

Cafe Special- Relaxation Gone Wrong
by Holo

Nyx stepped through the front door with a heavy, exhausted sigh. It had been a long day at work, and the burly mauve-and-white skunk was exhausted. They shut the door behind them, carrying a package in a cardboard box under their arm. Their package arriving was something to look forward to after the day they had had. The big skunk set the box down on the coffee table in the living room before making themselves comfortable.

They pulled off their shirt, and undid their pants, and a wave of trapped heat and musk escaped from their clothes and washed over their face. They “oof’d” as they breathed in their own strong and hot scent, eyes blinking as the smell rushed to their brain. They huffed and shook their head to regain their wits, and finished undressing until they were standing, nude, in their living room. Perfect.

They grabbed the box from the table in front of them and opened it with a claw, and pulled out an all-metal, hand-operated air pump, and a length of shiny, black hose. They grinned and hastily attached the hose to the outlet of the pump, and with a little grunting and wiggling, managed to get the other end of the hose wedged between their plump rump cheeks. They took a slow, calming breath, and began to work the pump.

They pressed down on the handle, and could feel the cool air rush up into their body. It bubbled up through their guts, working its way to their stomach, where it finally settled down. They pulled the handle back up, and it sent another load of air into their body. Dual-action pumps were all the rage, especially for people with Nyx’s capacity. They fell into a steady rhythm, and every pump seemed easier than the last, even as the pressure in their body slowly rose.

They leaned to one side and pinned the base of the pump under their thigh so that they could pump with one hand, while the other explored the expanding mass of their white stomach. They could feel it creeping larger, steadily. Their skin stretched under their paw pads, and they made their skin tingle by running their claws over the surface of it. Their fur thinned out little by little, showing off the soft skin underneath.

Their stomach ballooned out to their knees, and they tried their best to grab at their navel, but it had fallen out of their reach. They let out a heavy huff and spread their legs, really starting to enjoy the session now. The air was spreading out from their middle, making the rest of their body puffy too. Their thighs and arms had thickened with air, and their chest and cheeks were puffed up. Their tail especially, had started to take on quite a bit of the gas that was bubbling through their insides. Their fingers were having trouble keeping a grip on the pump handle.

Finally, they stopped. Their arm had grown tired, and their body was comfortably stretched and pressurized. They leaned back against their own bloated tail and reclined with their arms behind their back. Their ears twitched at the sound of a rhythmic hissing of air, though. They looked around, only to notice that it was getting harder to do so as their neck puffed up around their head. Nyx began to worry, and they glanced down at the pump wedged under their bum. The handle of the pump was still going on its own.

They yelped with panic and grabbed it, but they couldn't hold the handle in place. It was stronger than they were. They tried to grab at the hose next, but with how puffy they were, he couldn't reach any of it; it was all buried somewhere under their ballooned bum. They grit their teeth and whined, helpless as the pump pushed more and more air into their body.

The skunk started to lose their shape as the air filled them out. Their body was rounding into a gaseous sphere, like a balloon with crudely-attached limbs. Each pump of air made their arms and legs thicker, and less distinct from the ball that their stomach and chest had become. Their living room was getting smaller as well, or so it seemed as their body hit both the far and rear walls, and their head neared the ceiling.

The expanding balloon animal's skin was starting to creak from the pressure. The air inside them was desperate to find any space their body had left, forcing their fingers and toes to inflate to uselessness. Their limbs were reduced to inner tubes attached to their body, and their head was sunk up to their lower jaw and squeezed between puffy cheeks. All they could do now was teeter helplessly from side to side as the relentless pump pumped on. Their eyes went wide as the pressure climbed higher and higher, making their skin whine and shine as it was pulled taut. They were trembling, rumbling with the pressure. Every inch of them was tight, tense, ready to explode if he even breathed too deeply.

The pump kept going, and it pushed Nyx over the edge. The big skunk exploded into a firework of fur scraps, blasting their body to the edges of the room. Mauve and white fur covered the walls and ceiling and floor, and all of their furniture had had pushed away by the force of the blast. As the last shreds of Nyx's body settled to the floor, the pump finally stopped.