting… the other diners continued to mock her! She could sense their amusement, hear their smirks in their gleeful whispers.

“She’s still eating! I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone so hungry!”

“She’s not hungry; that’s pure gluttony, plain and simple! That’s a hippo who eats well beyond what she needs! What a fat ass! And what a fat ASS!”

“No wonder they need to hire so many waiters just to cater to that one outrageous appetite! She’ll never be full, I wager… from the looks of her, I bet this cow could eat forever, til she’s too big to move!”

“Look! Here come more waiters! They really are pulling out all the stops for her. I guess they need to, if they have any hope of filling her up!”

“Look at that belly! Look at those boobs! She’s blowing up like a balloon!”

As the waiter atop her belly slid off of her, she could feel other hands at her sides now. She could feel another climbing up to take his place. They were all over her, swarming her like ants eager to serve their queen. Her whole vision was filled with waiters now, all their faces impassive yet eager, all their hands offering yet more food. They were leaning against her belly, her breasts, her thighs, they were everywhere and they were all devoted entirely to her! It was overwhelming but she wanted more!

The waiters weren’t just bringing food – though they were certainly still doing that – they were fondling her sides, massaging all her soft new flesh. She could feel their fingers poking into her big round tummy, testing the thickness of her gelatinous blubber. They were behind her too, stroking her ass, their fingers pinching at the pliable new blubber of her buttocks, her thighs, her haunches… they were touching every inch of her, worshipping her like the goddess that she was. She startled suddenly as she felt a pair of fingers dig under the overhanging flab of her love handles to find the fraying elastic waistband of her panties and give it a gentle tug, just to see how impossibly tight they were against her bloated body. The waiter pulled just a little and then released, letting the elastic snap back against her tender flesh and causing an immediate cascade of ripples. The sudden surprise made Audrey forget herself and another enormous fart exploded out of her. Gawd, it felt good! All those strong hands kneading, massaging… and all the while more food coming! It made her feel like a queen being pampered by an army of loyal attendants! It was definitely something that a girl could get used to.

A suddenly creaking noise brought her back to reality. She knew exactly what it was! Oh shit! She could feel the chair beneath her start to tilt. It was inevitable, really. She was overflowing the chair, her flabby love handles sagging over the broken remnants of the armrests, her gargantuan ass sloshing over the sides… it was foolish to think that chair could last much longer as it was burdened by more and more of her bulk. What was breaking? Was it the legs? Oh shit, it must be! The chair was collapsing under her enormous weight!

“Oh no! I’m falling!” cried Audrey, waving her plush arms helplessly as the chair buckled completely. She felt like her whole life was flashing before her eyes as she dropped backwards onto her well-padded tushie. She was so huge and full and sloshing with food that she had a sudden awful thought: What if the impact from hitting the floor was enough to make her burst? She gasped, her breath caught in her throat, her teeth against her lips, as she descended, hitting the carpeted floor with a thunderous crash that reverberated through the whole restaurant. Her body jiggled wildly, waves cascading through her blubbery butt, her vast belly, her titanic breasts, even her plump cheeks and chubby double chin! The motion of her ocean was too much for her remaining clothes. The elastic waistband of her knickers, already overstretched and fraying, snapped apart and the release caused the tissue-thin cotton material to tear apart. The hefty hooters, already overflowing her overmaxed bra like rising bread dough, slapped against her gut with such force when she fell that her bra clasp, nearly buried between rolls of fresh new back fat, broke and her brassiere exploded off of her! Now she was completely naked and totally exposed, lying on the floor of the restaurant in a big, fat, helpless, heap!

Suddenly, there was silence.

It was so sudden that Audrey could only blink in absolute confusion. The world came to a stand-still. The waiters paused, each one frozen in place, as if too shocked by Audrey’s collapse to continue with their feeding mission. The other diners fell silent, too stunned by this vulgar new display to even make any new catty remarks. Audrey stared up at the ceiling; she was too fat and full to move, all she could do was lie here, helpless and gasping and oh so incredibly stuffed. Had it all come to this? All this eating, all this gluttony, it had all led to this moment, this moment when she finally outgrew her chair and tumbled to the floor. Everyone was looking at her, everyone was seeing the wages of her own gluttony writ large on her naked, over-bloated body.

And then, suddenly, Audrey felt something deep within her. She felt her belly swell, pushing forward suddenly, and for a split second she thought: This is it! I’ve gone too far. I’m about to burst! Oh no… why did I do this… why didn’t I stop… I knew I should have stopped eating… but it was all so good… wasn’t it worth it?

But instead, a gigantic fart, bigger than any fart she’d released all even, a massive booming explosion of gas, erupted from her.

The result was instantaneous. It seemed to break the spell. Immediately, the other patrons started giggling and mumbling again, the waiters resumed their robotic quest to feed… she could see them coming at her with forks and plates again, their faces appearing over the horizon of her enormous breasts and belly to offer her yet more food!

To her embarrassment, the other patrons continued to gossip about her.

“She’s broken her chair too! My goodness, how undignified!”

