

Button Nose

by Holo

Kit ran a finger gently, very gently over the black button nose that was affixed to the end of his snout. The sentient plush fox had always admired his ability to puff up with air by giving it a firm press, but he always used this ability sparingly, not wanting to accidentally rip himself apart at the seams. Unfortunately for Kit, the button hissed air into him no matter who pressed it, and he was becoming concerned that someone might accidentally set him over his limit someday. With that in mind, Kit decided it would be best to discover his limits on his own terms, in the comfort of his own home.

He had asked some friend to help him move the furniture in his living room, and he and they spent the morning rearranging it all. The furniture had all been moved up against the walls, and the more expensive fixtures, like his television, had been moved to other rooms entirely. With the area clear, he got to work, pressing a plush finger against his firm, cool nose. It was a gentle press, one that barely pushed the button into his face. His stomach grew a few inches, puffing up with air that was somehow siphoned into his body and kept there. He dropped his hands to his middle and gave it a poke. He could hear the almost inaudible crinkle of cotton fibers under his hands. His fabric belly was still plenty soft and stretchy, and besides, he had been larger than this before.

He gave his nose another push, more firm this time, adding on a couple feet instead of scant inches. He spread his feet apart to better balance himself and gave the side of his gut a slap. His hand just sunk in. Cotton wasn't great at wobbling. His other hand pressed his nose again, and this time he could feel his fabric belly stretching under his hand. It was odd to feel his own body expanding and shifting like that, but pleasant too. Excited to really start testing his limits, he held his nose button down, resulting in a slow but steady gain.

He shook from side to side, feeling the way all that extra air shifted around inside his now round belly. His gut carried more momentum with it as it grew, until Kit caught himself having to stumble a few steps side to side to keep from falling over. He let go of his nose and grabbed his sides to stop his middle from swinging so he could regain his balance. His stomach was swollen out into a sphere below him, ballooned out in equal measure to his front and back. This forced him to balance precariously on his legs, which were becoming quickly insufficient to balance such a round mass.

His gut was white across the front, with a soft fade to gray at the sides. His red shirt had ridden up his belly, to his chest, but it hung loose there; the air was only filling his stomach, leaving the rest of him slim and trim. His shape wasn't quite round either. Now that he had added several feet to his size, it was clear that the plush fox's shape leaned toward the oblong, stretching more to the sides than it did vertically. It gave his gut the distinct look of a watermelon, wrapped in white and gray fabric.

Despite its lightness, the sheer size of it was becoming cumbersome. Kit carefully walked himself into the center of the room, where he wagered he would have the most space to expand to all sides. It was hard not to just fall as his knees bent and suddenly shifted his mass downwards, but he managed to lower himself slowly to the carpeted floor. He got settled, comfortable with the soft rug under his rear.

Now content, and in a better location in the room, the fox plus hit his nose again, giving it a good slap. His gut expanded with an audible fwoomp sound, several feet adding to his middle. This was about as big as he had even been, perhaps a bit smaller. The real test was about to begin. He gave his nose another press, holding it again so that he would fill at a steady, controlled weight. His free hand squeezed and poked at his sides, testing the tightness of his fabric skin as he filled with a steady, gaseous hissing. He was surprised at himself, as inches added on, and inches turned to feet. He wasn't feeling full at all! He took his hand off his nose, gave it a preparatory wiggle, and then hit it again, hard.

Kit yelped as his body sucked in several more feet of air. The room wasn't too tight yet, but neither was he, and he briefly worried that he might have to stop short if he could, indeed, grow bigger than his living room allowed.

He kept going anyways. If he filled the room first, then he would at least know his limit was huge. If he found his limit first, then he'd know his limit. He gave his nose another hit, and another. He bloated out in sudden surges, until his gut spread out in front of him like the curve of the earth, to the horizon of the wall beyond. His middle groaned with the rush of expansion, trying to keep up with the stretching. A slow creak sang out from his stitching, but settled to silence after a few moments. His upper body had also been lifted with the expansion, and he could feel his hair brushing the ceiling.

The plush's living room was spacious, though now it was looking pretty small, with it nearly filled with his air-filled belly. He was starting to feel the strain now, but it wasn't quite bad enough yet. One more push... The air made his seams groan, pulling on them until they were visible across his stretched-out gut. Those threads creaked, trembling as he finally laid off of his snout. His living room was filled, his middle pressed against all four walls. His gut stuck out in front of him, and his sides had expanded out to a few yards in width. His back was swollen out behind him as well, bumping against another wall. His head was pressed against the ceiling as as his middle piled up under him, swollen dangerously close to his trigger-button nose.

The advantage to filling in his living room, was that he now knew exactly how big he was. Filling the room from end-to-end meant that his gut was forty feet at its largest point, which was across his immense gut, from left to right. He was anxious about having gotten so big. He could feel the stitching in his body tugging against his fabric, trying to hold him together despite the great stretch and pressure. He was more balloon than plush now, his body mass made up mostly from the air in his gut, than the stuffing in his limbs.

He pushed the swell of his gut down, away from his face with his hands, and held it at bay to try and relax. He was astonished at his own size, never dreaming that he'd be able to get this big. He looked around grinning at how he filled the room from wall to wall. He reached up to his nose and felt around it a bit, being careful not to push it in. All he had to do was remove it to deflate, and he'd be good to go.

There was a sudden crash, a shattering of glass, as a baseball sailed through Kit's living room window and collided with his stomach. He grunted and shouted, startled, and took his hand off of his stomach. His gut bounced back into shape and smothered his face, pressing in against his nose. He tried to correct the situation, but the air that had funneled in had pushed him over the edge. He could no longer push away his own mass as it crowded into the room, keeping his snout button pressed down.

He felt a growing tension on his seams, a tension that grew with every second. His expansion became faster the bigger he got, his belly putting more and more pressure against his face. His body groaned, and his limbs flailed, his legs kicking below and his arms fruitlessly trying to punch his stomach away. Small pops filled his ears as the threads of his seams began to snap apart, erratically, all across his body. He could feel the air funneling in, faster than it was escaping through the splitting seams. His fabric pulled and tore, his seams showed all across his stomach, until!

A loud bang resounded out from his house, loud enough for the neighbors to hear. Stuffing was blasted across the living room, scattered to the corners by the accompanying gust of wind. Kit sat on the couch, bracing himself still, eyes slowly opening to survey the damage. He grimaced a bit at the mess, then looked down at his body. The stitching across his middle had blown out, leaving his stomach open. Inside, he looked just like any normal plush toy, sans the missing stuffing. He grumbled and got up, starting to collect the stray stuffing so that he could refill himself, and stitch himself back together. He stuffed it back inside of him, trying to hold it in place with one hand as the other picked it all up. As he did so he stumbled across the culprit to his explosion; a baseball amid some shards of glass. He picked up up and scowled at it, before tossing it over his back to worry about later. He did wonder where the thing had come from though.

Outside his house, just out of view, were two neighborhood kids with a baseball bat and catchers mitt. They stared in horror through the broken window, the sound of the explosion still echoing in their ears as they wondered what exactly their ball had hit.