

N.T. CANON

Ridiculous Cake

Dis-respect your elders



ATTACK OF THE TEENAGERS

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1

There could be no stronger bond than that between mother and daughter. A mother would go through hell to save her child, doing anything to keep her out of harm's way. And there were few who believed this more strongly than Laura Baker.

Laura was a particularly devoted mother. She only had one child, and there wasn't any force on earth that would keep her from sheltering her daughter from wickedness and evil. She was so dead-set on being the best mother she could that she didn't even let Becca walk home from school alone. She always picked her up every day, and today would be no different.

"Tomorrow is Halloween. Oh, Becca always loved Halloween. The costumes and trick-or-treating..." Laura's voice trailed off. It had been years since they had actually gone out on Halloween. Images flashed in her mind of Becca dressed up as a pumpkin or a witch when she was young. But that had been many years ago.

Laura made her way to the local high school, pulling her station wagon into the parking lot and stopping at the far end. For some reason Becca never wanted her mom to pull up right in front of the school.

The bell had already rung, Laura scanned the crowd of teens for any sign for her daughter. She eventually spied her standing on the sidewalk with her back turned. Two rude looking girls were poking at her and laughing, snickering and placing their hands on her shoulders.

Laura felt a knot begin to form in her stomach. She rolled down the heavily tinted window of her car and called out to the group. “Hey! What do the two of you think you’re doing!?”

2

As soon as the bell had rung the entirety of the student body spilled out onto the sidewalk and courtyard outside of the school, many waiting for buses or their parents. Becca Baker was among them: just another average girl, with freckles and poofy brown hair.

“You’re coming to the party, right, Becca?” A blonde girl said, flipping some hair out of her face.

“Oh *totally!* I wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Becca grinned.

“What about your psycho mom? Will she even let you outside without a leash?” A black haired girl said, poking Becca softly in the neck for emphasis.

“Yeah, or matching costumes? You’d look like *twins.*” The blonde gently teased in a friendly manner.

Becca laughed, dismissively waving her hand. “No, we don’t look *anything* alike! You’ve never even met my mom... But don’t worry, I’ll be there *alone.* My mom isn’t *that* bad...”

The other girls shrugged, before being startled by a loud noise. Out of no-where, someone was yelling at the group from across the parking lot. Some shrill voice coming from an unseen station wagon.

Becca's heart sank and her blood pressure started to rise. She could just barely make out her mother yelling '*Hey! What do the two of you think you're doing?*'

"Of course it's her... Alright, sorry guys but I gotta go." Becca huffed, turning to leave.

"No sweat. Oh! Don't forget, everyone, and I mean *every single one of us* is going dressed up as a zombie."

"Yeah, none of this like, dressing up as a super hero junk like last time, where everyone was Harley Quinn for three years in a row."

"Gotcha, yeah! Alright, see you tomorrow!" Becca said, giving a forced smile, before turning and walking towards the source of the yelling with her fists clenched and her face burning red.

3

Becca opened the car door and slumped into the passenger seat, eyes half closed and with a frown on her face.

"Are you alright, dear? What was going on back there?" Laura asked, sounding caring, but stern.

"Nothing?" Becca responded, confused and aggravated.

"Nothing? Are you sure? You seem upset."

"I'm *fine*, can we just go home already?" Becca huffed. She hated it when her mom babied her. It was a constant source of unnecessary aggravation.

“Well who were those girls, laughing at you?” Laura asked, brushing a strand of platinum-blonde hair out of her eyes.

“My friends? They weren’t laughing at me.” Becca responded with a fairly annoyed tone.

“I’m just trying to help you, dear, you don’t have to be so sassy with me.” Laura puffed out her chest a bit and drove out of the parking lot, with her sulking daughter looking out the side window.

There was no way Becca was going to ask about going to a Halloween party right at that moment. Her mom would ask twenty questions all the way home about who was going and what would be involved and eventually make up some reason for why it was too dangerous or inappropriate for her to go.

Her best bet would be to ask at the very last second.

4

It was Halloween night. The sun was setting and the occasional echo of kids playing outside crept its way inside of the Baker household. Becca Baker was in her room putting on her costume. She had found some older clothes and ripped and cut at them to look tattered and decayed. Some splotches of red paint made for convincing splatters of blood, and some party-store make up helped her face look pale and sunken-in.

