

Stoplight Variable

Written by Septia.

-Bhouuuraph- Renee snickered at the simmering belch rippling past her lips. The ranamon fanned her paw across her face with a fluster, despite walking on the lonesome in the suburb night. She took a breath of the tepid aroma of fried beef and mushrooms – with just a tinge of acidity. The salty flavours bloomed in her mouth, she was reminded of the evening; the boardgames, tournaments, and the party's open banquet– where she had retired to after the usual festivities died down. -Ghbrlslght- -Grrlsbbg- Renee peeked down at her tummy, which morphed her sweater around the dome of pale white fur.

“That's it, big boy, grown big enough to keep me on my toes. Keep that up till we get home,” the ranamon mused to herself. She dug a paw down her chest towards her stomach, squeezing into to feel the dense drove compact and sculpted around the outline of her digits.

Her brushing elicited a -Ghrblwlth- of brewing vapours through her system.

-Ppbbrwwrrth- her cheeks rattled at a cloud of flatulence, clad in the same rich scent from the lard-filled gorging she's indulged in. “Mmmfs. Phew.” -Ppbwbrrtwn- -Frrwwrrth- A barrage of baleful bursts budged out of her behind, the farts dispersing in the night air with none the wiser, though their frequency had been alarmingly stable since she left the party, near ten minutes ago.

“Mmmfs, suppose when you stock the steamengine with coal, you are gonna get a lot of fumes,” she mused, and after checking so that none was spying on her, leaned into the flatulence.

-Frbbwth- -Bbrwth- With each puff she gyrated her hips, creating a swing to her steps as she strode down the pavement.

-Ghrbsltlh- -Chhrrllgths- Churns of her meal – clumping and tossing down her intestines in a pulpy porridge – reverberated out into the night street. Her stomach dipped in each step only to spring back with a buoyant bop in the next. Most who saw the edifice that was her ballooned gut would think she was nursing an impressive food baby, though... that was not quite enough for Renee. She drew a perverse satisfaction from her brim stretching, peeling off a broad batch of bowel fudge; the congestion of it clogging up her entire colon; and the tension building towards a grand release in waiting for it. So, why shouldn't she indulge herself? A few adjustments to the code which regulated her bowel capacity, and an amplified production volume, had assured that this would be the mother of all loads.

Renee closed her eyes, a skip in her step. She fantasied about her toilet, sauntering up to it, withdrawing, just to hear her stomach growl and chime at her mercy.

“Mmfms, ohh I don't strain yourself, I wouldn't rob of you thatmmf, relief,” -Ppfrrbwbth- she clenched her cheeks around the relieving smog, saving some pressure to boil up in her pressure cooker, “but first, you'll have to dance with me.”

And oh she would dance. Cradling her gut, she massaged to feel the clog her bowls kept contracting and hugging, tease her guts with the prospect of release... She felt her cheeks bloom in the hue of rosepetals... Once home, she'd swing up to the bowl, claim the throne, and start to slake her desires, indulging her lust to the contractions of the gargantuan behemoth she caged. Perhaps she'd have to use both paws, whilst the giant in her bowels were imposing, her flower was a carnivorous fiend.

Renee knew it was inevitable that she'd be consumed by its passion and lust, drown in its humidity, and that point... that is when she wouldn't be able to hold back. A chill strummed Renee's spine, she was aiming to become a fountain by the end of the evening. Along with having to fix her plumbing, if not outright replace it.

She grasped her gut, muting a rolling -Rbgllthssh- That festered through her gut.

“Oh, I am just as excited as you are, mmf, restraining myself from morning till evening, you must be furious.” she mused and cradled her abdomen, arms, barely struggling in reaching around the bloat. -Ghbrgsth- She quivered by the fantasies the rumbles facilitated, leaving her tail whipping and curling to betray her engaged mood, though, it was not far now.

~ 1 ~

Renee could see her apartment complex across the road, seemingly stretching into infinity. She huffed at the sight, wondering if she was growing delusional from excitement, the crosswalk was at the base of a highway, longer than most, after all.

“Hooa...ld... juust a bit further, then we’ll have our little ballroom showdown~,” she mused, tail curling around her middle and brushing against her gut.

