

Almost

By Bartan Tirix

A playful growl followed by the giggling squeals of younglings woke him up, grumbling and shifting his large body over the equally large bed. Barely being able to see the outline of the window blocked by a thick curtain where the noises came from, leaving his sleeping area dark as the white beast rested. His brain slowly waking up attempting to translate the speech coming through the walls, nothing alarming at least.

Yes, it came back to him soon enough. During the last few days of the warm(er) weather, the bear's family were going to head out for the day. Go for a hike/flight, see some sights, have a small campfire and a cookout. Just enjoy the perfect autumn day before the winter set in for good, freezing the grounds and crisping the air in the mornings.

Granted, Bartan offered to stay home instead. Still getting used to the changes of his larger form as he rolled himself out of bed, feeling that heavy pouch between his hind legs almost slosh with the movement and weight as he placed all fours on the wooden floor. Just knowing he was going to scratch this thing all to hell by next spring as he awkwardly walked towards the window. Covering one eye and opening the clothed blockade before grumbling at the expected sunlight, nearly tearing his current eye and barely making out the three large dragons. Each taking several other smaller beings onto their backs and taking off into the sky for the day.

It was like a wave of relief for the bear, finally getting a day of rest away from them. Not that they were bad company, but he did enjoy the solitary time once in a while, as anyone would. But what to do, what to do...?

Of course a small idea came to mind, actually causing the sheath to swell a little from thought alone and moving through the dark room once more. Opening one of the cluttered drawers and moving a few of its contents before feeling a rather fresh feeling package: one already opened but only to view what was inside. Taking it by the maw and heading downstairs towards the door, passing a few more while keeping those round ears perked. Making sure he didn't hear any noises and even going out of his way to look around the living room and kitchen. Pretending he was getting a simple drink, when really he was making sure the house was vacant.

All clear, once again making the furball excited as he moved towards a nearby closet and getting a footpump to an air mattress that had seen better days. The thing worked perfectly though, and was barely used so it should definitely do the job. But where should he? Living room

was spacious, but too easy to get caught with the many windows nearby. Kitchen was just a bad idea regardless, his bedroom worked but was a bit cluttered and Their bedroom was too accident prone to attempt anything. Especially when his older counterpart nearly filled the damn thing semi-recently.

But something else came to mind: bathroom. A bit typical, but private, roomy, and less likely to have 'accidents' or 'mishaps' that would cause things to backfire. Trotting up the stairs with the package still in maw, he opened the restroom door and scouted the area out one last time. Not finding anything threatening or pointy that might get in the way, as he set down the package from his muzzle and the pump off his shoulders.

The bear's heart was racing with excitement, still unsure if he actually enjoyed such a thing because he was often forced into sessions. But now, he had control, and it was his decision. Hopefully that meant a different experience, Bartan thought as he pulled the package out of its grey protection. Revealing a large set of...

'Voodoo-loons'. "Great for pranking friends!" The package read, showing one of the small looking balloons being blown up alongside a stock photo of someone inflating. Reading the back of it quickly for instructions while the furball's face started to blush. Releasing a faint whimper as he went through step by step:

- 1 - Take a fresh Voodoo-loon from the package.
- 2 - Have a sample of the one you wish to prank (or yourself, we don't judge). A patch of fur, hair, or some scales will do perfect.
- 3 - Inflate and watch your victim panic! Don't worry if the balloon pops!

It honestly sounded too good to be true, but that's what most of the reviews said. Though they stated it wasn't specifically up to scale, the strange product did work. It better, considering the money Bartan spent on these darn things, and it better not 'Judge' because he was planning to try it on himself.

Taking a breath to calm himself and a nearby pair of scissors from a drawer, cutting off some of his fur and setting the snippers on the counter. Stuffing the white tuft into a red balloon, already starting to see a slight bulge in the 'loon's belly, wondering how they got to shape them like this. But he supposed it wasn't that farfetched, as he placed the loose end of the hose into the opened latex 'tail' and set it down carefully on the floor.

