

## “Urbanville Welcomes the World’s Largest Banana Spilt!”

The banners hung unmoving in the stagnant afternoon heat but proclaimed their message loudly all the same, spread over every doorway, pinned on every wall, stretched between any handy pair of vaguely upright objects. Fliers and flags and fresh-printed postcards all bore the same pronouncement, offered up with an eye-rending exuberance unique to those privileged designers without the time for trivialities like color wheels or spellcheck. All across the town beneath their listless droop there was a buzz of activity; musicians struck up a blaring cacophony of dress rehearsals, handymen swarmed their jury-rigged creations like oily ants, small-time politicians prowled the crowded sidewalks like baby-kissing sharks. And amongst it all, unnoticed, a sigh of sweet relief.

The cool, dry air inside the deserted garage was like a little breath of heaven against Rachael’s skin. She turned furtively back towards the open doorframe, lips curling in a half-smile, and pushed it gently shut. Complete freedom, at least until someone with uncharacteristic wisdom went searching and somehow found her there, which would be quite a while yet. She could even tie the door shut with one of those stupid banners if she really wanted to, and that sort of deviously complex obstacle might hold them off for decades. Just getting a drink, that was a good one. Not that she was into reinforcing stereotypes, but sometimes you just couldn't get around it.

She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand and ducked down to sit in the shadow of some arched machine. Whose idea was it to make the uniforms black, anyway? They cut a nice line, she had to admit, with their shining silver accents and whatnot, but on days like this they could make a mirror out of spandex and she’d still be risking her life to heatstroke by wearing it. Even her dumb shoes were black. She peeled them off spitefully, wriggling her toes in freedom and massaging the soles of her feet through her short white socks. Much better. She gave another heartfelt sigh and let her head fall back against the cold metal backing her.

She laid back contentedly, eyes growing accustomed to the gloom as she took in the details of the room around her. Most of it was uninteresting—drab walls, dark stains, and machinery she had no clue how to operate. Above her was a grooved track of some sort and before her the other end of the rectangular arch she was sitting inside. Clinging near the far end of the track was an assembly of tubes and motors clustered around a downward-facing nozzle, a little pool of white on the ground beneath. Intrigued, she traced the various feeds with her eyes; some lead to a stand of dull metal tanks on the floor, others to a shiny, towering container set with a small window clouded by thick white liquid. The whole setup seemed vaguely familiar. Spying a shelf above her head, she groped

blindly at it in vague hope of some further identifier. Her clue came crashing down with a clatter that sent her heart skittering. Leaning forward, she peered around nervously, but there was absolutely nobody to be seen and nobody to be heard, barring the shouts and cheers that drifted in from the celebration outside. She let out a little laugh at the thought—that was the reason she'd slipped away in the first place, or part of it at least. Couldn't hear your own conversation over the cheering and yelling and trumpeting and the mayor shouting for the Smiths because they had a baby, didn't they? It was entirely possible, she mused, to do pretty much anything she wanted in there, and nobody would be the wiser.

That thought in mind, Rachael picked up the matte gray box that had caused her such consternation. It was obviously some sort of jury-rigged remote control; one button sported the word "Test" beneath it in block labeling letters, others bearing the descriptors "Fore," "Aft," and "Start/Stop." A dial with "Hi" and "Lo" was set off to one side, and "Dispenser 0" stretched across the top of the device. It all made sense. World's Largest Banana Split. Or Spilt, if you were a literal-minded person. But anyways, the whipped cream had to get on there somehow, hadn't it? There was no small talk about the stunning ingenuity of the overly-complicated solution, though the pictures she'd seen bore quite a bit more polish. And this was number zero—a prototype, then? More importantly—she eyed the little puddle on the floor—did it all work?

There was only one way to find out. Her heart rate picked up slightly with mingling anticipation and irrational fear of discovery, finger tracing the various buttons and settling on "Test." She depressed it and there was a small delay, then a whir and a hiss and a small jet of whipped cream spattered onto the floor. Excellent. The "Fore" button sent the assembly clicking noisily against the far support, but "Aft" brought it obediently towards her. Another run of "Test" and cream piled onto her finger, spilling over the edge as she brought it to her mouth. It was, despite her expectations, thick and heavy, cool and sweet. Again she hovered over the button, but, well, there wasn't anyone around to judge her, was there? She moved the dispenser again, stopping when it hung about at forehead height a few inches in front of her face. With a mischievous giggle she closed her lips around the nozzle and hit the button once more.

Her reward came swiftly, filling her entire mouth with the sweet substance. What had seemed like a tiny shot from the world's largest topping sprayer was in fact a voluminous jet, enough to pack her cheeks and fill every crevice in between. She hummed in satisfaction as she swallowed it all down, leaning back and licking her lips. That, she thought, was the kind of service a girl could get used to – fast, direct, and marvelously satisfying. And the whole deal was better, if she had to quantify it, by about a hundred jillion times than standing out some

stupid celebration. One solitary white drip trickled down the nozzle, catching her rapt attention. Eagerly she leaned forward, sticking out her tongue to catch it before it fell. And as long as she was being responsible about it all, there might be more little drips to come, right? That wouldn't do. She closed her mouth on it again, reached down blindly and tapped the button.

