

Fatal Fizz
by Holo

Nixx was anxious. The fluffy dragon was dressed in freshly-pressed dress pants and a button-up shirt that was a size too small. His fur was the colors of fallen leaves- deep orange and and earthy brown- and tufts of it bulged out of his outfit. He felt out of place as he stood just outside one of the nicest restaurants in the city, the kind that you needed a reservation to get into. He didn't have one, but that didn't matter. He was meeting someone here.

A black and silver limo pulled up in front of the restaurant, and a butler stepped out of the driver's seat and walked around to the rear passenger door. He pulled it open, and a cold mist spilled out of the door and floated along the ground to collect around Nixx's feet. He was grateful that his fluff shielded him from the chill, but it couldn't protect him from the icy stare of the man who stepped out of the vehicle.

Angelus A. Glace stood over six feet tall, making him easily a head taller than Nixx. The arctic fox was dressed in what was clearly a personally-tailored suit and jacket, along with slim pants. He would have looked like any other businessman, were it not for the streaks of bright teal-blue that weaved through his black hair. He approached Nixx, looking down his nose at the nervous dragon.

"I thought dragons were supposed to be..." he trailed off and and tilted his head, cocking a brow at Nixx. "... Bigger than this," he finished, keeping that curious look locked on Nixx.

Nixx would have given anything to get Angelus to stop staring. "Eh... C-can't help that!" he managed to stammer out.

"Mm. Suppose not. Come along then, we've got things to discuss." Angelus turned and walked into the restaurant, and beckoned with a finger for Nixx to follow. The place inside was nice. The walls were a soft cream color, and the accents were all a shimmering gold. Famous paintings hung behind glass on the walls. The tables were spread out to give every customer a feeling of privacy and exclusivity. Angelus was already talking to the waiter, and it looked like he had kicked up a fuss, as the manager was also part of the conversation. Nixx hung back and listened.

"I said I want the place cleared. Myself and my guest only. Staff can leave once we're served," Angelus insisted.

"I'm sorry sir, but we can't just do that for anyone and risk losing our current clients. I'm afraid you'll have to leave," the manager insisted.

Angelus' ears twitched, and the hallway grew colder. "Do you know who I am?" the fox asked. His voice grew dark, but remained calm.

The waiter and manager looked at one another. "No sir, we d-"

Angelus grabbed the manager's face, and the man was starting to writhe in the fox's grasp. "I am Angelus Alistair Glace." He jerked his arm and pushed down, and the manager fell to his knees, whimpering. Nixx stared in horror as steam started to hiss out from under Angelus' grasp. This business meeting with Mr. Glace was not looking to be what he had agreed to. "And you should be grateful for the opportunity to clean my scuff marks from your floor, worm." He let go, and the manager collapsed into a heap on the floor, his face half frozen where he had been

gripped. Angelus straightened his tie and scowled at the waiter. "Shall I introduce myself to you as well?"

The waiter shook his head and ran, barking at everyone to leave. Now. Angelus stood in the middle of the hallway and let people pass him on both sides until the place was empty of all but the staff. Nixx swallowed hard and pulled at his collar. He had never met anyone this vicious before, and certainly not anyone who could get away with it.

He suddenly realized Angelus was staring at him, waiting. He took a deep breath, and approached. "S-sorry."

"Don't be. Let's get a table, shall we? Take your pick." Angelus smirked.

Nixx looked around and chose the biggest table he could find, hoping he could sit at the opposite end of it from the fearsome fox. Putting distance between them seemed to be the best short-term plan to avoid those freezing, wrathful claws. Angelus sat first, taking the nearest seat, and Nixx walked all the way around the round table to get to the opposite seat. A terrified waiter crept up once they were settled.

"C-c-can I get you a-anything?" he blubbered, trembling where he stood.

"Bottle of champagne and prime steak tartare for me. You?" he asked, looking to Nixx. Nixx had no idea what anything on the menu was, so he simply looked to the waiter for help. Angelus sighed after a prolonged silence. "Ugh, get him a soda and a steak, please."

Nixx nodded in agreement, and the waiter hurried away. "So uh," Nixx began, not quite able to look Angelus in the eyes. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about? This is a lot of extravagance for something that could have been done over a phone call in a board room..." Nixx dared to point out.

Angelus waved him off. "Can you at least wait to talk business until after dinner? I'm starving."

"Sure." Nixx retracted his question and sat patiently, waiting for food. He was grateful that he didn't have to wait long, likely due to he and Angelus being the only customers now. Angelus was poured a glass of champagne, while Nixx was brought out a jug of soda. The soda wasn't exactly classy, but the crystal pitcher it was brought out in helped make up for it. The food accompanied the drinks, filling the air with an aroma of fine cuts of steak. Nixx's anxiety partially abated, and was replaced with hunger. He picked up his silverware- actual silver- and dug into his meal. Angelus followed, cutting off a small slice of his food and placing it in his mouth.

The steak was great. Nixx couldn't remember having a steak this good before, and it took effort to not dig into it like an animal. After the first few bites, he grabbed the soda jug and chugged half of it down. Angelus smirked.

Nixx banged the jug against the table as he set it back down, making the remaining liquid slosh around. The soda began to fizz, and it quickly worked itself into a froth that exploded out of the top of the pitcher in a sticky-sweet shower. Nixx yelped as the exploding drink startled and sprayed him. "Wh-what? What kind of soda was that?"