His heart thumped wildly, his snout flushed with red as he stared at such a thing. Pulses were felt in his sheath as a red peek was looking up at him, daring the bear to step on the manual inflation device that was within paw's reach. Just one press down, if he didn't like it he could stop.

Breaths turned into pants, those round ears scanned wildly to make sure once more that there was nobody around. With one more breath, Bartan set a paw on the pedal. Getting

comfortable with its top half before taking that first metaphorical leap: pressing down as the device hissed a little. Seeing the black hose thicken with the shift and the Voodoo-loon become a little stiff-!

...But the bear felt nothing. A mixed wave of both relief and disappointment washed over him, as he even attempted to feel that lower belly. No change. Hmm... But maybe it took a little more? Was he really willing to keep trying-? That tool of his throbbed a bit, as if to shove the white one and tell him to give into peer pressure (as well as another type of pressure).

Another pump. That wouldn't hurt anything. Releasing his hold on the pedal and letting it rise up to its maximum before taking another breath and pressing down. Hearing that same "Pssshhh" as before and the 'loon started to round out quite a bit, with no change-

Then he felt it, like a small rush and pressure into his lower belly along with a faint tingle. Did... Did this thing actually work? A press in to that thick fur didn't really prove anything, but he could feel the pressure inside. Echoing a faint wave of pleasure through his body and satisfy his red canined weapon, but only a little.

"Another!" It demanded, as if telepathically controlling Bartan to lift up and press down on that pump again, watching closely as the red balloon inflated to the size of a baseball. Though delayed, the rush was felt inside him again! Getting the bear to gasp and whimper in bliss as he felt down under, brushing his fur against that erect tool and still unable to detect any change from the outside. But the inside... Even standing up for a moment to prove he wasn't imagining such a thing.

The pressure was there, like a ball of air inside his lower belly. Pressing down on the pump again got the balloon to swell up rather quickly, and like a strange latency, it was felt inside once more. Getting Bartan to pant a little bit, wondering if he was somehow dreaming this but everything felt so real. Another press and the red 'loon rounded out, revealing the silly smile on its face before sending late tingles through the bear's body. Causing him to whine as a squirt of orange shot out of his tool, nearly stunning him as the pressure was clearly felt.

A quick check of his underside made him double take, actually feeling a bulge through his coat! This... Thing actually worked! Delayed and definitely not to scale as the reviews stated, but it actually functioned! A step onto the pedal and Bartan closed his eyes, experiencing the added bulge to its fullest and getting him to whimper again as the tingles moved around the area like a playful current.

He took a few breaths before adding three full pumps to the balloon, causing it to swell up to a small bowling ball. And like clockwork, the pressure added to his own belly, like receiving three torrents into his own rear without a single leak. Turning his pants into deep huffs as his entire muzzle felt like it was painted red, proving once in for all that he **loved** such a feeling...!

But were the pulses liner? Or did the 'Voodoo' wait until the balloon stopped receiving

air before making a change to the victim? Curiosity got to the furball as he near drunkenly started to add pump after pump into the red balloon, watching it swell up bigger and bigger until he felt the barrage start to inflate himself mid-action. Causing him to sit down and hold that gut with both forepaws as it grew in his grasp! Swearing that every press of the device was adding more into Bartan's body as the process went on!

That tongue lolled out as he stroked his rounding underside, looking over at the spherical shape the balloon took as it was just slightly bigger than a soccer ball (football). Arms and legs sticking out like fat little nubs as the thing smiled obliviously, or maybe it was just enjoying such a thing like the bear was? Those brown discs looking over its swollen back, that bloated tail still attached to the end of the hose looking about the size of a small glass. But it could get bigger... The bear could get bigger! Leaning forwards and pressing into that footpump again and again, even after starting to feel his body start to take the volume from every step. Not stopping until a heavy torrent of orange forced him to, causing the bear to stand up and feel his belly and sides round outwards in all directions.

Bartan painted the floor again as his underside touched down, releasing heavy whine after heavy whine as it grew. Every pulse stretching his walls out further and further, flowing that light volume into his chest and filling him progressively a little more with every pump. Spraying jolt after jolt of pre until he howled over the groans his body started to omit. Coming to a stop shortly after and letting the bear catch his breath, resting on that large belly with all his weight carefully. Receiving waves from just breathing as those sides nearly hugged his own body, loving the softness of his own fur and how it nearly tickled everytime he moved.