“Not bad, not bad at all...” She said. The only issue with her zombie outfit was that the clothing was a bit tight. While Becca and her

mom didn't look much like mother and daughter side-by-side, they did both have fairly plump and pear shaped bodies. The cuts and tears made in the costume did help it fit though.

Grabbing her phone and keys, Becca bolted down the stairs and towards the front door. "Mom? I'm going out for a bit, okay?"

"Oh? Where to?" Laura replied, noticing the costume.

"Uh, just... out?"

Mrs. Baker walked over, holding a mixing bowl. "Ah, you're going trick or treating? Can it wait until after dinner? I'm busy making stuffed peppers."

Becca took a deep breath and summoned her courage. "No, mom, I'm just going to a Halloween party. All my friends are gonna be there."

Laura gasped softly. "A party? But it's a school night?"

"Mom, it's Friday."

"Yes, and there was school today!"

"Come on mom, I can go to a party, right? I'm not twelve or anything. I'm going to be graduating next year!"

Laura placed a hand on her hip and turned up her nose. "I'm sorry young lady, but I don't know anything about this 'party'. What if you come home drunk? Or *worse*?"

Becca did not want to imagine what her mom considered 'worse': Smelling vaguely of cigarettes? "But mom, please. I can't tell everyone that I couldn't come because I got *sick* or something. I've used that excuse too many times!"

"No buts! If you want we can both go after dinner, but that's all."

Laura put her foot down, looming over Becca by a good foot or so.

Her word was final.

Becca paused for a moment, and collected herself. “Okay, we can both go, *together*, after dinner. I’ll just... pass out candy to the trick-or-treaters until then.

Laura’s attitude brightened, her face glowing. “That’s my girl! Don’t worry, I won’t *embarrass* you or anything. I know how sensitive you can get...”

“Thanks mom.” Becca said in a calm tone. She picked up the candy bowl left by the front door and sat down with it on the sofa to watch some Halloween specials, while Laura went back to the kitchen to cook dinner.

The doorbell rang. Becca stood up to hand out the candy.

“Trick or treat!” said a group of kids. The zombie dressed teen opened the door and stepped out to distribute the sweets, and closed the door once she was finished.

Laura was busy cutting little jack-o-lantern faces into orange bell peppers. In a while, the doorbell rang once again, and then again, and again a dozen or so times, without being answered.

“Becca, honey, trick-or-treaters!... Becca?”

Laura peeked into the living room, but there was no sign of her daughter. No sign of the bowl of candy either.

“Rebecca?” She called towards upstairs, but got no reply. A thought entered the mothers mind. She opened the front door, and found only an empty bowl laying in the yard, and note taped to it reading: ‘Take only one’.

Laura could feel her face start to redden. Her perfect little girl had lied to her, and snuck out on her own. She'd run off to that horrid party, Unsupervised.

“... That girl is in *so* much trouble.”

5

Laura barreled down the sidewalk, storming through the neighborhood, heading towards the sound of a rambunctious house party. Loud music was blaring, and laughter and cheers echoed down the street. This had to be where Becca ran off to. Fists clenched, the perturbed parent walked right up to the front door and knocked.

It was so busy inside that it took a whole minute for someone to answer: some teenaged boy covered in stick-on wounds and fake blood.

“Uh, can I help you?”

“Is Becca here?” Laura huffed.

“What'd you say?” The boy covered one ear to block the music.

“Is my daughter here?” Laura shouted.

“Uh, who?” he replied unhelpfully.

“That's enough.” Laura growled, pushing her way inside, scanning the living room for any signs of her soon to be grounded spawn. She stood out like a sore thumb. All of the guests were dressed as zombies, while she was dressed in mom jeans that went up past her belly button and a turquoise dress shirt.

“Uh ooh, someone’s *mom* is here!” A girl shouted, laughing and pointing around. The guests looked about for anyone about to get busted.

The bulk of the partygoers were in the backyard. There was a large bowl of punch and snacks set up outside for the dozens of zombie teens. Becca *had* to be among them.

Laura shoved her way through to the backyard with a growl.

Becca’s blonde friend from school and other pals were right outside, and were blind-sided when the random woman pushed through them, causing them all to spill their drinks.

“Hey! What the hell?” The blonde said, soaked to the bone with punch. “Watch where you’re going!”