-Bbrrwwwpptthhdwth...- her tail froze, ears peaked, eyes opened wide... That strain interrupting steam, plugging her rectum, it wasn’t...

“T-that far mmfs, along alrremmg...” -Ghhrwbbllth- Renee arched forwards at the second growl, the bulk in her rear compartment throbbing, assuring her of its presence, and impatience.

“H-how’d you jmm, jump ahead so fast,” she mumbled. She had taken precautions to restrain and block it from advancing, and yet, here it was, knocking on her backdoor.

She huffed, one hand at her gut, another at her rear, both sandwiching herself, as if to coax the load back into submission, gradually straining herself straight. -Bhrslglthsh- A tumbling growl of burbling mud echoed through her gut as she rose, continuing in rhythm with her bend, the churn of a bog submerged noisemaker.

“Phoo... hoo. Steady... steadymfmpgh,” she gritted her teeth, her efforts rewarded by a rapturous -Bhrglplgsh- -Chrllligsth- As the bulwark advance, crinkling through her colon, and then... her pucker winked.

“W-wait...”

It twitched.

“H-hold u-up, just-...”

It fluttered, involuntarily shifting and adjusting towards the oncoming onslaught looming in the bowels above, pure reflex, unavoidable. Her brim getting so eager meant that it was preparing, it was suiting up to gape around the proverbial mudslide cooped up through her system, but also...

“Mmpfsh, mwmmaf, phhaa...” Renee huffed, her lips winking in a smile through her distress countenance... it was distracting her...

-Bwrrth- -Fffwwp- -Bwwhp- Renee jammed the spotlight button, first and index finger tapping it in turn as she steeled herself with slow, deliberate breaths. She felt the pressure rising when she inhaled, and decrease with each exhale, straddling her frame as a with menacing intent. “Mmngth... mfms... c-could we call a truce, l-least till we get home?” she mumbled, given up on tapping the button and resigned to just rest her whole paw pad against it, nibbling on her lip in time with the strain that sparked through her spine and quaked her tail. It was quite the package she had ordered for herself today, stocked full to the point of bursting, she’d thought such bulk would take its time to arrive, yet... appears that her experimentation had inadvertently assigned this package under the tag: express delivery -Chhrgrurllsh- Cbhrhstlh-.

“Mgmsm, amaha,” Renee squeaked, doubling over and clutching her knees, her shorts strangling her waist. Her thoughts were growing fluffy, attention delegating her processing power to savouring the tension racking through her colon, leaving her bowels pulsating in rhythm with her breath, each exchange built the bulk of the mound.

“B-blast it...” She grumbled, beads of sweat budding over her forehead. the desire to indulge, partake of this taboo, assault her flower and relish the convulsions that streamed throughout her form was immense. But... she couldn’t indulge here...

While desolate, she spotted some shadows along the streets, she didn't exactly blend into a crowd, if word got out it would spread like a virus. Plus... she doubted she'd be able to clean up the mess before anyone noticed.

-Chht- -Ghrb- -GHRbs-. Suddenly, a wave of calm coursed through her veins. Her shorts... as long as hse leaned over, they clamped onto her waist in a vicegrip, halting the pressure – or at least alleviating some of the effort. -Bwbbtn- The mound wring and wedged to and fro from the quivers of her frame, yet the pants were keeping it in check.

“Thank you shorts, thank you shorts for being so tight... thank you stomach for being so thick,” she mumbled. Breathing easily, she able to suppress the call of the behemoth slumbering in her cavern.

As long a no one saw, she resigned herself walk home bent over. If that is what it took... Besides, by now the spotlight should have...

Red...

Her expression broke, pupils shrinking. -Chhrpth- A slough of muck leaft her teetering back and forth on the spot.

“Di-did I miss the l-light? D-did it n-not turn?” Renee huffed, that one moment of respite, might have cost her everything.

She heard steps, across the street, a drunk couple on the way home, turning towards her.

“Keep walking...,” Renee pleaded. -Cbbth- Her gut contracted, diminished to a fraction of its width, enough to make her thighs into jelly. The couple still stared.

“Please...” She grasped in a deep breath, tugged the side of her shorts and twisted the brim to keep them sturdy, flipping up in a raised pose; she smiled and waved in greetings towards the couple. -Ghbrrlslth- -Ghbrtl-

“Rats...” Renee hummed, the floodgates were breaking.