The balloon caught his eye eventually, reaching about the size of a car tire and looking rather thin already. A shame, but such a thing had to end sometime. Though Bartan did question just how much he could possibly take, feeling a little tight himself. Reaching down to press the pedal another time revealed a small problem, as doing such a thing caused the bear to rock back and forth in order to run the manual device... With his forepaw.

For some reason he looked back, as if to consult his throbbing weapon that was still leaking the contents of those furballs. Knowing very well what it was going to suggest, making the bear blush a little bit whereas he could not argue. Rolling back onto his hind paws, Bartan lifted his light belly and took a few steps forwards. Nearly tripping on the footpump and finding where it moved to before resting a single hind paw on it. Easily being able to see over that fluffy underside, but not quite down on the ground just yet. Swinging it side to side for a moment to bump the red balloon back into his vision, watching the bloated red 'lizard' rest by his side. Head still awkwardly enlarged, but that silly smile remained, removing any worries that the bear might have.

The finale, he thought, pressing down on that pedal with his hind leg over and over again. Watching the red sphere grow and grow with every movement until that furry belly started to follow such a lead, getting Bartan to whine at the pressure as the restroom started to

fill with groans. Be it his or the balloon's, he couldn't quite tell though the barrage of waves. He got into the motions so hypnotically that the white one used his entire body to pump the pedal, causing his belly to dribble on the smooth floor. Sending echoes of blissful waves through his form as that tummy filled up! Stretching out his walls greater and greater with every motion!

But he didn't stop! Pressing onto that pump again and again, as the balloon grew-as his own belly grew! Starting to reach under his jaw as every step started to make a significant difference in its size! Leaving no room for it to bounce with his motions any longer, but Bartan kept going! Pressing his forepaws into the soft furball before glancing down at the Voodoo-loon brushing against the white forest, the sphere with several little nubs about the volume of a large exercise ball-!

The thing burst loudly with a sudden bang, stinging his ears but feeling the pumps keep adding into his own form! Rolling forwards to rest on that 'air-mattress' as the pulses got larger and larger, no longer able to reach the ground with his normal stance, causing his tool to throb and squirt again and again! So close to a release as that belly was pumped bigger! Bigger! Almost there! Just A-! Few More-! Bowling Ball-! Sized-! Pumps-!

Only for them to stop just before he was past the point of no return, leaving Bartan to huff loudly in slight disappointment, but was too comfortable to complain. Eventually releasing a grumble as all that progress to a climax faded, and no easy way to add another balloon to the end of that hose. Oh well, at least he found an answer, that he- "Enjoying yourself?"

A loud yelp caused Bartan to press into that belly as if to jump up, sending in waves of pleasure as he whimpered soon after. Attempting to look directly at the white fox, but only got a glimpse of her in the mirrors; leaning on the doorway with arms crossed. A sly smirk over that muzzle as the bear blushed, being caught in the act and releasing an embarrassed whine. Watching her look over at the package and pick it up as he stuttered. "T-that's, u-uh...!"

"Voodoo-loons?" She questioned, reading the package front and back. Only getting another embarrassed whimper in response as she leaned against the inflated bear, getting him to huff a few times before tapping that belly and feeling a few ripples quickly flow through the hollow underside. Finding it almost adorable when those hind legs attempted to find any surface, attempting to shift up and rest their paws on that fluffy round underside only for it to slip back to their default position. "Looks like something Dia would make."

"A-actually..." Those round ears fell, still covered in blush. "I... Ordered them."

"Really now?" She barely asked, more just teasing the bear with a sly smirk.

"I w-wanted to try it... Just, privately. Nothing excessive."

"I hear you." Another few taps got Bartan to whimper again. "Need some help?" A shy look from those brown eyes, once again looking over that smirk. Studying her as that feminine paw stroked under his jaw and brushed the pompom-like pair of whiskers on each side of his

muzzle. Though the bear did want to get some more time to enjoy such a thing, there's no telling when the dragons would be back. It's better to empty his body while some assistance was around.

