

## Stuffed for the Holidays – A Parablok Story

Contains: Off-screen Breast Expansion, Ass Expansion, and some remote play. Oddly enough, no actual stuffing, unless you count that literally.

Preamble:

I haven't had a ton of inspiration lately, especially since the loss of my muse, but I've been trying to keep making some fun stuff for everyone reading. Uncharacteristically, I decided to make a story that was purely sfw, and a bit more in the vein of some of the really old stories I used to read on places like Overflowingbra, if anyone still remembers that place. It's based on some ideas I've had on my list of "Stuff to make a story out of" for a while, and frankly I think it's a pretty fun one. There's definitely room to go crazier with the concept, but this is where I wanted to take it. If anyone else wants to make their own stories off the idea, I certainly don't have any ownership on the concept. Hope people have fun reading!

Writer's note: I've realized that there's probably some people out there who don't know what a Build-A-Bear is. This will be important for the plot, and while you can pick it up from context cues, I might as well explain it a bit here.

Build-A-Bear is a chain of stores most commonly found across western countries like US and Canada; who's entire business is making custom stuffed animals (plushies). They have all the materials on shelves in the store, with the idea being that you select the skin, colours, accessories, and shape for your toy, then put it together with the help of the staff. I'd say it's mostly a thing for kids, but it's a cute thing that couples can do together too. Good way to make a nice little personalized gift for the holiday season.

This story is not sponsored by Build-A-Bear, but wouldn't it be hilarious if it was? Anyways, on with the show.

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It was the 4th time she felt his caress across her body and under her clothes that Catherine finally snapped.

*"Jason!"* She hissed, whipping her head around to glare at her partner.

*"Can you please just wait till we're done shopping before you touch my voodoo doll like that?"*

She could feel her face burning with embarrassment as Jason gave a mischievous laugh and slid the burlap doll back into his bag.

*"Look Cathy, you lost the bet so by your own words: 'I get to do **\*whatever I want\*** with your doll all day while you do your shopping'"*

Catherine nodded tightly in agreement.

*"Yes, I remember, I was there too."* She replied before looking around to see if she'd drawn the attention of any of the other shoppers in the mall plaza. Thankfully, it was the Christmas season and people were far too occupied with buying gifts to pay much attention to a bickering couple. Turning back, she continued:

*"BUT! That doll is super sensitive and if you keep playing around with it, I'm not going to be able to finish my shopping today."*

Catherine watched Jason's face fall slightly as the implication hit him.

*"Which means we'll have to go out for another day of shopping tomorrow"* He replied dourly.

*"Exactly."*

Catherine turned back to her shopping list then hurried towards the nearby sewing store. She hated being a buzz-kill for Jason, especially when she'd made the

voodoo doll specifically for the couple to have some kinky fun with, but time was short and she really needed to get her supplies.

Catherine was an aspiring witch who'd found a particular talent for making magical items and trinkets that put her in high demand, especially during the holidays. Once her long-time customers had learned that she'd figured out how to make "sensual voodoo dolls" that could transmit sensations without harming their targets, she'd found herself absolutely swamped with a barrage of new orders from customers who just *\*had\** to have one. Even threatening to triple or quadruple the price for last-minute orders hadn't dissuaded them, and she was now stuck with far more money than time for the holiday season.

The rituals that Catherine would conduct to impart the cursed enchantments wouldn't be too challenging, but the real problem was going to be the time spent on cutting, stitching, and assembling the dolls she would be working with. She wasn't a great seamstress, and she hated the thought of giving her customers dolls that might fall apart because she hadn't given them the time needed to make sure they were properly made.

She grumbled to herself as she looked through shelves of materials and imagined the long sleepless nights ahead of her. With all that work, it would probably be a while before she really got to show off some of the spicier enchantments she'd stitched into the doll that Jason was now holding hostage. That irked her more than anything as she'd been hoping to fulfill some secret kinky ideas that the couple had talked about during this holiday season.

As she was comparing different types of cloth, Catherine felt a phantasmal force trace a light circle around her areola and she involuntarily shivered. She should've been madder at Jason, but he really did know exactly how to touch her.

Instead, she turned to him with a mixture of exasperation and arousal.