The couple did seem to lose interest at this, and continued on their merry way. As did the manure Renee had held caged... for the moment.

-Shhrgllth- -Bhhrgtsh- In reflex she bent over again. “Just as long as they don't see me-...” -Chhrlslcj- -Gwwllrbbs- Her jaw dropped, drool dripping down her lip, her thighs were vibrating.

-Chhrlslth- The snake had shown its head... her pucker distended to frame the basketball of a dung dune. Its zenith had passed the range of her body, yet that didn't stop her rim from being pushed to its limits, rattling, shifting, prying off the mound of filth and shooting bolts of raw satisfaction through her veins

“Ommfpspshh...” Renee felt as if her rear was a short, two sized to small for the head of her chocolate batch, yet it was determined.

“Mmpfhgt,” She flexed her thighs, heaved herself up, land grunted with a primal ferocity. “MFMmwragt.” -Shhrlslpth- The bulk shifted inwards, her yawning brim precariously retracted, sealing in the bulk. Though, despite her efforts, the mound was budging out once more.

“Mmfrtsh.” Grit and determination sent the fudge back into its chamber, Renee engaging in a high stakes game of a whack-a-loaf, though each time the snake buried, she knew the drop of a nail was enough to spring it forth, unearthing from its pits.

“Mmgss. Mmgwphh. ahha...” She huffed, cooed and trembled, legs cross and paws pancaking her booty, arching back with tongue loose and drooping of saliva. Her plan was to bid her stomach to a dance. Instead, she was put to dance for hits amusement.

“Y-you are a-acutlmm, actually g-giving me a workout, m-maybe I s-should try the gym nexmmfmps, aahhhwga...” she quivered, the bulk rippling her cheeks, barging through her crack.

“Mmmgf...” She tugged out the side of her shorts, condensing her cheeks like from moist curds into solid parmesan, forcing he mulch to stay pinned.

“Y-yes... o-okk... We can handle this,” she wasn't fooling herself, even if she got to her apartment, she'd have no time to... properly enjoy this. Maybe if she did it in the stairwell there wouldn't be anyone to notice.

-Bwninnng-.

Her vision shot up at the sound. The red figure was gone. Instead, she was graced by the luminance of the green walker, a saviour to sustain her through her struggles and promising her the sweet satisfaction of relief.

"T-thank y-you," Renee squeaked, and took a step. -Chlltps- Chgrsltlhs- "Ugklr... O-ok..." She shivered, and shifted from pad to pad, stuttering, tottering in preconscious steps onwards. She waddled towards the finish-line. One hurdle was about to be conquered, yet... how much of a hurdle could she still offer to the beast holding her prisoner within her own organs?

~ 2 ~

-GHhrbbs- -Chhrsllghht- At halfway up the staircase, Renee was cursing herself for not living in a building with an elevator. Each step rotated the bulk inside, she felt its width scrape over her colon wall a, wagging back and forth, back and forth, as an insecure screw on the verge of piercing through a plank.

"A few more, steps, and we're home... free." -Pffft- A puff of vapours slithered out her cheeks at the mention of free. Renee clasped her paws at her lower back, arching back and pouring her focus into restraint.

"Good boy good boy now, stay...", she mumbled. Her abdomen had diminished, constrained towards the bottom of her torso, where instead of a smooth round bulge one could see the wrapped bulge of an obese mud snake roosting within. Divots and crevices marked over her skin, shifting in time with the beast.

"Pho... alright, hello toile-" Renee announced, key just a finger length away from the lock, when the fireworks went off.

-Bhrhwbgb- -...Sthhsss- -Brhghtlspth- The gurgles and stirs of muck had her twisting, twirling, bending this way and that right on the spot, contorting towards her bloated core, that ached with need.

"P-please...", Renee whimpered, her shaky paw trembling as, vision blurred, attempting to fit the key in one of the three locks her vision presented her with.

-Cklrth-.