"Please. I'm a little... Stuck."

"I can see that." The white fox chuckled, giving that belly another tap before heading towards his rear. Paw guiding along his long tail as he prepared for the fox to grip it and pull him back, yet she instead moved it slightly to the side. Making Bartan attempt to look back regardless if he could see anything or not before feeling a soft tongue along his red flesh. Forcing the bear to tense up and release a whimper in surprise as that tool started to throb excitedly from the attention.

Arson's paws shifted down towards his haunches, pushing him forwards a little bit for easier access to the Orange Juice Tap. Lapping softly at the tip as it leaked the transparent fluids with a thick color, much like a syrup that was taken and spread upwards along the rest of the red tower. Unable to control that smirk at the huffs the male was making, more so when that tongue and nose reached up to his sheath and plump pouch. Her own dark tip matching close to the furred stripe that divided that fluffy 'keg' as she nudged it a few times to test its capacity.

Bloated, which seemed to be quite normal for the Non-Counterweight Bartan. Rarely taking part in such things, it was nice to find something he might enjoy. Especially if the fox could find enjoyment as well, usually in the form of surprise. Once again making her smile deviously as she continued to rub those hamstrings, lightly brushing the patch of fur just above those plump balls during her rotations and turning those heavy breaths of the bear's into whimpers. Vocals of both pleasure and warning as her thumbs got closer and closer to that sensitive area before sliding down, cupping the heavy pouch before playing with them gently. Getting the fluids inside to slosh around like a large balloon filled with water, one that was both slowly draining but also refilling just a tad faster.

And like a good mate, Kindle (Arson's nickname) knew the secret, as well as how to use such a thing to her advantage. Returning to his tool in the meantime, sliding that soft tongue along the tip and pressing into it once in a while. As if to cause the juices inside to build up the length before letting it out, giving Bartan some relief but more importantly keeping his mind unfocused and unsuspecting. Not even noticing the female's paws slide down the belly and disappear entirely as she grabbed the scissors nearby, very carefully snipping off a few patches of fur and setting them down on the counter before tending to that tool some more.

Those soft hands tended to the bear's length; a more canine-like tool that matched the base form of his body. Rubbing down the center with a single digit, just the perfect size to get between those two columns of soft red spines. A dense color that matched the very flesh it was attached to, even flexing them as the weapon itself pulsed in response to the attention it was receiving. Giving thanks in forms of squirts while that base knot started to swell just after that furred sheath, an orange liquid that was being leaked down from her muzzle and onto a few

balloons the fox sneaked over. Soaking them with the strange fluids that contained a hidden ability of making substances more... Durable.

A few more strokes for good measure, gently pulling and giving the shaft a light squeeze to encourage the fluids to flow through. Putting them down and giving that tool some more attention before licking her way up its underside again, almost chuckling at how the bear was trying to hold back his vocals. Those hind paws squirming from time to time, attempting to find a suitable surface along that bloated belly, while his fores didn't know what to do. Kneading his inflated chest from time to time as Bartan huffed uncontrollably, completely oblivious to what the fox was planning.

Which suited the female just fine, lapping at that growing knot a little bit to tease the ridges and make her mate growl in instinct before moving up. Brushing that red tongue along his sheath and feeling the tower pulse within, tracing that black stripe over that heavy pouch... But it could be heavier, Arson thought, lightly nudging that sensitive spot between the bear's sac and tailhole. Hearing him whimper loudly in response as that tongue lapped at the very ends of the furpatch, tickling it and stimulating his equipment to produce more and more of that orange juice.

Of course such a thing caused his body to squirm even more, completely stuck in place and unable to escape that tongue's ruse. Making it even worse when her chest pillows started to slide up and down the end of his weapon, causing it to leak over her shirt but it kept the bear occupied long enough for Kindle to split up the furs she cut off earlier. Adding a little bit to each balloon before stuffing one into another, the third into that, then finally a fourth. Making one 'single' Voodoo-loon with four layers.

