

Pumped Up Kicks by Holo

Raggon was eager to test out the Pumped Up Kicks he had ordered from Cavi's lab. The Buziel had ordered a custom pair of the new inflation-oriented shoes as soon as they hit the shelves. With Raggon being partially to blame for their inspiration, Cavi obliged the Buziel's request, and made Raggon's order a priority. They had been delivered today, brought to the door of his apartment in a plain cardboard box. He thanked the delivery man after he signed for the package, and shut the door behind him before opening it up. His claws made quick work of the packing tape, and he pulled the shoes out from a pile of packing peanuts.

The body-bloating walking shoes had been made with his colors in mind, and the design borrowed from his palette to compliment his natural fur colors. The pumps that were affixed to the bottom followed the same color scheme, and he took some time to appreciate the care that had gone into the aesthetic design.

He set them on his table and made sure the extra detail he wanted had been included. He was delighted to find that instead of laces, the shoes had a single strap each, that was fastened on through the use of a small padlock. He pulled the brown paper out of the shoes and find the key sitting at the bottom of one of them. Raggon held it in his hand and gazed at it with a smirk. He tested it in each of the locks, and they opened and closed without issue. He also squeezed the pumps in his hands, making sure they were working before putting them on. Air rushed out of the end of the hose with every squeeze. They were in perfect condition.

With the inspection complete, Raggon was ready to give the shoes a test run. He shoved his feet into them and locked the straps on with the key. He stood up, hose in hand, and squeezed the rubber tube up his rear until he was sure it wouldn't fall out. With everything secure, Raggon decided he'd take a walk to the park to test out his new toys.

The pumps worked slow, pushing only a little bit of air into his stomach with every step. He took the stairs down to lobby, enjoying the walk more than usual since every step promised a fresh pump of air up his backside. His trek down the stairwell was slow, as he was unsteady on his feet with the new shoes. He took them one step at a time, widening a little with every one. He was grateful that no one else was taking the stairs today, more embarrassed by his slow pace than by the slow bloating.

He pressed a hand to his stomach as he reached the bottom of the stairs. There was a slight puff to his middle, but his skin was still soft, having more than enough stretch to it. His belt stretched easily with it, it being made to stretch as far as he could. Pleased with the results so far, he walked through the lobby of his apartment building and out onto the streets.

He shielded his eyes from the midday sun as it streamed down from a clear sky. The streets and sidewalks weren't too crowded on the edges of downtown, which was good news for the soon to be blimped Buziel. The flat sidewalk was much easier to walk on compared to the stairs, and he settled into a steady stride as he made his way down the block. He'd walked to the park so many times that he didn't really need to pay attention to where he was going. This freed up his attention to focus on the feeling of the air filling his body.

Every step sent a refreshing gust of air up through his backside. The air would groan and gurgle its way up his guts until it finally found a home in his balloon of a stomach. The stretching

of his middle was pleasant; like the kind of stretch you get first thing in the morning, and it was refreshing combined with the sunlight and fresh air and the relaxed walk toward the edge of the city. As his stomach bulged out past his sides, he had difficulty resisting the urge to drum his fingers over it.

By the time he was halfway there, his stomach had been pumped up to the size of a beachball. He stroked a hand over the dome, feeling his skin stretch out under his fur. The tall buildings gave way to smaller ones, the high rises surrendering to smaller shops and increasing greenery. Raggon's increasing size was becoming burdensome despite being filled with nothing but air. He began to waddle just to keep his balance, his stance widening to keep from stumbling forward onto his gut.

The Buziel got plenty of stares from other pedestrians as he waited at the last crosswalk to the park. He grinned at them all, a wide and confident grin that showed his teeth. Most smiled back and waved. A bloated Buziel wasn't a common sight, but it also wasn't too strange for the people that lived here. Most of them had learned to shrug off the weirdness, and some had been wrapped up in it once or twice before.

Raggon's shoes squeaked and wheezed as he crossed the street, still pumping air into his body. He could feel a twinge of pressure and fullness in his stomach, and his skin was starting to grow tight under his fingers. He enjoyed the feeling, but knew that he'd need to stop filling up soon to avoid any complications. He walked through the park until he found a bench and took a seat, pulling his legs up to remove the shoes. He looked at the locks that held on the shoes and blinked slowly.