Again the jet of cream issued forth with an audible hiss, filling up the available space in her mouth and pressing gently outwards. This time, however, there was no sudden cut-off. It kept flowing, pouring in until she had no choice but to make room for more, swallowing down one mouthful, two, five. Another half a dozen swallows and she felt out the switch again, tapping it back into the off position. What a terrible accident that was, pressing the wrong button like that. A girl could get in trouble that way. She couldn't help but giggle as she clicked the dial two notches over. Her stomach felt full and tight already, but she hadn't had her fill. And besides, what was a little bit of trouble if not a whole lot of excitement? The dial clicked two more.

A muffled "Mmmph!" fought its way through thick, sweet cream pushing down her throat. The rush this time was huge, far larger than she expected. So large that she was helpless to gulp it all down in time. It crammed her mouth, inflated her cheeks, sprayed out in little jets as she pursed her lips to contain it. She fingered the shutoff on the remote control but jerked her hand away as if burned. Where was the fun in that? She sat up a little straighter, clamped her lips a little tighter, slid the nozzle further in toward the back of her throat. Determinedly she captured it all, let it pour into her so that she wasn't gulping it down so much as feeling it gush right into her stomach. It filled her up, radiating a wonderful, relaxing coolness from the core of her body. She softly groaned for simple pleasure, for the delicious, never-ending flow of sweetness, the feeling of her midsection slowly filling out, the unbelievable relief from the blistering heat that pooled inside her.

She panted as she broke away, shutting off the jet and sliding her hands up and down her body. She was so tight and round and smooth, her own gentle touch nothing short of amazing. Her bulging belly compressed softly under her palms, pressing gently outwards like a balloon packed with wonderful, thick foam. She glanced downwards at it, eyes fixating with a sudden shock. It looked as if she'd swallowed a beach ball, or two or even three. And yet... she massaged herself, reveling in the slosh of filling inside her. It wasn't enough. Wasn't nearly enough. She wanted so much more, to test the limits of her uniform and keep on going, to pack her stomach right to bursting, to pump herself up like giant, greedy tick. In her fantasy she could feel her skin go tight, hear her fingers play her belly like a drum, feel herself swell and swell and pant and groan against the

surging pressure, let it build and overwhelm her tight-packed body until she trembled and squeaked and couldn't hold it any more and finally, POP!

She attacked the nozzle like a starving girl, slamming the button on the control with soaring anticipation. Each click of the dial brought a new challenge, a knife-edge struggle to contain the freshening flow. Every passing second was a new pleasure, another gallon of delicious, delicious filling for the cream puff of a cheerleader. Her belly was enormous now, hands barely touching around it as she hugged herself, spreading her legs apart to make room for it. She was so unbelievably full, but she couldn't quit now, not until she'd taken everything the pump had to offer. Raising the remote out in front of her, she squinted at the dial—it wasn't even turned halfway! A sense of fierce competition rose within her, mingling with ravenous, lustful hunger. There was only one reasonable response.

*Click.* Her bloated stomach brushed the floor. It was searing cold against her bare, stretched skin but she welcomed its touch, reveled in the ceaseless expansion that brought them into contact.

*Click.* Her outfit could barely hold her any more. Everywhere it constricted like a snake, trying valiantly to rein her in, the sound of snapping threads punctuated the hiss of flowing cream.

*Click.* She shivered with pleasure and pressure, kicking out involuntarily, socks sliding over the smooth floor.

*Click, click, click.* Her face flushed red with exertion, with growing strain as the endless rushing jet increased the pressure inside her body. She pursed her lips with all her might, desperate not to let a single drop escape.

*Click.* Her uniform was unbearably tight, stretching to its limit and creaking with the strain, or was that just her skin?

*Click.* She was so close now, so tantalizingly close, driving herself crazy with her own teasing. How many more notches remained? How much bigger could the jet possibly get? She pondered a moment, and then...

*Clickclickclickclickclick.* The ratcheting noise blurred into one short zip as Rachael buried the needle on the remote control. The dispenser was roaring like a jet engine now, and she trembled to contain its bounty. Sweat beaded on her temples, cheeks glowing rosy red, stomach filling out at record pace. A series of crackling snaps ran down the seams of her outfit, moments away from failure. Her body was so tight, so dangerously packed, but a new tantalizing challenge held her caution hostage. She was going to burst out of her uniform, watch it pop and rip itself off her body and then sit back and savor her victory. 'Urbanville Welcomes World's Largest Cheerleader.' She liked the sound of that. Liked it

almost as much as the rubbery keening that pierced the air, the last gasp of tight-stretched spandex. Any moment now. She screwed her eyes in concentration, willed her stomach to hold more and more, to stretch out against the fabric. Waves of pressure build inside her. Any moment now. Her body vibrated with exertion and excitement. The blast of cream was like a firehose, stuffing her tighter, fuller. Any moment now. She groaned with the effort of holding herself together, tears shimmering in the corners of her eyes. The smallest rip appeared along the bottom hem of her overstretched top. She pushed herself outward, swelling visibly. The rip widened and then—

*Rrrrrriip-CRACK*

Rachael's outfit tore itself to shreds, scraps of black and silver riding outwards on an explosion of sweet white foam that spattered over every surface as the overtaxed cheerleader detonated like a bomb.