

A Swell New Year

"Hello, everyone! We are live from Times Square with everyone ready to ring in the new year! Just look at this crowd!"

In the background, the crowd around the press box roars in excitement as a drone camera pans over everyone, capturing a couple smiling waving faces before showing the staging area for the ball drop. At the moment, a purple curtain surrounds where the ball usually is, but supposedly, there's something special being done this year.

"I'm sure everyone is as curious as I am about what's behind the curtain, but I hear we finally have the generous benefactor behind this surprise here with us now! Jack, care to introduce him to us?"

The feed changes to a view of a stage set up closer to the square where a rather nervous looking man, presumably Jack, stands, and, to his left, you can see the source of his uneasiness. Next to him stood, probably, the largest man he has ever seen, as tall as he was wide. If his stature was not intimidating enough, his way of dress was plenty enough. Tailored very close to his girth, practically stretching over it, was a shiny, almost latex-like, purple suit. It brought so much attention to his body you would almost forget that an equally rounded face, framed smartly with a full beard and expertly coifed hair, sat atop it all. Almost forget, if it were not for his booming laugh practically exploding from him, taking much joy from his interviewer's apparent nervousness.

"Uh...t-thank you, Sam. I'm here with the man behind our little surprise tonight: Mr...um--"

"Growen. Benjamin Growen"

"Yes! S-so, what do you have planned for tonight?"

"You all will find out once it's time to start, but I'm sure it will blow everyone away." The man said, a rather strange grin painted on his face.

"I-I'm sure it will!" The man seems obviously uncomfortable, feeling so small next to someone so large. "B-back to you, Sam!"

The feed switches back to the press box, where Sam tries to hold his laughter at his colleagues' distress. "Well, it seems we won't have to wait much longer! We've only got five minutes left, so let's see how we're going to end the year!" As Sam turns around, along with everyone in the crowd, the feed changes to a view of the stage. The crowd erupts into cheering as the curtain falls before abruptly ending in confused silence. The feed then cuts off, the screen showing black before a neon purple biohazard symbol fades in.

"Happy New Year, Times Square—as well as all you viewers! I hope it's been a good one! I wanted to take it upon myself to help end this year with a bang." A view of Times Square cuts on, but, where the famous ball typically sat, there was an odd pale sphere with a New Year's Eve message painted on its front:

HAPPY NEW YEAR 20XX
LOVE,
Biohazard Ben <3

"I'd like you to all meet Seth Pneumis, the star of tonight's show!" In the corner, a view of a marvelously fat face appears. Between large, round cheeks sat a wide-open smile, tongue lolling out, with pleasure crazed eyes sitting atop its visage, a strange purple tint altering the whites of his eyes. "I flew him all the way out from Scotland to come celebrate with us; doesn't he look excited?" The crowd begins to grow uneasy, unsure what kind of prank is being pulled. "Let's take a look at the highlights of his trip so far!"

A little montage begins to play over the screen, cheesy royalty-free music playing over the video. The camera follows two latex clad men as they bring a frightened looking man over to a stool with a hose sticking up from its center. The camera cuts to the man now sitting on the stool naked, one of the latex men painting on his chubby belly. Another cut shows the man now alone but looking considerably fatter and growing much more so as he pushes on his belly, as if trying to stop it from growing. "P-please! I-I don't want to be a blimp!" Time skips, and the man is now much larger, looking more like a cartoonish sumo. "I'm...getting s-so...big..." A keen eye could probably catch a glimpse of a leaking erection just barely hidden by the man's rotundness. One more cut gives us a view of the man looking absolutely round, almost like the sphere on top of Times Square. The royalty-free music is now almost completely drowned out by creaking and groaning, and a voice can just barely be heard over the cacophony. "Mmmmmoooooorrrreee.....I want.....mmmmMMMMOOOOORRRREEEE!!!!!"