“Oh come on, calm down. You shouldn’t be drinking anyway.” Laura barked back, planting her fists on her wide hips.

“Listen, lady” the black haired friend snipped “you can’t just barge in here and make a mess. Get lost.”

“Don’t talk to me like that, young lady! I will have this party shut down! None of you are twenty one, am I right?”

All eyes were on Laura now. The hoard of costumed teens were eating up the dramatic confrontation. The blonde spoke again, asserting herself and standing tall.

“Listen here, fat-ass. This is *my* house, and if you have a problem with the noise or the drinking then just go home and tune it out!

Laura was about to fly off the handle, but someone from the crowd yelled out “I think she needs a drink!” The teens all laughed in reply, while Laura’s face shifted red.

“I do not ‘need a drink’. If you don’t do as you’re told, you are all

going to be in big BIG trouble!” She stomped her foot as if it were a judge’s gavel.

The blonde girl narrowed her eyes as a smirk spread across her face. “Na, I think you *do* need a drink. What do you say guys? Let’s get mom a drink!”

Before she knew what was happening Laura felt multiple pairs of arms grabbing at her, holding her tightly in place.

“H-hey! Get your hands off of me!” She yelled, trying to fight them off unsuccessfully.

She looked around, frustrated and indignant. There were so many painted faces and wide grins pointed at her. The only thing that stood out was a massive bowl of orange punch being brought her way.

“How about you suck this down, and then we’ll talk!” The blonde host laughed, as they brought the gigantic bowl to her lips.

6

The sloshing container was lifted to the mother’s mouth. The teens held her head securely so she could not turn away.

Ice cold punch began to fill Laura Baker’s mouth, forcing her to swallow. It tasted strongly of cheap alcohol and sugar. It went down easy enough, though her only other option was to suffocate or spill it all over herself. A few chunks of fruit even managed to slip past her lips.

“Nmmph!” Laura grunted, straining against her captors and

thrashing against the punch bowl. The party-goers just laughed at the sight and turned up the music to drown out her audible protests.

“Don’t forget to come up for air!” The blonde host laughed.

Laura felt incredibly out of sorts. For one, being at the mercy of an assembly of high school students wasn’t something she had ever experienced, even as a teen herself, and she had never drank more than one or two drinks at a time before tonight. Her stomach surged outwards like a pillow, filling up the front of her mom jeans like a denim covered yoga ball, cinching the waistband tight against her navel.

She was getting heavy, too heavy for the teens to keep holding up. They let her slowly slump to the floor, landing with a great ‘flop’ that sent her rear and thighs wobbling. Laura kept filling up and getting wider. Her motherly muffin top was starting to spill over her legs like a bean bag chair, pinning her to the patio. She couldn’t move now even if she tried, not only from the weight, but from the alcohol taking effect. Her head was spinning, her stomach groaning, and the way her expanding body jiggled only made things more disorienting.

The blonde teen walked up to the mom-blimp filling up before her, and nudged her stomach with the toe of her foot. “Hope you like the punch, I saw the recipe online. It’s mostly just vodka and orange juice and a bunch of soda and gummy worms~.”

Laura’s eyes rolled back as she let out a pained groan, now noticing the mass of soggy gummy candy creeping towards her mouth. She was in no state to fight, and allowed them to be poured down her throat, as she finished the vat of Halloween grog.

With a hefty slosh, the immobilized mother leaned back and

flopped to the ground, defeated. Her chest heaved, and nearly smothered her own face, and her swollen stomach was so round it was pinning down both her legs and her pudgy arms. Mrs. Baker had been bested.

But the party was just beginning.

Laura's stomach gurgled and called out in pain, filled to an inhuman size and spilling out of her clothing. A series of deep burps slipped past her lips as she struggled to move, trying to at least sit up again.

"You are all in... **BURP**... So much t-trouble... Just wait until your... **BWURP**... Parents hear about this..."

A small fit of laughter echoed from the crowd, until a voice called out over the snickering and music. It was the boy who first answered the door for Laura.

"Hey! She said she's here to pick up her daughter." He snickered.

An eruption of mutters and laughing came from that. Speculation ran wild as to who the daughter in question could be.

"I bet she's Phoebe's mom."

"Nuh-uh, my mom drove me here!"

"Maybe she Citry's?"

"Don't be stupid, look at her!"

