

## Buttermilk Blimp (Male)

by Cerine Hero  
featuring You

A blustery autumn breeze kicks up down the thoroughfare, rustling tent flaps and shaking the wide, arching banners overhead. It is the harvest festival and farmer's market, and the entire community has come out to celebrate. Colorful tents have been erected in the field, and stands full of plump, ripe food are lined up as far as you could see. The air is full of fluttering leaves and the smell of fresh-baked bread, with sugary undertones as cotton candy machines churned away.

You make your way to the lines of vendor's stalls as furs hawked their fresh foods. Everything looks amazing; the harvest was exceptional this year, and the stands are overflowing with huge gourds and vegetables. You bump and jostle among the crowd, taking your time to admire what was on offer. On paper, you came out to the market to get some healthy foods to make dinner with. That's what you told yourself, but in reality you weren't going to leave without a paper cone smothered in cotton candy.

Another breeze kicked up and caught the tail of your flannel button-down, and the wind blew your shirt upwards suddenly. Your cheeks flush red and you tug it down, hoping no one saw the bit of roundness you'd packed on in the last couple weeks. Summer was over, fast food was calling, and comfy house pants was the fashion of the day. It felt good to just relax and gain a little for the winter months, and you enjoyed the jiggle of your belly and the touch of hang over your waistband. Already, your jeans were straining, and you would soon be retiring them to the closet for a while. You told yourself that you needed to eat better, especially since it was just barely into autumn, and you didn't want to be a balloon by Christmas!

You tell yourself that, but your tail shivers an anticipation of pounds to come. Swimsuit season was in nine months! You stop and rub your muzzle. Nope, we're going to try to stay a bit trim, you say to yourself. You're not even sure who you're arguing with. Just get some nice food and quit thinking about double butter burgers.

You pick up a wicker basket and start to shop, loading it up with ears of corn, red veggies, and a head of cauliflower. There's tons more to look at, and you've barely gotten started. You keep heading down the thoroughfare, looking for the best veggies. There's a stand with the biggest pumpkins you've ever seen in your life, and you pay for one, telling the ox working the stall that you'll come back for it when you're ready to leave.

As you walk away from the stall, a sugar-sweet voice reaches your ears. "Hey, there, darlin'! You looked starved. Come on over and try one of my fresh buttermilk biscuits."

Glancing about, you spy a rotund cow at another stall waving eagerly to you. She motions for you to come over, holding out a biscuit in a cloth in your direction. You head over to her stall and set your basket on the ground beside your foot. The brown-furred cow smiles and pushes the wrapped biscuit into your paws. She's a bit older, maybe mid or late thirties, with her reddish-brown hair up in a bun behind her head. Her overalls are stretched around her wide hips and full bust, but there's a gracefulness to her movements that you pick up on immediately. As you take the biscuit and look down at it, she smiles at you eagerly.

"Name's Beverly," she explains, "and that's one of my world-famous buttermilk biscuits. Now, go on. I'm always happy to feed a hungry face, and my, you look like a hungry young stud!"

Your stomach rumbles a bit and you have to run your tongue along your lips as the biscuit completely fills your vision. Before you even realize you're doing it, you've pushed it into your muzzle, sinking your teeth through the flaky layers. The biscuit is so soft and warm, and melted butter oozes around your fangs as you chomp through the mouthful. Flavor explodes along your tongue, and it ripples its way up to your brain, making sparks jump inside your vision. You look at Beverly and blink twice, noticing your vision seem to twist and spin.

"Oh my, you *are* hungry," Beverly tells you. She walks around from her stall, squeezing through

the narrow gap between hers and the next, and she puts an arm around your shoulders. “You just want to eat, don't you, darlin'?” Her hoof pats your stomach playfully, making your round starter tummy jiggle a bit. “I know a fresh little belly when I see one. You're tired of being a skinny stick for everybody else, ain'tcha? You just want to relax and let things take their course.”

“Y-yes,” you murmur, still feeling a little dizzy. Beverly's buttered words slip easily into your ears and drift around inside your head. You can't hear anything except her pleasant teasing and the sound of your own jaw as you take another big, delicious bite of buttermilk biscuit. Another explosion of flavor sends shivers down your spine, and you find yourself leaning against Beverly's hefty frame as she rubs her hoof up and down your arm. Her perfume fills your nose and makes your head spin.