Bartan's whimpers grew and grew with the groans of his pouch, seeing quite the sizable difference in that furry bag as she continued to lick at the sweet-spot. Letting it grow steadily to double size... Triple size...! Nearly 4x their base size to the point where it was weighing him backwards! Causing her to hold them with both arms as the fox continued, exploiting the male's natural trigger against his will as his bag became larger and larger with every lick. Groaning within Arson's arms, yet showing no signs of fragility. Even after giving them a few gentle squeezes just to torment the bear before giving the warm liquid-filled pillow a nuzzle.

A few more licks of the special area to round the pouch off to a reasonable size; able to easily house two slightly over-inflated beachballs. Though the male was releasing a steady grumble, it was more of a deep purr that was being altered due to the oversensitivity. But it was soon time for the main show. The fox knelt down and once again started to lap at the weapon's tip, stroking the shaft's length with a steady grip while keeping the bear resting on his belly. The heavy weight from his newly swollen pouch was going to make this a little bit more difficult, but as usual; Kindle had a plan.

The whimpers filled the large restroom, steadily climbing as the tool continually leaked out near torrents to ease the tension of that overfilled package. Those hind legs still attempting

to squirm as the fox continued, causing that belly and bag to swing and lightly bounce with the movements as his climax was approaching. Heavy huffs, whimpers, and whines left his whiskered muzzle as her paws slipped up and around that thick knot. Teasing the sensitive ridges along the outside of the flesh and giving the bulge a few firm pulls to stimulate Bartan.

Hearing that straining cry of warning, she quickly grabbed something nearby and slipped over his tool. What felt to him like... A tight condom? A thick torrent entered it as he half-questioned why she had such a thing, let alone why the fox stopped all of a sudden to grab something to his side then sit up on the bear's shoulders to keep balance. Getting the male to growl at her nearly finishing him and stopping just before-

A heavy pressure was felt filling up his belly for a moment, causing him to yelp loudly in a panic and gripping his bloated chest with his foreclaws. Sending a massive wave of pleasure that lightly tickled that point of no return and cause him to spray a few more torrents into that latex balloon before getting a sense of dread. Now realizing what the tight 'condom' really was, his shocked look made the female over his head smirk deviously and give the bridge of his snout a little kiss. "Enjoy." She slyly demanded, feeling that belly grow under her as the bear panicked and whimpered in strain. Attempting to hold such a barrage back, but it was only making that first torrent stronger. His breaths becoming rapid, that weapon becoming larger to seal the voodoo-loons on, every claw finding a way to grip onto that inflated belly as torrents shot through that shaft.

The balloons filled up very quickly and greatly, still feeling several seconds of lag before Bartan's belly followed suit. Groaning loudly to resist such a change at first before swelling outwards in heavy pulses, against the nearby counter and every claw that was pressing into that furred balloon. Still attempting to hold such a thing back, stimulating his body even further and causing his package to pump out thicker torrents! Leaving him in an endless cycle: Filling up the 'loons which in turn filled up himself, causing him bliss and forcing that package to open the floodgates wider!

In a matter of a few moments, that belly doubled in size! Rapidly increasing after every large spray! Pressing up against the side wall, but his fur slid easily across the smooth floor with little resistance. Pumping more and more fluids into those balloons and turning the bear into a big furball as his chest started to bloat around his muzzle. That lower underside holding the Voodoo-loons up as they continued to grow far past their factory standards, forcing the male's body to groan loudly before shifting a little bit. Almost creating four bubbles total: one in his chest, one between his hind legs, and two at the sides. Swelling each section larger and larger as those walls thinned greatly!

A sudden shift and pull of his lightly swollen tail while the fox clicked her tongue. "Let's make you a little more durable, yes? We want you to enjoy this." A whimper in response that was barely heard over the massive tightness of his form; groaning loudly in pitch as the bear nearly reached his limit. Overflowing as soon as Kindle let go of that tail and expanding outwards

greatly, encouraging his tool to spray harder and harder! Thinning out the voodoo-loons with every drop of that orange fluid!