“Yeah, but that’s the least of her worries! She’s as big as a house! Look at that fat ass! And she’s still farting too!”

“She’s completely exposed! Just look at that hairy bush! She’s SO wet! Oh my Gawd, I think she’s enjoying this! What a weirdo!”

Shit, shit, shit!! Audrey cursed herself for her laziness; she hadn’t bothered to shave her area for too long – it had been a while since her last romantic encounter, so she had become lax about maintaining the garden – and her fat pussy was bristling with downy hair.

It was true. Audrey was helpless to do anything but keep eating and her body was desperate to let off the mounting pressure any way that it could… which mostly meant that she was still blasting out a steady stream of loud, reeking farts. The other patrons were making loud, exaggerated groaning noises, demanding that the staff do something – open a window! Light a match! Anything! – to counteract the sound and fury being released by Audrey’s now sizeable badonk. But the waiters were still too busy feeding and massaging her, and climbing up on top of her. She could feel their hands and feet against her soft new acres of blubber as they dragged themselves up to perch atop the mountain of her billowing belly, just so that they could feed her even more and massage every part of her!

Except they weren’t just massaging her! As they touched her, being increasingly bold, she could feel something else. They were stroking her ass, kneading her breasts, tweaking her nipples until they stood erect at the end of her big pillowy breasts. Goosebumps popped out of her skin all over her enormous blimp-like body; everything felt so good it was giving her the shivers! Waiters were pressing themselves against her body, reveling in her softness, using her bulk as a pillow as they cuddled her. They loved her massive size! And she was absolutely 100% sure of that, because she could feel their hardness. They absolutely had boners! She could even catch glimpses occasionally from the corner of her vision as waiters passed her with trays, so that she could see their erections tenting their regency era leggings. She almost wanted to laugh! Seems like they were enjoying this as much as she was…

Audrey was barely sensible to her surroundings anymore; she was way too intent on eating, too intent on filling her ravenous maw with anything she could swallow. Gawd, she was hungry… but also… she was… she was soooo horny. She was surprised at herself as she became cognizant of a growing wetness between her hippopotamus thick legs. Maybe it was the tender caresses of the waiters, maybe it was seeing how her size affected their dicks, maybe it just the sheer pleasure of eating… or maybe it was all three? Audrey didn’t have the willpower to ponder what was going on, she was so incredibly wet but she was too big and bloated to reach herself. That was probably a good thing. The tiny remaining rational part of her brain admonished her for this sort of thinking. To think that if she hadn’t been so obscenely stuffed that all she could do was lie there like a blob, she would have started masturbating right here in the middle of this restaurant, right in front of all these people! Scandalous!

Then again, she was already naked. How much more scandalous would it be to just start rubbing her clit right out here in public? Surely everyone must already know how horny she was… She could smell her own musk, the scent of her sex rising with her own growing dampness, mingling with the lingering stench of her constant flatulence. It was a heady mixture. Audrey felt like she was going to pass out from the intensity of the sensations coursing through her, but… it… just… wouldn’t… stop…

She only realized gradually that the waiters were at her crotch now. When did that start? She was so blissed out, so out of her head with pleasure, that she only slowly came to realize that her arousal was growing even faster as the waiters took care of the problem that she no longer could. They were rubbing her clit, massaging her labia, probing her pussy and her asshole and oh they were everywhere and everything felt SO good… Normally, she would have been aghast that they would take those liberties, but the truth was that they had once again anticipated her desires before she’d even spoken them. They knew exactly what she wanted. And they were giving it to her! She could feel their erect dicks rubbing against the pudgy soles of her feet and in the plump palms of her hands. There were so many and they were all hard for her!

“Yes… yes…. Don’t stop… more… please… more!”

She wasn’t sure whether she was asking them to keep teasing her, keep pleasing her, or to keep feeding her. It didn’t matter. Or did it? Maybe she meant both. In either case, the waiter obliged…. They kept touching her, their many fingers working magic in her pussy and anus (even as she continued to fart), and they kept feeding her. She felt sure that they must surely run out of food eventually, but they didn’t seem in danger of that any time soon… And as long as they had food to serve, she had the desire to eat!

But could she eat forever? She felt like she could, like she must, like she would never be truly full. Sure, she was groaning with fullness, her enormously round body so bloated and blimped that she almost resembled a fully inflated hot air balloon, so full that her body was tingling with a heady mixture of pleasure and pain… but could she ever TRULY be full? Could she ever be so full that she would have to refuse the next bite? So full that she simply couldn’t stomach another morsel? So full that fear of bursting would force her to quit this extravagant gluttony? She couldn’t conceive of it. No, she could not imagine that. She was already full beyond belief, beyond reckoning, beyond imagination… and yet she was still eating, still hungry against all odds. If she wasn’t at her limit yet, then would she ever be?