“I think I know what to do for you, darlin',” the cow says. She slides her hoof down your arm and takes you by the paw. “Let's take you back here into my tent and fatten you up a little. Mama Beverly won't let you go home hungry, darlin'! What do you say?”

“Yes, please,” you reply, your muzzle bobbing up and down absentmindedly.

“There's a good boy,” she whispers in your ear. “Finish your biscuit while we walk.” There's a tug on your paw as Beverly begins to lead you back behind her stall. She takes you to a tent off to the side of the thoroughfare and throws back the door flap, ushering you inside. It's dim inside the tent, and it takes a moment for your eyes to adjust. Beverly takes you to the middle of the tent, where there is a red checker blanket set out in the middle of the open space, and gently leads you to sit down. Your mind is still whirling, as if everything is flowing around you both in fast forward and slow motion at once. The only constant is the biscuit in your paws. You munch on another bite, licking butter from your lips. The decadent flavor tingles your muzzle and you shiver. It's probably the most fattening thing you've ever eaten, and you don't care. You want the indulgence. Where's the harm in putting on a few more pounds? Or maybe more than just a few. You want to feel yourself bloat and grow, making your chest, your belly, your ass expand with every bite. There's nothing but crumbs left in the cloth you're holding, and you eagerly lick them up.

Beverly steps away, leaving you holding the empty cloth and desperate for more. Will she bring more biscuits? Maybe something sweeter? Your tail thumps on the blanket beneath you while you listen to Beverly shift some large objects around the edge of the tent. She returns, wheeling a large tank behind her. The tank's center of gravity shifts rhythmically as she brings it to the edge of the blanket and lowers the dolly to the ground. On the side, written in clear lettering, is the word “Buttermilk.”

“I just happen to have a lot of my special recipe sitting around,” she explains to you, “so you can have as much as you want, cutie pie. You're going to be such a big, handsome boy.”

Beverly unrolled a hose from the side of the tank and stretched it out towards you. You look up, feeling your chest press against the buttons on your flannel shirt as the heavy cow looms over you, smiling sweetly. She leans over, holding the end of the hose – and a muzzle – in front of your nose. Your lips part in excitement and your breathing grows shallower and faster. You let Beverly slip the rubber hose between your lips. She places the muzzle around your own and tightens the strap, holding the hose securely in place. You can already taste the buttery flavor as you run your tongue along the end of the hose. Beverly brushes her hoof gently over your head, running her fingers through your hair. You aren't sure what to do with your paws. Your fingers are shaking in excitement, so you cup them around your belly, gently rubbing the little roll of excess fat around your middle. You can't wait to get heavier and rounder, with a full, bouncing belly hanging in front of you.

Before you even realize what you're doing, you've tapped the hose with your finger. Beverly's smile grows even wider, and she walks over to the tank. With a grunt, the hefty cow opens the valve and lets the buttermilk flow down the hose, traveling closer and closer to your muzzle. The buttermilk pushes air through the hose, puffing out your cheeks and whistling around your lips. The sound rises in pitch as the leading edge of liquid fat begins to near you, until finally the milk bursts from the end of the hose to fill your muzzle. Your puffed cheeks are full of buttermilk now, and you instinctively begin to swallow as the pressure against the hose builds in your mouth. Excess milk streams down your chin,

soaking your fur down to your neck.

Your eyes go cross as your half-gulp, half-submit to the flow of buttermilk. The flavor overwhelms your tongue with its richness, and the creamy texture coats the inside of your mouth and throat, helping even more to flow down into your belly. You subconsciously grip your fingers into your chubby stomach, and it presses back against you. Slowly, your middle begins to swell, sloshing under your fingertips as you swallow buttermilk by the quart. Beverly leans over you from behind, gently cradling your cheeks in her hooves and peering down at your expanding belly. Her chest bounces against the back of your head, cradling you.

"This is some of my very special, world-famous blend," she tells you. "I've had plenty of very happy and very *hefty* customers. But you're special, ain'tcha, darlin'? You want to be a really big boy... so I want you to drink up. Put some meat on those bones."