*"Jason. Honey. Baby please."*

The horny bastard had his hand in his bag, and was clearly delighted in the effect he was having on her. She'd played it up as though him getting free magical reign

over her body like this was something she'd been opposed to, but they both knew that she was absolutely loving this treatment too. Sighing in mock surrender, Catherine dropped the cloth she'd been looking at back onto its shelf and then leaned forwards, letting her tension wash away for a bit as his ministrations got more intense.

Her breathing grew shorter as she felt him pinch her nipples hard, and she tried to get out a response between gritted teeth.

*"I ~Ah~ I really need to get started on these dolls ~mmpph~ t-tonight."*

She could feel her face flush as her head spun. If he kept this up, she wasn't sure what was going to happen. What if somebody caught them? Little sparks of panic and arousal were flitting around in her stomach as her mind wandered.

Then she felt Jason's breath on her neck as he brought her in for a tight hug.

*"Don't worry, we'll figure something out. I'm shit at stitching, but maybe I can find some other way to be your sexy magical helper as you put these things together."* She could hear the desire in his voice before he nibbled the nape of her neck, eliciting another soft moan.

*"Plus, if all else fails. You can just buy a few dolls over at the Build-a-Bear and then pretend like the magic didn't stick or something"*

Catherine was about to chew him out and tell him off for suggesting they scam her customers, when his suggestion fully caught up with her and she paused.

Would something like that work?

Not the scamming part of course, but using premade dolls instead of stitching her own. In a traditional voodoo doll, she'd probably have to make everything herself by hand, but for the enchantments she was working with...

Catherine held up a hand to Jason, signalling that she needed some space. He pulled away and gave her a concerned look.

*"What's up Cathy? I didn't go too far, did I?"* Jason prodded.

Catherine shook her head, mumbling to herself.

*"No, I just need a moment. Hold on... I think that might work."*

She puzzled through the ritual steps in her head, considering how a premade doll might affect the magic. She had to make sure she personalized the dolls in some way, but that could be as simple as pieces of clothing to match each customer's interests. The magic she was doing didn't even really need human-shaped dolls to work with. As long as they had a head, two arms, and two legs, the spell would definitely stick! Then all she'd need to do is open them up, mix her own ingredients in with the stuffing, work her rituals and then...

Catherine nodded to herself before turning back to her partner.

*"Yeah, sorry I was just thinking about what you said and I think it could definitely work."*

Jason raised an eyebrow.

*"You mean telling your customers that the magic didn't work?"*

Catherine shook her head.

*"No, not that! I mean the part about buying some dolls instead of making them. I can probably modify premade dolls for the spell; I don't think they have to be totally made from scratch!"*

She continued, her excitement building.

*"All we'll need to do is make some accessories for the dolls to match each customer, and the spell should stick just fine!"*

Jason smiled back, her growing excitement clearly infectious.

*"Well, if that's all you need, then you should be in luck. The Build-a-Bear sells doll accessories too!"*

Catherine hugged Jason as she realized she wouldn't be spending her next few weeks doing stitching. With all that extra time, she could definitely show off some of the special features on her doll! She couldn't wait to see the look on Jason's face when he realized she could change her appearance with the doll too!

With that idea and a new plan in mind, the two of them hurried out through the milling crowds. Jason helped clear the way as Catherine looked through her customer orders and began to assemble a list of accessories that she would need to help complete the project.

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A few minutes later, the couple found themselves amongst a throng of busy shoppers, picking through a selection of unstuffed dolls and accessories to put together the vessels that would hold Catherine's enchantments.

It was surprisingly fun, and Jason even had the common sense not to toy with her in the midst of the crowded store. Catherine plucked piece after piece from shelves, assembling the toy skins before passing them off for Jason to hold. As the pile of synthetic fabric grew, the couple began drawing stares from nearby shoppers. Eventually, a staff member approached and lightly tapped Catherine on the shoulder.

*"Ah hello miss, are you finding everything ok?"*

He was a younger man, probably in his late teens, with a kind smile and the deadened eyes which showed the exhaustion of a worn-out holiday retail worker.

Catherine smiled back before handing the final set of accessories to Jason.

*"Yeah, we're just putting together a lot of uh... gifts for Christmas."* Her smile faltered as she looked over at the bulging bag Jason had stuffed all the materials into.

*"Sorry, is there a limit on the number of bears we can make? We have a lot of people we're giving these too"*

The employee quickly scanned over Jason's overstuffed pack before shaking his head.