From her position on the floor, she couldn’t see much – just the ceiling above her and her own bulging body filling more and more of her field of vision – but there were more hands than over on her, touching her, feeling her, serving her, and, more than ever, feeding her. She could hear more doors swinging open – More?? How many kitchens were there in this restaurant?? – and more feet slapping against the floor as yet more waiters poured out into the room with what she could only assume was yet more food. This was ridiculous! This had to end eventually… but Audrey was too engrossed in the euphoria of the feast to worry about that! She hoped it would go on forever…

Audrey could feel herself grow, her form blowing up bigger and bigger as she gorged, her stuffed stomach rising higher and higher above her until she could feel her navel brushing the ceiling. Her ballooning breasts threatened to smother her, so that the waiters had to push them out of the way to reach her mouth. And yet they did, continuing to ply her with more and more food even as she felt she was becoming dangerously full. Her sides spread out, she was filling the room. Other diners were standing up from the seats and scurrying away as she expanded.

“Oh my goodness! She’s getting huge! Look at the size of that whale!” cried one middle-aged man, jumping back as the tide of Audrey’s inflating bulk spilled over to flip his table. “She’s out of control!”

“She can’t possibly keep growing like this!” said an old woman, hitching up her skirts to avoid Audrey’s swelling sides. “She’s already bigger than a bus! I’ve never seen anyone so absolutely greedy! Why, that hog would probably eat the whole world if you let her!”

“Ugh, and don’t forget the smell!” chimed in a young man, holding his nose to emphasize his point. “She only farts more the bigger she gets!”

Audrey felt herself flush at the other diners’ insults. This was so embarrassing! But at the same time, she couldn't bring herself to apologize anymore… because it was also SO hot! Gawd, what was wrong with her? The waiters were pumping her pussy so hard and so fast that she felt like she was on the verge of cumming, her loins were on fire, her breath was coming in ragged pants… and she still found the will to keep eating as other waiters continuously ferried cakes and biscuits to her eager mouth. Her face was slathered with sauce and crumbs and frosting, her whole body was quivering with abject desire, she was so tense with sexual energy that she felt like she might just explode like a megaton bomb if she stopped concentrating on holding herself together. And for some reason, all those nasty comments from the other diners? That just made things worse! She was SO turned on that they were noticing how huge and greedy and fat she was becoming, what an absolute spectacle she was making of herself…. She didn’t know how much longer she could hold it all together! She could feel the floor groaning beneath her, feel the walls pressing up against her expanding flanks, feel the room tightening around her like a corset… she was getting too big… she was outgrowing the whole restaurant! Other diners were shouting and swearing at her now. Her rapid growth had passed beyond the limits where they felt content just making snide jokes at her expense. Now she was so vast that she was a real threat to their dining experiences! Tables flipped and chair overturned as Audrey grew and grew and grew. The shouts were muffled now as the other diners were buried under mountains of Audrey’s burgeoning blubber or flattened against the walls. She was enormous! And she was still farting up a storm through it all, just a constant cacophony of methane blasting from her now mountainous rear. She could feel something building inside her. Ooooh… this was a big one! Her guts were roiling and churning, she tried to clench her asshole tightly against it but it took too much power to concentrate… and with the waiters still pleasuring her at every opening, how could she bother to think of holding it in? She knew it was going to be a big one, already the gathering gas inside her was making her balloon even faster. The room was creaking loudly now, the walls cracking, windows shattering, plaster falling from the ceiling. It was pandemonium as diners rushed away but still the waiters came, still the food came, still Audrey expanded. The creaking grew louder and louder and Audrey half-worried that the desperate sounds might be coming from her own body reaching its utmost limits. Was this finally it? Had she finally surpassed the final frontier? Had she grown as big as a woman possibly grow? The very idea spurred her fevered imagination and felt the mother of all orgasms building deep in her core, just as the biggest fart ever was coalescing in her gut.

Oh Gawd, oh Gawd, Oh Gawd!!! This was it!!! She couldn’t hold out any longer!! She was gonna blow!!!

“MORE!” cried Audrey, the room collapsing around her as the biggest, loudest gale of a fart blasted out of her with the force of 100 hurricanes, as the most electrifying orgasm of her life shattered her senses.

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“More! More! M…” gasped Audrey, sitting up in bed, the sheets twisted around her legs. She blinked, startled, gasping, her hand to her chest. Her heart was racing. Where was she? Her eyes adjusted to the gloom and slowly, as the dream faded and reality reasserted herself, she realized that she was here, at home, in her own bed. Of course. She sighed in relief, quickly patting down her sides to reassure that it was all her. It was. This was the slight, trim body she remembered. The body that she worked so hard for. Because, yeah, Audrey thought as she pulled her messy brunette hair away from her face and mopped her sweaty brow, she had a nice slim build… but it was only because she always worked so hard to avoid temptation. But that dream? That dream was on a whole other level.

She shifted her legs in bed, surprised to find that the crotch of her pajama pants was soaked, the material clinging to her wet pussy so that she could even spy her bush through the damp fabric. Oh my Gawd, she was soaked! She could still feel her clit throbbing from the excitement of the dream. Damn, she was SO horny! It wasn’t a nightmare at all… the whole thing was really more of a wet dream.

Maybe it was telling her something… maybe she didn’t want to always fight temptation all the time…

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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,

Mollycoddles