He started to pat down his bloated body as he thought back to his apartment, trying to remember where he had put the key and hoping it was somewhere on his person. He recalled testing the locks out, then putting the shoes on. Then hurrying out the door... leaving the key sitting on the floor of his apartment. He grimaced and squeezed his sides, and they suddenly felt much tighter than when he had sat down. He thought about the walk back, just a couple blocks, but it seemed much longer now. The Buziel took in a deep breath to try and calm himself, and he hopped off the bench.

The first thing he tried was removing the hose from his rear. He bent his arms backwards and spun in a circle as he tried to reach, but all the air that had flooded his body prevented him from grabbing it. His rear had swollen with some of the air without him noticing, and his arms had grown a bit puffy as well, preventing him from bending them fully. He spun in a circle like a dog chasing its tail before realizing that he was wasting precious steps on a task that was only getting harder to accomplish. He stopped suddenly and took a careful, deliberate step to turn towards his apartment.

Raggon's stomach was bulging up into his vision, and he smashed it down with his hands, flattening it against the floor which it had already been scraping. The shift in air pressure made him wince, but it was necessary to keep his vision clear for the perilous walk ahead. His steps were slow, and his knees pushed into his stomach as he walked. His size forced him to waddle, his legs trying and failing to straddle the wide dome of his middle.

His belt had stretched right along with his skin, and it squeezed around his navel now, squashing his stomach into a more oblong shape rather than spherical. It kept his belly from stretching further out to the sides, which contributed to its ability to impede his stride and vision.

the buckle of the belt was at the far end of his stomach, dashing any hopes of him reaching it to undo it. He was thankful that it was stretchy at least, meaning that it only deformed his stomach, rather than adding any undue pressure to his already taut hide.

His awkward, waddling steps carried him closer to home, and the key. By the time he had crossed the street, he was perilously wide, taking up the entire sidewalk with his size. He squeaked apologies to everyone that he forced off the walkway and into the gutter. He was embarrassed at the scene he was causing, but was helpless to stop himself. He needed to get home, and every stumbling step that brought him closer also brought him nearer to an uncomfortable end.

Soon the pressure in his middle was too much for him to restrain, and his tired arms gave up on holding down his stomach. He had grown too large anyways, his gut now blocked his vision and pushed along the floor at the same time. He could no longer see his destination past his stomach, his vision was filled with a wall of pale orange that curved away from him. His peripheral vision was unobstructed, but all that did was let him see the people who glared at him as they were forced to walk around him and his blimp of a belly.

He found himself having to push his stomach forward now. So much of it pushed along the ground that the friction made it drag, and he was swollen too large to get it off the ground even with it being weightless and air-filled. His trek slowed more, as pushing his hands into his middle made it creak and groan. He winced at every object that brushed against his taut skin, worrying that any one of them could be sharp enough to blast him apart prematurely.

Raggon's skin started to creak and groan, and it increased in volume until he could no longer ignore it. People peered out from the windows of high rises as the sound rattled their windows, only to find themselves staring at what looked to be a parade balloon waddling down the street. The pressure and attention were growing unbearable, but Raggon wasn't deterred. Though he spent several seconds between steps, and each step tested his limits, he was sure he was close. He had counted the blocks. He couldn't be more than a block away by now.

He labored as though he had put on a ton of weight. His breaths were shallow and he had started to sweat. The tension and strain on his body was taking a toll, exhausting him over the course of his short walk. He was running on autopilot now, trying to focus on moving forward and nothing else, trying to relax the strain in his middle and resisting the urge to tighten his muscles.

Finally, he saw it, just a glimpse out of the corner of his eye. His building. He breathed a sigh of relief, but it wasn't over quite yet. He turned in place, swinging his stomach out over the road, sweeping the street and halting traffic as his balloon belly settled to cover the road. He faced his back to the building, which he now matched in size, and backed up, easing his way through the double-door that opened to the lobby. He was almost home free.

One step. Another. His skin was too thin, it couldn't hold anymore. Three, four. He was in the lobby and blocking the door, all eyes were on him. Five, six. He started to ease his bloated middle in through the door. The lobby quickly vacated as other tenants ran for the stairwells and elevators. Raggon grunted at their cowardice. He backed up a few steps more.

It was too much, and too late. Raggon's eyes went wide, feeling it just before it happened. His skin failed to contain the pressure, and all at once, the blimp of a Buziel blasted to pieces. A gust of air cleared the street in front of the building of cars and people, and shook

every window. The decor in the lobby was blasted against the walls. Scraps of fur rained down in an almost cartoon-like fashion, being all that was left of Raggon. In the doorway to the lobby sat the shoes, worn, but intact, unlike their owner.