The blonde host laughed along with the others, wiping a tear from her eye. She then saw a girl walk out from the kitchen, drying her hands on her shirt and with a plastic cup in her mouth. She waved her down and called her over.

"Hey hey! Becca. Is this *your* mom?"

Rebecca Baker came into Laura's field of vision; drink in hand, her

face blank save for a cocked eyebrow. Becca and Laura's eyes met.

All of a sudden, as if she'd been struck by lightning, Becca tensed up, her eyes going *wide*, face turning *crimson*. The image of her own mother filled to the brim with punch and splayed out for everyone to gawk at was too much to bear with straight face. And more than that, the idea that Laura would come and *crash* a Halloween party was equally as humiliating. Did she have no boundaries? No self-awareness?

Becca collected her courage, took a deep sip of her drink, let out a breath, and just shrugged.

“Nope, my mom's hair is *brown*.”

Laura baker felt her heart sink and her blood run cold. Despite all that had happened to her so far, her own daughter betraying her stung the most, especially since even with all the alcoholic punch she'd drank, she could actually make sense of Becca's decision. She had made this about as worse as it could for her little girl. Not only was Laura the laughing stock of the party, but Becca would never hear the end of it if she had been honest. Laura wanted nothing more than to rewind the clock and have a re-do of this horrible Halloween night.

Though it could always get worse for Laura.

“Hey, I think she needs a chaser!” A teen yelled, bringing over a green garden hose. Cheers erupted from the hoard of high schoolers and before Laura could even let out a peep to Becca, she felt the nozzle of the hose plug itself into her mouth, and distant rumbling, as someone turned on the water.

7

Becca couldn't watch. She turned and ducked away from the crowd as her mother began to inflate like a water balloon. The sounds of her creaking form and some faint moans and whimpers were too embarrassing to witness, though the hoard of high schoolers loved it.

The sight was something else. The image of the large and pear shaped mother swelling up and outwards was practically hypnotic. Her stomach and back were slowly being revealed as her shirt failed to cover any more than her now water-logged chest, while her jeans failed to conceal her modest but appealing underwear. With every surge of water she swayed side to side like an inflatable decoration, causing the crowd to sway and follow her movements in turn.

Laura had little to do but stew in her own defeat and humiliation. She could have focused on the sensation of her limbs slowly being consumed by her increasingly spherical form, but it was the eyes of all the guests on her that really got under her skin. Photos were taken, videos recorded, and rude comments made, all in the spirit of a jovial Halloween prank.

The teenagers kept joking and laughing while Mrs. Baker felt her body really reaching its limits. At a glance, one couldn't even recognize her as human without further inspection.

“Is the water turned all the way up?” One teen said.

“Yeah, it's *really* flowing!”

“Someone's recording this, right?”

“Look at her *hands!* They’re all puffy now.”

“Her boobs are touching her *nose!*”

“Is she saying anything?” One asked.

“Who cares? Turn up the music! She’s *fine!*”

With that, the party continued, with the music growing so loud that the bass made Laura jiggle, sending ripples over her exposed skin. The partygoers went back to dancing, bumping and bouncing against her in a pseudo mosh-pit, every bump and nudge causing her to spill out from her clothing just that much more.

Laura was woozy, pushed to her limit in pretty much every imaginable way. She couldn’t take much more. She anxiously looked around for any sympathizers in the crowd, but found none.

But out of the corner of her eye, she saw someone turn off the garden hose. A plump girl with poofy brown hair.

Becca wasn’t going to reveal to the whole party that her own mother was the inflated nag currently wobbling on the dance floor, but she wasn’t going to let her mom pop like a pimple either. Becca made her way over to Laura, just close enough to place a hand on her and look into her eyes. They shared a tender glance, though it was muted by the sheer drunken overindulgence the mother was suffering from. Becca at least helped by removing the hose from her mouth.

Laura groaned, letting out a belch, before quietly speaking, stammering and slurring her speech.

“Thank you, honey... Don’t... **URP**... Drink too much, okay?”

Laura didn’t even hear what Becca said, before blacking out.

8

The rising sun warmed the cool morning of November first. A mist hung in the air and a peaceful stillness butted against the memories of the previous, rowdy night. Many of the party-goers were passed out on couches and loose piles of pillows, while others drank coffee and spoke in hushed voices about what to have for breakfast.