Yet, the balloons persisted! Growing about the size of a small car, but where the main one grew, it forced the others to expand with it! Causing the victim to become triple the size for the price of one, and growing significantly larger the bigger they got! Groans filled the bathroom as Bartan's belly wasn't far behind, straining to keep everything together! Growing drastically tighter and tighter as every torrent he released felt like each bubble was force-fed a monster truck tire! The pulses causing his center body to almost bounce upwards, giving his devious female mate a fun little ride as Kindle enjoyed the show.

That furred underside found its way into the massive shower where the dragons could wash easily without worrying about cramped spaces. The rear of it found the restroom's doorway, creating a furry bulge of white into the hallway. One side started crawling up the wall while the other soon reached it, quickly filling up the space inbetween and in the corners as Bartan was pumped bigger and bigger by his own equipment! His only hope was that the 'loons would soon reach their limit and burst, but with the natural delay of such a thing and the constant groans from his dangerously tight belly...!

Some hope was soon felt though! The 'rear bubble' was getting an unusually amount of pressure from above! Getting those brown discs to look through his bloated belly and spot the ceiling getting close! Hard to believe, considering the damn thing was close to 120 feet tall, but the Voodoo-loons were pressing against it! Being squished by the bear's constantly growing belly and the very walls that trapped them both! Torrent after torrent filled the now orange bubbles, desperately getting them to thin out with every drop as the bear felt his own belly's fragility! Pressing up against the balloons harder and harder due to the strange nature of the inflation until they pressed up against Bartan's hind legs!

But that gave him an idea! Sliding his claws against his own belly in hopes that he didn't rupture such a thing and jabbing every sharp point into the overstretched balloons! Piercing one...! The orange bubble pressed heavily against his own bloated pouch! Two...! Creeping over his tail and across his backside! Three! Hearing them groan heavily at first before getting higher and higher in pitch! Filling the forth with spray after spray, making the others grow in the process as they were mostly still intact! Until! Finally-!

A flood of orange juices washed over them, soaking his white fur that quickly expanded upwards to the free space! Groaning massively as those inner walls stretched to their near limits! Rubbing against objects down on the floor level, corners of furniture and towel racks! Being squeezed by bars that held large shower shelves and curtains! Doorframes! Even every bristle of brushes were a massive threat to the over-blipped bear as the pulses continued! Causing his belly to whine in a higher pitch than he was as it was pumped larger! Larger! Stuffing that underside to the very brim! Swelling his tail and haunches! Limbs and cheeks as **One! Long! Last! Straining! Groan-!**

And the pulses stopped, washing Bartan of relief as his package continued to act like a fountain over that underside. Throbbing with over stimulants as his body felt tighter than a drum, almost fogging up with every huff he exhaled. But it was over, he was safe and *daymn* did such a thing ever feel so good...! Taking a moment to just relax as the afterglow started to set in, he barely felt the movement along his slightly swelled up back, causing a round ear to flick behind-

Then a sudden shove of something in his rear, making him yelp in surprise as what felt like a hose was shoved inside a little deeper to make sure it was secure. Getting him to growl before suddenly feeling another pump enter that belly! Bartan whimpered in panic as the fox moved over to his sight, giving him another kiss on that muzzle and lapping at his pompom whiskers. "I know you feel tight enough already, but..." Arson said, rubbing that overstuffed white blimp and sliding the object she nabbed before the excessive size increase: the footpump. Making him whimper in denial and attempt to struggle a little bit, but he was just too full to do anything. Especially after she pressed down on the pedal, adding a thick hiss to his belly while that furred body actually growled at her. "I know you can get a *little* bigger."

A few more whines in disagreement as she clicked her tongue. "Just a few more. Say... Five? I'm sure you can take five more pumps, yes?" A frightful look from those brown eyes as it watched as she pressed down. One. His underside grew excessively tighter! Two. Those walls thinned out to near transparency! Three. His limbs and cheeks swelled up greatly! Four. His entire belly pressed up against the ceiling! Begging whimper after whimper was heard as that feminine paw circled around the pedal's surface, giving it a gentle rub before...

Five-