

Life of the Party

Contains breast, butt, and belly expansion due to eggnog

“Can’t believe I got stuck with the party this year...” Marie grumbled to herself in her lavish kitchen. She picked up a plate of hors d’oeuvres. “I don’t even *like* these people! Out there judging me... Just looking for any reason to shame me and--” She pushed the door open from her kitchen to the dining room, meeting a group of three women. “*We have appetizers~!*” she sang, lifting the platter.

Amused coos and light claps came from the group. All dressed in their holiday outfits, the women were more than ready to celebrate.

“About time, Marie!” a brunette, Carol, said. “Any longer without food and this cheap wine was going to take me from buzzed to drunk.”

Another woman, Gloria, waved a hand. “I like it. It’s classic, like we’re back in college.”

The tallest of the bunch, and sporting the sharpest features, was Nora. “I’m always amazed that with all your resources and free time, you somehow manage to put on the most unimpressive party, Marie.” She gave an entertained chuckle and plucked a stuffed mushroom from the platter. “All that time at home while your husband works, making all that money, and you never fail to make me feel like I’m at a school fundraiser.”

The comment drew surprised giggles. Marie fumed internally but held her cool. “Well, I learned from the best! This is your stuffed mushroom recipe, after all. My only change was deciding to serve them while they were still warm.”

Nora nearly choked. She averted her eyes as the other women turned on her. Jazzy Christmas music played to fill the silent gap.

“Is there at least eggnog?” Carol inquired. “You can’t honestly expect me to drink only wine during the holidays. I need something a little more warming if we’re going to be staying in this drafty kitchen.”

“No, sorry, no eggnog,” Marie growled through grinding teeth. She smoothed the front of her tight green sweater to help accentuate her prominent bust. “Store was all out when I looked.”

Gloria snickered. “Oh, you still do your own grocery shopping? Ted arranged for ours to be delivered twice weekly. That man hardly makes me lift a finger.”

Close to boiling over at their constant jeers, Marie plastered a smile on her face. Soon the night would be over and she would have the house to herself again. No matter what her friends might have said, she knew at the end of the day, they were only envious that she and her husband had the biggest house on the street. “Some of us have husbands who still trust us to do something as simple as shopping, dear. Maybe next time I go, I could teach you how to make a list and--”

Ding!

The oven chimed.

“That’ll be our dinner,” Marie announced. “Make yourselves comfortable! I’ll be right back.”

She left them as they took their places around the table, but not before hearing Nora whisper, “Comfortable? In *these* chairs? Must have spent all their money on that new car out front...”

“Careful, Nora! Krampus is going to get you if you keep talking like that.”

The door closed. Marie wanted to pull her hair out at the women she dared to call friends. It didn’t matter what house they chose to gather at for their Christmas dinner; the host was always under the abusive, judgmental spotlight.

A store-bought lasagna came from the oven. Marie slammed it on the counter. For a moment, she considered sabotaging Nora’s slice. Maybe adding heaps of salt or something unsavory.

Another year... Another list of ill deeds...

Marie jumped, looking around when she heard an ancient, raspy voice. “W-What??”

So much anger toward your friends, yet I fail to think of a group of women more deserving of each other.

Her heart raced. The voice sounded everywhere, yet echoed in her head. Marie grabbed a knife. “Show yourself! Gloria, is that you?!”

This Christmas, naughty begets naughty. Are you so concerned with appearances? Then I shall grant you an appearance your companions won’t soon forget.

Aged bells and a cackling laugh moved through her thoughts before the voice faded so quickly that Marie wondered if it had ever truly been there. She glanced around the kitchen, taking a nervous sip of wine to calm her nerves and steel herself for more back-handed comments. So preoccupied, she hardly noticed the strange churning sensations building beneath her sweater and skirt.

She returned to the dining room. Three women suddenly hushed their chatter. Smirks cast in her direction as Marie carried her lasagna to the table.

“Ladies, I hope you’re hungry!” The pan was set in the middle of the table.

Nora raised an eyebrow. “*Lasagna?* How exciting! I haven’t had that since elementary school.”

“Well, you’ll love this. It’s my own family recipe, passed down for over one hundred years.” Marie began cutting into it. “I think you’ll be surprised by how-- *Ah!*”

Guuurrrgle

The scoop clattered into the pan when Marie shuddered, throwing both hands on the table for support. Incredible heat had blossomed beneath her clothes. Her breasts ached as if she’d been wearing too small of bra all day.

“Marie?” Carol asked.

Nora huffed. "She's just upset she forgot to take off the sticker from the side of the pan."

Guuurrrrgle!!

"Nnngh!! N-No! I feel--" Marie grabbed her chest with one hand. It was pulsing. "My breasts suddenly feel like they're--"

The other women's eyes bulged when they saw her sweater stretch and shift. Fabric pulled smooth across her breasts when they seemed to expand like weighty balloons. Within seconds, her sweater had risen up her midriff into a belly shirt.

"H-How are you doing that?" Gloria asked, looking closer.

"Doing what?" Nora snorted.

Carol pointed to the basketball-sized globes. "*Her chest is blowing up!*"

"As if. It's a trick, ladies. You can see the hose for the balloons going up her--"

GUVURRRRRGLE--SNAP!!