*"Nope, that should be fine. However, we have a lot of customers right now and your order is going to take a long time to fill using the plush stuffing machine we have out front here. Would you be ok if I took all these to the back and had them filled using our industrial stuffer instead? It'll probably take 30 minutes or so, so you can grab a coffee from next door or keep looking around here while I get them stuffed and bagged."*

Catherine nodded.

*"Of course, that sounds great! Thank you so much!"*

Jason smiled and passed his bag over to the employee.

*"Thanks man, that'll help a ton! We'll be poking around out here, feel free to give us a yell when you're done."*

The employee took the overstuffed pack and with a quick nod, hurried off to a backroom as the couple chatted happily.

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Henry let his smile slide from his face as he dumped the contents of the bag onto a nearby table. The Build-a-Bear backrooms was a sparse contrast to the colourful store outside, with drab walls covered in motivational posters and tinny Christmas tunes echoing from a radio in the corner.

He was a seasonal fill, fresh out of high-school and looking for an easy way to make a bit of extra cash over the holiday season. Unfortunately, he was also beginning to learn exactly why everyone warned against working in retail, as Mariah Carey's "All I want for Christmas" began leaking out of the radio again.

He swore quietly under his breath and popped some earbud headphones out of his pocket, slipping in his own music to drown out the Christmas crooning. His manager would chew him out if he was found using headphones on the job, but nobody else really cared and it wasn't like anyone would bother him while he was using the industrial stuffer.

The machine was a larger and less glamorous version of the cuter piece that customers outside would use to fill their new toys. It was a large gray and blue metal box, with a set of buttons and a long metal tube emerging at waist height. Henry flipped the machine on and picked up the first unfilled plush as Rob Zombie blared through his headphones.

Retail work sucked, but there was something oddly satisfying about stuffing these stupid plushies. He'd pull open the filling hole on their backs, jam them onto the metal tube, then push the tube into each nook and cranny to fill them with stuffing before finally stitching its back shut.

It was nice methodical work, and a great way to zone out a bit with some repetitive manual labour.

First, he opened the hole, then he shoved them on the filling tube. Filled one leg, then the other. Both arms, then the head. Finally, he filled the middle and stitch them shut. Then he'd make sure all their accessories were in the right places, and stitch those into place too, before tossing the finished plush onto a growing pile.

The work continued and Henry tapped his feet to the music.

Open the plush, fill the plush, close the plush.

Dress them up, check the stitches and toss them on the pile.

This was work, this was life.

Open, fill, close.

Dress, check, toss.

Again and again, same steps.

For a moment, he vaguely felt like he heard some yelling from outside, so he paused and removed a headphone to listen.

It seemed like some customers were having a spat with someone at the counter.

He raised an ear to try to make anything out, but the din of Christmas shoppers was too loud, so he quickly gave up. Whatever was going on out there, it probably wasn't his problem. He turned up the volume on his headphones to drown it out and looked back over to his workstation.

Back to work.

Open, fill, close.

Dress, check, toss.

Rob Zombie led to AC/DC which led to Wolfmother.

Spotify was feeding him some good songs today at least.

Keep on working, keep on trucking.

Henry continued on in a trance and the unfinished plush pile diminished.

Then, something odd happened. As Henry was reaching for his final plush, he felt something rough.

He paused and frowned. Plush toys were not rough. He grabbed the offending object and looked over to find a very strange doll in his hands.

It was a bit smaller than most of the plushies he normally worked with, and was made out of the same kind of coarse brown fabric that they'd make scarecrows and those old Halloween masks out of. He examined it more carefully and realized that it was a doll of a human woman. A naked woman, with a remarkable amount of detail spent on her body, including stitched on patches for where her breasts, ass, and crotch would normally be. It was decorated with some jewellery and something that Henry had a sneaking suspicion was real human hair!

The doll gave Henry really strong "crazed serial killer trophy" vibes as he turned it over, especially considering the amateur nature of the needle-work. This was not the kind of thing that belonged in a Build-A-Bear, but the couple had clearly brought it in with the rest of their stuff.

As Henry was looking over the doll and trying to figure out what to do with it, he spotted a loose set of stitches along the edge of the patch that covered the groin, clearly made to be easily unravelled and opened. He lightly pulled and revealed an

opening directly where a woman's pussy would be, with an opening clearly made for filling the doll. Peering inside, there was already some weird leaves and junk that was being used as filling, but the doll was definitely under stuffed.