The feed switches back to the sphere, or rather the man from the video, and numbers cover the screen, reading 2:00 for a second before it begins to count down. The voice from earlier returns as the new year looms closer. "Once we're at a minute to midnight, our rather round friend here will get to have more of my special psychotropic gas, the intellectual property of none other than myself: Biohazard Ben! If my calculations are correct, which they always are-," a short, petty snort can be heard over the audio, "-at the stroke of midnight, Seth will, in no uncertain terms...burst! Now, I can see everyone's faces in the crowd, and there is no need to be jealous. Once our friend pops, the gas will do exactly what gas does. It will spread, and everyone will get to join in on the fun!" The crowd grows restless as the voice booms over every speaker in the square. It's not until the timer hits 1:00 that a loud hiss can be heard, the sphere atop Times Square beginning to grow rapidly as it creaks and groans. A panic breaks out as everyone tries to run away, and the screen shows several views of the surrounding streets. No one gets far, however, as large black spheres appear in every outlet. "Now, I know you're not all trying to leave already. The fun has barely started! Not to worry, my henchmen will make sure that everyone has a...swell time!" A deep laughter fills everyone's ears, the voice obviously pleased with its joke.

0:30

Every screen in the square turns to a live view of the inflated man's face, his moaning acting as a soundtrack to the chaos below. "Mmmmmoooooorrrreee.....biggeeerrrrrrr.....roouuunndeerrrrr....."

0:20

The crowds push as hard as they can against the strange orbs blocking their exit, many people jumping back in shock when they notice hands and feet indenting their surfaces, finally noticing the gasmask covered faces that sit atop the black balls.

0:10

The creaking grows louder and more angry sounding as the man's body can barely take anymore, refusing to grow: skin only growing tighter and thinner.

0:05

"MOOOOOORRRRREEEE"

0:04

Glowing red stretchmarks rapidly grow around the equator of the man's body.

0:03

Several people try one last push to move the inflated henchmen, but they're just wedged in too tight.

0:02

"I'M GONNA-"

0:01

"-POP!!!!"

0:00

With a bang that shook the entirety of New York City, the man finally popped, releasing a purple gas into the air that slowly drifts into the crowd underneath. The feed cuts back to the press box, where Sam sits frantically looking at the scene behind him. The camera man waves a hand towards him, trying to wrangle his attention back. "Uh, s-sir! We have control of the feed back!"

Sam spins around in his chair, frantically trying to compose himself—failing horribly to do so. "U-uh...sh-shit! ...J-Jack, w-what's the situation down there!"

The feed switches to the stage down below, and there stood a frazzled Jack as a purple fog fills the stage. "W-well, I don't know! Sam, I-I don't know what the fuck to do, this is just my second day on the job man! I-I'm freaking out right n-now!" Jack can't help but pant rapidly, trying to catch his breath amidst his panic. "I-I j-just need to breath...J-just breath." He seems to calm himself down, taking deep breath after deep breath. Although, oddly enough, each breath seems to somehow get deeper. "Juusstt breath...breath more.....mmoorrreee...mmmmooooorrrreee..." A dazed smile starts to creep across his face as he begins to breath harder, practically huffing and puffing. "Jack, you've gotta come down here.... It's just like that guy said...It's time to join in on the fun..." It suddenly becomes obvious exactly what is happening, and it only gets confirmed when one of the buttons on Jack's shirt pops off. With each huff, Jack's belly pushes forward, snapping another button off. As the last button blows off, the feed switches back again, showing a computer controlling which camera gets displayed.

"S-Sam? I-I think we need to get out of here, right now!" The camera man, having opted to hold the camera, swings the camera to the desk where Sam sat, and he almost drops the camera in shock. On top of the desk sat Sam, and he was quite the unexpected sight now. His right hand was vigorously

working back and forth in his pants, and his left hand rubbed a swollen gut that had long exploded out of his shirt. He looked as if he had no care in the world, the only worry he seemed to have was huffing at the purple gas coming from the mask strapped over his face.

The camera man was almost frozen in fear, but he eventually regained control of his legs and turned to run. He did not get far, however, as he immediately ran into what felt like a dense bouncy castle. He dropped the camera, and it bounced off to the side, finally stopping on a view of the camera man on the floor backing away from something in fear. A loud thump can be heard, and a large, tree-trunk like leg comes into view, a familiar shiny purple covering it. Another loud thump follows the second leg's appearance, and a wide hand can be seen holding a mask much like the one Sam now wore. "I don't know if you know this-"The large man lumbered closer to the cowering camera man, readying the mask in his hand. "When I said "everyone", I. Meant. Everyone." As the camera man begs to the giant looming over him, the feed cuts just as the mask is skillfully slipped over his face.

The End