"Gaaahhh!?"

Marie cried out when intense bloating snapped her bra apart. Two mounds fell into her sweater before slipping from the bottom. Underboob flashed her guests first, before pink nipples winked into view.

"W-W-What's happening to me?!" she yelled, trying to gather her chest. It grew too quickly to contain, always leaving more flesh to bulge and overflow her arms.

"Oh *please*. Those look fake even from across the table. Did Mike convince you this was a good idea? It's in *very* poor taste, Marie."

"No! No! *This is--*" She gulped, feeling a heavy, throbbing pressure pulsing into her chest as it crept over the table. "*I don't know what this is! But it's not me! I swear it's not--*"

"*LOOK AT HER BUTT!*" Carol pointed.

All eyes turned to Marie's backside. Her skirt was lifting up her thighs like a theater curtain.

"*What?!*" A hand flung to grope a cheek. "*S-Stop! Make it stop! Somebody do-- EEP!!*" Blush filled Marie's cheeks when her panties snapped deep between her cheeks and flossed into her pussy.

GUVURRRRRGLE!!

While the girls were focused on her rear, Marie's eyes shot back to her front. Her breasts were still engorging like balloons on a firehose, but her focus was drawn beneath them. Letting her breasts creep across the table, she slid her hands beneath them to cradle the toned stomach she was so proud of.

"S-Something-- *Something is wrong!*"

GUVURRRRRRGLE!!

Skin stretched against her fingers. Like latex coming alive, her abdomen began rising beneath her hands as if she was rapidly accelerating through pregnancy. It domed taut and full

before being forced to take on a rounded, globe-like appearance that encroached over the table top.

“Are you *PREGNANT?!?*” Gloria shrieked.

“It’s fake!” Nora insisted. “*It’s all FAKE!* Look at these boobs!” She stood up and leaned toward the beachball-sized mounds inching across the table.

Marie panicked, grabbing her chest protectively. “*N-Nora, don’t! They feel like they’re--*”

“*See?!?*” She sank a finger.

Guuurrrrgle--SPLRRRTCH!!

Creamy, off-white fluid sprayed from a nipple and doused her from head to toe. Nora stared in shock, then anger, then licked her lips.

“It’s... eggnog...”

The other girls’ eyes brightened. “*Eggnog?!?*”

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

SHRRRIIP!!

Her panties snapped. Wedged between her hips and belly, her skirt was announcing its near retirement. Only her sweater remained fully intact, though it was bunched on top of her breasts. “*Ahhh!! Somebody call someone! Do something! I’m--*” Marie watched her chest push plates and silverware out of the way. “*THEY WON’T STOP!*”

“Let me see!” Carol eagerly demanded. She and Gloria jumped to get at Marie’s breasts. Nipples like soda cans pulsed at their prodding fingers.

“*Mmmgh! S-Stop! Stop playing with them!! You’re making me-- Ahhh~!?*”

Splrrrtch!! SPLRRRTCH!!

Eggnog poured forth at their amazement.

“*Wow! Marie!*” Carol laughed. “Where did you come up with this?! It’s so bizarre! I love it!”

“Who did your prosthetics??”

Nora crossed her arms. “They’re not *that* impressive.”

GUUURRRRRGLE!

Flesh ballooned. Belly big enough to anchor her to the table by itself, Marie watched as the enormous sphere fought beneath her breasts and tried to lift their centers. They proved too heavy. Skin consumed the table, making the legs creak and sending glassware crashing to the floor.

“*This is real! THIS IS REAL!*” she pleaded. “*T-T-They’re...filling! I’m filling all over!! Ohhhh I feel like I’m going to POP!*”

“So turn it off.”

“*I CAN’T!*”

SHRRRIIP!!

Her skirt gave up and fluttered to her ankles with her panties. Naked and large enough to overflow her car, Marie's curves heaved and sloshed at her friends' playful hands.

"They're so real!"

"I had no idea you had this under your sweater! How big can the props stretch??"

"Can I borrow them for my anniversary? Ted would lose his mind! Can you fill them with milk??"

Crreeeaaaaaak!

"Aahhhh-- AAHHH!!" Marie strained as her breasts began spraying eggnog in frothy streams. Her belly groaned beneath their weight. Behind her, an ass too wide to fit through a door tried to pull her to the ground. *"I'm-- They're too-- I-I-It's too much!! I don't think I can hold any--"*

RMMMBBBBLLL

Nora scoffed. "Careful; you'll lose your deposit on those things if you break them. Better turn the pump off before--"

CRREEAAA--CRASH!!

The table collapsed beneath her weight. Flesh heaved, rippling and jiggling in a house-quaking collapse that slammed Marie into her cleavage. She rolled over her belly as her legs spread behind her from the tremendous girth of her thighs.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!

Eggnog erupted to send the three women across the room. They fell, slipping and struggling to stand in the creamy torrent. All the while, they laughed and cheered while Marie fought to catch her breath.

"Best dinner party ever!"

"Best eggnog ever!"

"I call wearing the props next year!"

Only Nora grumbled, managing to stand and flinging eggnog off her arms. "Well..." She stared at Marie. "At least that hideous table is gone."