He thought for a moment, then looked over at the stuffing machine.

They did put this in with the rest of the plushies, and filling the plushies was kinda his job, right?

He scratched his head and thought about it.

They were probably hoping to fill it properly at the stuffing machine out front when nobody was looking or something.

That made sense.

Which probably meant that they wanted it properly filled. Maybe it was for a spooky goth chick or something?

Henry had dated a goth chick a few years ago, they did weird shit like this all the time. He'd just have to be a bit more careful with this one, it was definitely hand-made.

Henry adjusted the industrial stuffer to its lowest fill setting, then gingerly lined up the doll with the metal tube. He smiled as he slid it into place. It was a hella spooky doll, but he couldn't deny it was kinda funny to shove the tube into the doll like this.

Did that make him immature?

Probably.

Did he care?

Definitely not.

Slowly and gingerly he spread the doll's legs and slid the tube around, probing around its guts looking for areas to fill. It seemed like the arms and legs had been stitched shut, so they definitely couldn't be filled. However, the ass was another story and he found that the stitched-on patches for each ass cheek had plenty of room to fill. Bending the doll forwards and roughly grabbing its upper torso, he pushed the tube in and out, injecting puff after puff of stuffing into its rear. The ass filled quite impressively, forming two lumps that would probably look better fit on a porn-star as opposed to this sack-creature. As he worked, he could swear he felt the doll subtly twitching in his hands. It pulsed in a way that felt uncomfortably human, as though it were convulsing in response to the treatment.

But it was all in his imagination, the doll definitely wasn't moving.

As he finished, he looked over the newly filled ass, giving it a few firm squeezes to test that it was properly filled, then a few more because it was funny and kinda hot. Honestly, it was impressive how nicely the ass had filled. The patches had molded outwards to really give it a perfect invitingly plump shape that would beg people to give it a spank. The noise of the customers outside rose and Henry turned up his headphones again, before turning the doll over and repositioned the tube within its body.

If those ass patches were fillable, then logically the breasts ones were too.

Pushing forwards exploratorily, he found that not only were the breast patches fillable, they had way more capacity than the ass patches. Henry pushed harder and his eyes widened as the breast patch seemed to endlessly stretch further to accommodate the filling tube.

Whoever had made this doll was a certified freak!

Definitely some weird goth girl.

Morbid curiosity filled Henry as he retracted the tube slightly and turned up the machine's settings. It would take much more fluff to fill these honkers, and he was now burning to see just how big they would get.

Then, he wrapped his hands firmly around the dolls dainty midsection and got to work.

Pushing the tube into one of the breast patches, he heard a loud puff and watched as the breast rounded outwards. It plumped quickly to almost the size of her head and Henry nodded in appreciation. The doll had little nipples drawn onto each breast patch, and as it filled, it almost looked as though the nipples were growing wider and larger too! They even seemed to tent outwards a bit, as fluff easily filled the patch just right to keep a natural, perky, big boob look. He paused and pulled the tube back before giving the breast a rough appraising squeeze. It really did weirdly feel almost like the doll was alive in his hand, twitching again in appreciation as he groped and pinched the material. There was still so much more room in there too, just how big did they want these things?

Henry pulled back and started working on the other breast. Normally he would've finished filling one space before moving onto the next, but these were boobs, and it felt weird to not keep them kinda symmetrical as he continued working on the filling. He jammed the tube in and probed around, letting out fresh new puffs as the second breast filled outwards. As delicate as he tried to be with it, this was still rough work and he felt a little guilty as he grinded the tube against the doll's opening. All he could really do was hope that the stitches would hold as the second breast patch filled out to match its partner.

At this point, the doll had the sort of proportions that Henry had only seen before in some obscure pornos. Its breasts were perky and enormous, looking cartoonish and surreal on something that also looked so creepy. But there was still plenty of room to fill, and Henry wasn't really sure how to continue from here. He \*could\*

keep filling it, but then the owners might get mad or might not have enough room to fit it in their bag with the rest of the dolls.

On the other hand, if it wasn't filled as much as they wanted, adding more stuffing would be a huge pain for them to do at home...