You can already feel yourself filling up with buttermilk. Your belly strains from the volume of liquid sloshing around inside of it. Buttons strain on the front of your flannel top, with fur bulging between each one. Your jeans *pop* from the pressure of your round belly, sending the button flying somewhere across the tent. Without the tight waistband holding it up, your swollen stomach bounces heavily in your lap, and it ripples softly with extra padding.

You lift up one of your paws and watch as your fingers start to thicken. They plump into furry sausages right in front of your eyes. The sleeves of your top grow tight around your arms and shoulders, pinching at your armpits as rolls of fat begin to bulk up your frame. You can see the buttons straining along your top as your chest fills out. The outline of growing moobs starts to form under your flannel shirt, pulling the fabric snug. Bits of fur push through the gaps between the buttons. You feel your jeans compressing your growing thighs, with the stitching digging uncomfortably through your fur. A healthy bubble butt bulges over the top of your opened waistband, dragging your boxers upwards with it. Fluffy, flabby love handles sag around your waistline, growing in size along with your expanding belly.

The bottom button over your huge gut finally bursts, and it causes your tubby tum to jiggle heavily. The sudden motion ripples upwards, snapping three more buttons off. All four of them launch towards the edge of the tent, smacking into the thick fabric and tumbling to the grass. Your huge, furry belly rests on top of your thighs, wobbling with every pound of added girth like a balloon full of butter. You can't resist pressing your paws into your new heft, molding it with your fingers and jiggling the weight of your added fat. The fresh blubber is sensually soft and rolls under your touch. Cupping your paws underneath your belly, you lift it up, making your growing moobs bulge under their tight container. You left go and feel the *slap* of fur against jeans and the wobble of your pudgy body. A thrill shivers its way up your spine and you start sucking harder on your feeding hose, piling more weight onto your body. Beverly had your number. You really, really want to be huge.

The rest of your clothes begin to rip. Your jeans split along their seams, each tear spilling out inches upon inches of flabby fur. You can barely see your thighs now, with your growing, furry belly taking over. It nearly fills your lap, but you can hear the rips and tears in the fabric growing wider, and the pressure relieving off your body. Your boxer shorts have practically disappeared under your love handles and the hanging width of your belly. Your pudgy hindquarters sags over the straining waistband. They reach their maximum stretch and holes split the fabric where they can't contain any more of your swelling frame. Your boxers snap, but remain caught between your folds until Beverly pinches the tattered bits and tosses them aside.

"Much better, darlin'," she coos, a single finger jiggling the thick roll of fat under your muzzle. You blush, not realizing how much weight your face had gained. But now that you're thinking about it, your cheeks are slightly crowding your vision as they plump up. "Don't you feel more comfortable now? Nothin' between you and getting as big as you want..."

Just to punctuate her teasing, your top finally gives out. The rest of the buttons snap or break all the way up to your neck. Your impressive moobs spill free onto your belly, jiggling heavily as they gain

more weight from each gulp of buttermilk. You cup your paws around your massive chest, feeling them grow heavier and fuller, pushing your fingers outwards as they swell with more fat. Your heavy chest is just one part of a thick, growing roll of fat that rings your whole upper body, running under your arms and across your back like a donut of blubber. You lift up your moobs and let them drop, feeling them slap on top of your burgeoning gut.

The last bits of your clothes rip off of your newly obese form. You keep inflating with more fat by the second, all while massaging your paws around your belly and thighs, feeling yourself grow against your palms. When you look down, you see little more than expansive rolls of fur spilling out underneath you. Your neck roll squishes between your muzzle and your thick body as you try to crane your head downwards. Every inch of your body wobbles as it gains more weight. Your rolls grow heavier and wider, and your ass and hips spread across the blanket beneath you. Thick wings of blubber hang from your arms, spilling over your sides and slapping gently against your doubling rolls along your midsection as fat piles deeper around your body.

Beverly moos to herself, walking around and taking a look at your humongous girth. She leans forward, rubbing a hoof gently on top of your belly. "Look how big you're getting, darlin'. My, I'd love to show you off to everyone. Come look at this hungry boy, he's gonna eat me out of house and home! He just wants to get bigger and bigger, like a good boy." Beverly leaned in close to your nose, and you again smell her rich perfume. She places her hoof under your chin, her fingers dimpling the thick fat, and slowly raises your muzzle up so you're looking her in the eyes. You feel the fat on the back of your neck bunch into rolls. "Do you want more, darlin'?"