But then the key disappeared, she peeked down. There, her keys, sprawled on the floor, her little keychain mascot taunting her with its smile. Instinctively, she reached for it. -Vhchlrrth- her stomach made it clear with a temperamental gurgle, that this wasn't allowed. Her pupils dilated whipping between the key and the lock, down to her oscillating middle, straining heightening the flesh lasso around the cattle attempting to escape, yet she wasn't dealing with one bison, but a herd. Sweat trickled down her forehead, paws sandwiching her cheeks together.

So... you wanna dance...?" she asked her stomach, contorted expression hinting or anguish.

"Then I'll take you on right here, lets dance." She whispered under her breath, clamping her paws at her rear just a moment longer... then... unleashed. -Bhrhs- -Brhwhgllsptshts- Renee relinquished control, the very next moment the bulb of muck spread through her brim, shot out like a bamboo shoot.

"Mfmpaga." She muffled her scream through pursed lips. The loaf ripple dand wiggled in place with curious buoyancy to it. Under the veil of her shorts it shifted, in and out, as the snake surveying the area. "Mmgh. Mgms..." Renee huffed, jolts destabilising her frame.

As the moment drew out, one second, two, four... eight... the strain spread her wider than a medicine ball. Her shorts tented to an arrowhead gaining a dark hue through the exuded moisture.

"Bring it." Renee challenged, both paws lifted, and diving for her crotch.

-Chrhlth- -Chhrwptlh- The bulwark broke, the barrier fell, the dance was on... The mulch's rampart exit gave her a momentary wedgie, before the girdleband snapped under the force, crushing the dam and allowing the load she had nurtured and cultivated over several days, free.

"Mmfmaa," sit rushed through her pucker, distending it in rapid throbs from the fluctuating girth of the dump, tickling all the spots at once, with numerous fingers at each pressure point, it coupled with the release of tension through her small intestines, steadily deflating as the grime ferried through.

"Mmpfhahwht," Renee squealed, both paws wedged under her shorts and playing her solo against the accompanying back-drop.

The umber mudslide escaped in melon broad coils, flushing through her neather as the smoke from a rocker. And the impact mimicked this as well, launching Renee into her door, as the solid mound compiled and curled behind her. The impact jammed her paws further down her snatch, at which she arched her head backwards in a howl of pleasure.

"Pmamgawawmmm." She humped into the wall, paws sliding back and forth over the ground under the jettison force of the avalanche. In the occasional moments of levity and ease in pressure, Renee fell backwards a few degrees, only to have the next load swat her back into the door.

"Mmfhhts, mamghths, mfmwmawht." Renee cried out in pleasure, astonished it just how much she had stored in there, how close she had come to tame this beast, though as the seconds wore on, she realised the dump had only been toying with her, she had stood no change against the sheer magnitude of bundled slag siphoned through her rear h coal chute... and she was savouring it...

"Mmfpahaawmmfff aawah yh-ehsarh..." she huttered, her voice a guitar note that abused the truss rod.

Renee's asscheeks separated as a as an open breifcase, and splurts of pearly white joined in with the specks of brown that drizzled over the floor. Her paws – soaked and sticky – only ramped her her eager to drive them further in her self lubricated honeypot, joining in with the thrust of the dump piling at her back, and slamming into the wall at her own behest. A petrichor aroma of moist farmland soaked in the hall. Her eyes rolled into the top of her skull, she cried out with a voice so strained in pleasure, it was merely a squawk of polished rubber.

-Ckrkht- -KKddmpt- At one decisive hump, she heard the hinges tear, and the block of wood that had supported her, toppled. She followed it with a smile ingrained on her face, tongue limp and glossy. She sprawled out over her door, coat standing on end from the currents of lust electrocuting her nervous system. Mulch twirled out of her, reinduced to a snail's pace, crinkling of humid fabric and mud.

Renee only panted, swallowing each breath with greed. She even felt how she was shuffling forwards as it load crawled out of her. In the lust drunken state, she nursed every moment of pleasure from her orgasm, digits still dipping, fondling to eek out and hold the solid tone of pleasure she had strummed up into.

In this state, the thoughts of 'what a bother it will be to clean this up' or 'have to do it quickly, before anyone else investigated what was going on'... were mere transient visitors. For there she laid: a flattened mess of lust, fluids, and fudge, relishing the act in its raw form; despite the worry & embarrassment which lured around the corner. And Renee, was happy.