Henry mulled over his choices and looked around the room. Waste extra time on seeing how big he could stuff the doll? Or go back out and get this order done with?

Even over the sound of music, he could tell that the customer shouting match outside was getting louder. If he went out now with all these stuffed animals, he'd probably be walking straight into the middle of some kind of customer service nightmare too...

He looked at the doll again, giving the tip of each pointed breast a pinch as he thought to himself.

If the customers didn't like how much stuffing he'd put in, couldn't they just pull out the excess themselves?

The shouting outside reached a new octave and he winced.

Staying in here wasn't about being a coward. This was about customer service, right?

He had a DUTY to see how much he could fill this doll, and whatever was going on outside was clearly not his problem anyways.

The newfound mix of curiosity and fear of customer service filled Henry, and he went back to work with renewed vigour. This time, he pulled the tube from one breast to another, slowly dialing up the machines settings to increase the fill rate as

he pumped wad after wad of high-grade polyester into the doll, pushing each breast bigger and bigger.

The fabric groaned lightly as the material stretched and each breast grew. Far past head size, he filled and filled them, turning up his music again to drown out the distinctly feminine sounds of whatever angry customer was making a fuss outside. There were more voices chiming in now and Henry had a sneaking suspicion that he'd be getting a helluva play by play from his co-workers for days to come when this was all finished. The breasts were enormous tear-shaped orbs now, nearly half as big as her, but the fabric still held well and there was no sign that the doll was anywhere near full.

Just how big would this doll get? Heck, what had they made these patches out of to get this kind of stretchiness? He adjusted his grip and squeezed a plump ass patch for leverage, before pushing his thumb against its lower belly. The repetition of the work was getting to him, and he was thankful for how soft the pliant ass patch was, as opposed to the rougher material of the rest of the doll.

Each breast puffed outwards happily as he worked, and each push filled the mammoth fabric sacks far past anything he'd consider reasonable on a human. The doll itself was only about 10 inches tall and had comfortably sat in his hands, but now these breast patches were each almost bigger than a baseball! But the patches still had plenty of room, so he continued filling.

Soon, each breast patch was bigger than the doll itself, and Henry began to have doubts they would ever truly be full. He'd checked, double-checked, and triple-checked for any signs of leaks, but somehow this strange doll seemed to have endless space to fill with polyester fluff.

*"This must be the material they make the hulks pants out of"* Henry thought to himself as he turned the machine to its highest setting and started pumping the doll as fast as he could. At this point it wasn't even funny to watch how the doll was thrust into again and again. His hands were tired, the room stunk of fresh polyester,

and he wanted this to thing to either show some signs of being full, or just pop its stitching!

The patches were beginning to approach the size of large grapefruits, when Henry was pulled from his work by the unmistakable sounds of crashing and breaking shelves. It would be nice to keep ignoring the problems outside and continue with his work, but whatever was happening outside was clearly getting serious. Quickly and unceremoniously, he pulled the final doll off the stuffing machine, resealed its filling hole, and quickly packed the pile of finished plushies into plastic shopping bags. Gathering everything up in his arms, Henry took a deep breath to steel himself before peaking out the workroom door.

Outside was a scene of utter chaos. Shelves and displays had been knocked over, toys were scattered all over the floors, and almost all of the customers had fled. A few still lingered outside, trying to take videos on their phone of the impossible scene in the center of the Build-A-Bear workshop. His co-workers were doing their best to stop the bystanders and loudly shoo them off as they tried to draw attention away from what appeared to be an enormous pair of breasts, each almost as tall as Henry, sitting in the middle of the room. Slowly, Henry picked past fallen shelves and equipment, keeping his armful of shopping bags raised as he made his way towards this bizarre scene.

As he got closer, Henry realized that the man he'd been offering to help was next to the breasts, speaking quiet words of comfort to the woman who lay atop the giant mounds. She was decorated in the torn remains of her clothes and in a daze, slowly rubbing the side of one of the enormous fleshy globes as she moaned seductively.

A loud crunch drew everyone's gaze as Henry stepped on a piece of broken plastic, and the stranded woman drunkenly gazed at him.

*"Oh honey look, he's back!"* The woman mumbled, as she lazily pushed a sweat-covered bang from her face. Her face turned to a smile as she looked over the packages in Henry's arms.

*"And he's got our dolls too! Jason, can you push me over to the register? I think we're ready to go."*