You nod eagerly, still gulping down mouthfuls of buttermilk. You want to be huge. You want to be a good boy. Beverly smiles and starts to lay you down on your back. Your weight wobbles and shifts around you as you lay back on the blanket. Was the blanket this small before? There's only a few inches of extra space around your midsection and your hips. Your chest sloshes upwards on your body, bouncing off your chins and wobbling like water balloons. From this angle, you can look down past the hose and your own cleavage – yes, you have cleavage, you realize – at the round curve of your belly, wobbling gently as it fills with ever more buttermilk.

Beverly steps back to the tank and gives you a wink before spinning the valve all the way open. The hose dances and writhes along the ground as the pressure increases three fold. It slaps against the side of your tummy, making your soft, wobbly fat ripple. Two seconds after Beverly opens the valve wide, you feel the pressure behind the buttermilk triple. There's no chance of swallowing anymore; the pressure shoves your throat wide open, and the buttermilk is pumped straight into your stomach. Streams gush from your lips and dribbles of milk roll down your muzzle. They catch in the folds between your muzzle and cheeks and run down to your neck. The strap around your face grows tighter and digs in, making your tubby face squish around it.

Every inch of your body starts to inflate, fattening faster than you thought possible. Your chest rises as you gulp for air, but it doesn't fall. It just keeps lifting higher and higher above you as your moobs pack on ever more weight and your torso swells around you. But rising above your chest is the girth of your belly, gaining weight and growing rounder and heavier. Rolls form at the sides of your gut where the weight of it is squishing the fat into the ground. Your hips spread wider, rippling and wobbling with each new dozen pounds. You can feel your ass expanding underneath you, but it only spreads outwards, buried underneath the weight of the rest of your body.

You want to lift your arms up to feel yourself and sink your fingers into your amazingly soft body, but your arms barely respond. Fat piles onto your upper arms, half-swallowing your forearms under their bulk. Even when you raise them up, struggling against their immense weight, you don't actually lift the rolls of arm fat off the ground. The lowest roll of your belly is pushing onto and slowly overflowing your feet. You wiggle your toes, drumming them against your tummy fat.

Grass prickles at your sides as your body overflows the blanket, massively wider than you are tall. Your blubbery form wobbles as you strain to move. Your muscles are buried under mountains of

soft, juicy, milk-fed fat. You can't budge at all; you're pinned underneath your own increasing weight. Your vision is completely dominated by your massive chest and belly, still rising higher into the air as more rolls are pressed into your sides. There's nothing to you but fat now.

As you keep drinking the warm buttermilk, your eyelids begin to grow heavy. Your chubby paws lift up higher at your sides as you continue to grow, piling more weight on yourself. Soon, your eyes flutter closed, and you have dreams of swimming in an ocean of warm milk. It sloshes and ripples around your body as you try to paddle your arms, but you get nowhere, lost in an endless expanse of thick cream from the neck down. It's bliss.

A chilly breeze wakes you up again, and slowly you open your tired eyes to the orange afternoon light. Someone has rolled you upright again, because your chest isn't weighing on your throat anymore. You're outside, and your immense body is bending a wooden stage beneath your weight. To either side of you is the fattest livestock you've ever seen, but neither are even half of your girth. A crowd has gathered in front of the stage, and they begin to cheer and whoop as a bull in a sharp suit comes over to you, carrying a cordless microphone. You think for a moment that he's going to hold it out to you, and you desperately think of what you're supposed to say.

But he doesn't. He stands next to you and reaches into his coat pocket, pulling out a blue ribbon. He sticks it against your flank and turns back to the audience, holding his arms out for another round of applause and cheers. A vibrant blush spreads across your cheeks and muzzle.

"Our winner for the fattest livestock, ladies and gentlemen," the bull announces into the microphone, "is Miss Beverly's big boy! Beverly, come on up here."

You watch as Beverly breaks from the crowd and climbs up to the sagging stage, shaking the bull's hand and then coming over to you, running her hoof through your hair again and rubbing your fantastically-obese side.

"I'm so proud of you, darlin'," she tells you, leaning in to smooch your cheek.

"Beverly, you've done it again," the bull says, quieting the crowd. "What's your secret?"

Beverly smiles and gives you another soft pet on your head. "It's all about finding that special one. And this one here, oh: He's something, alright!"

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