"Damn," Angelus muttered as he pushed back from the table and stood up. "I should have guessed an oaf like you wouldn't be gentle with the product. Might have to make it less volatile..." He started to walk around the table to Nixx.

"Product? What are you talking about?" Nixx was about to get up, but Angelus shook his head.

"Careful dear, you don't want to shake your stomach up, unless you want to end up like that pitcher." Angelus jabbed a black-furred finger at the crystal pitcher, which had cracked and fallen apart from the force of the soda explosion. Nixx swallowed and stayed in his seat, and Angelus reached into his coat as he approached. He pulled a bottle of soda from his jacket and set it on the table in front of Nixx. "Drink it."

It was a small bottle, harmless enough Nixx figured. He fumbled with the top but managed to pop it off with his claws, and he drained it on one go. Angelus gave an approving smile. "How was the taste?"

"G-good." Nixx was trying his best not to move.

"Good. You'd like some more, right?" Angelus' smile widened. Nixx could see his teeth.

"Y-yes sir."

"Good. Don't go anywhere." The fox stroked a cool finger along Nixx's tum, over his straining shirt, and then disappeared into the back of the restaurant. Before Nixx could even think about fleeing, Angelus returned with two pitchers of soda, one in each hand. He set them down in front of Nixx expectantly. Nixx sighed, grabbed one, and started drinking. It was a tasty orange soda, something that given any other circumstance, the fluff dragon would have enjoyed. Under these conditions however, he was very anxious to be downing so much volatile soda. He was slow to drink it, not wanting to risk agitating it with heavy swallowing. He was relieved when it finally emptied, and he let the last drops fall into his mouth.

He set this pitcher down carefully before picking up the other. This one was full of a grape soda, and the strong taste washed the orange flavor out of his mouth. He drank this pitcher down too, and could feel his shirt getting tighter across his middle. The buttons dug into his skin, and his eyes gave a nervous glance down at that tight, white shirt.

He finished the pitcher, and it left his buttons straining. He could feel pressure inside his gut too, and before he could stop himself, a strong, gaseous belch escaped his mouth.

Angelus frowned, unamused. "Well, at least it seems to work, and taste good enough. You're looking a bit bloated there."

"It is fizzing up just a little. I swear I can feel the bubbles popping." Nixx said as he tried to smooth his shirt down over the curve of his middle.

"Well what about now?" Angelus lifted a leg, pressed his shoe against Nixx's face, and pushed him out of his chair.

Nixx yelped and toppled to the floor, making his gut slosh. His face went pale as his stomach groaned and rumbled. "What did you-mphhf!"

Angelus grabbed Nixx's mouth and shushed him. The fox's hand was deathly cold, and he ran it along Nixx's mouth, freezing his jaws shut. Nixx squirmed on the floor. He could now definitely feel the soda fizzing in his stomach, and it was growing more intense by the second. His already-strained shirt finally gave up, and the buttons popped off one-by-one, flying across the table. Pressure built up at the back of his throat. Nixx tried to burp, but only managed to bloat his cheeks until they were at their limit. More pressure wanted to escape, but there was nowhere for it to go. His throat swelled up with air, and his stomach ballooned with the rest of the gas that his mouth and throat couldn't hold.

He writhed on the floor and gave Angelus a pleading look, but the fox just pulled up a chair to watch. Nixx was swelling faster the bigger he became, and his struggling was only making matters worse. The lighter fur that covered his stomach was stretching out over his skin, filling out into a sphere that exceeded the reach of his arms. It was getting difficult to see past, and it was already feeling uncomfortably full. There was a constant, unsteady bubbling sound just under the skin, and a distant hissing of flowing air.

Nixx's mind was racing, trying to think of a way out of this, but his thoughts were scrambled as regular shocks of painful cramps shot through his body. His eyes were watering, and he tried to whimper, but his throat was too bloated to make the sound. His breathing started getting shallower as the pressure on his other organs increased. Angelus sighed and looked at his watch as though he was bored.

The furiously fizzing soda drink inside of Nixx's stomach was relentless. Already, his stomach was as big as he was. It flattened his arms and legs to the floor and pushed against his face, creaking. Foam from the bubbles pushed out through his nose and the corners of his mouth, making it even harder to catch his breath. He was less dragon now and more frothing bubble of foam. His fur thinned out as his skin stretched, showing the straining pink flesh underneath. The weakest points were looking ready to burst as angry red stretch marks spread along his stomach from top to bottom.

Nixx felt ready to vomit, but he couldn't so much as belch. His claws scraped the floor, tearing up the carpet, and his muscles strained as his body reached its limits. His back arched, and his eyes were wild. His stomach and innards split inside his body and flooded his body cavity with foam. The feeling of soda bubbling against his other organs was terrible, and he couldn't tell if the wild fluttering of his heart was from the fizzing against it or the nearness to his demise. He gagged one last time.

He felt something like a thousand needles pressing into his middle at once, and he exploded into a shower of fruity fizz. Foam erupted from him like a geyser and filled the restaurant, soaking the walls and splattering them with bits of fur and splatters of bloody organs. Nixx's body was laying on the ground, split open like a melon and mostly dead, sputtering and twitching in his death throes.

Angelus shielded himself from the blast with a wall of ice, which he melted once the foam had settled. He stood up again and smiled down at Nixx's body as it expired on the floor. "Hmm. Good results. Sorry for the mess, Nixx. But I appreciate the help." He sighed, straightened his suit jacket, and picked his way across the slop of Nixx's body to leave the restaurant. He had other business to attend to.