Outside, Becca Baker was conversing with her mother, helping her in whatever way she could.

“I’m sorry about last night, mom... But I just had to go to this party! It was pretty fun, until you showed up and, you know...”

Laura let out an exasperated sigh, wrestling with a headache, along with the reality-check she had gotten last night. “It’s okay dear, I understand. I sometimes forget you’re almost done with high school, and not my little girl anymore. I should have just dealt with this when you came back home...”

“Look mom, I’m still your daughter, I just have my own stuff going on that I’d rather, you know, not have you involved in.” Becca sighed, letting out a little huff.

“Don’t worry, honey. I see now why parents usually don’t get involved with these parties... Oof...” Laura let out a grunt, still sloshing quite a bit from the binge drinking she had done. After all, she was ten feet round, a sphere of a woman, her mom jeans and dress shirt stretched thin and tight over her orb of a body. Her hands and feet wiggled helplessly as Becca rolled her along towards their home, like Sisyphus

rolling a squishy meatball down an airport runway.

“Whew... This is a real work-out. I’m working up an appetite...” Becca paused. “Um... the girls were talking about grabbing brunch in an hour. Is it... okay if I go?”

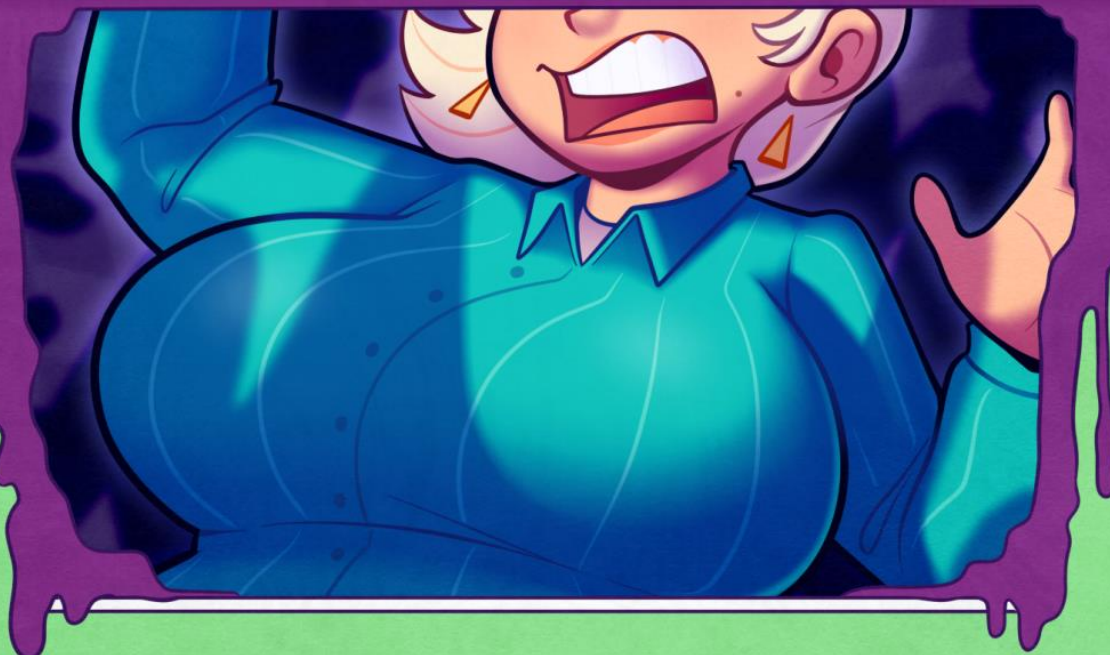
Laura sighed, knowing it would be for the best if they both had some time alone after last night.

“Okay, dear... But bring me back a sandwich and a coffee. I’m going to have the worst hangover of my life in a few hours... or days.”

Hopefully she would be sober by Thanksgiving.

END

Written by RidiculousCake, Cover art by RidiculousCake, 2023



YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE!

Laura Baker loves her daughter, but she's too overbearing. She doesn't let Becca have any fun, or go to any parties. It's really starting to be a drag.

But Becca isn't going to let her mom ruin another Halloween. She's got a party to go to, and a way to sneak out on Halloween.

What's the worst that can happen?

Hold on tight – you're in for a fright!

RidiculousCake

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