

Bloat, Belch, Blob
By Angelus

Aros grinned to himself as he hastily mixed an assortment of chemicals together in a boiling beaker that was suspended over the flame of a bunsen burner. The liquid bubbled, and it changed color with every flask of liquid that he added to it. Colorful fumes swirled out of the container and into the air, and the beaker was nearly boiling over by the time the Flygon added the last ingredient and turned off the flame.

With a shrug, he dropped a handful of ice cubes into the glass to cool it down. They melted quickly, but cooled the liquid just enough for the dragon type pokemon to down it. His skilled throat swallowed all several ounces of liquid in one go, like a vodka shot. He could feel the heat of it move down his throat before finally landing in his belly, warming him from the core. He shivered with delight as the tingling warmth spread to his fingers and toes.

"Alright, let's see what this uhhrrp does! Oh, that's fast." he remarked as a belch escaped his mouth less than a minute after drinking the concoction. "Oohf!" He grunted as his stomach churned violently enough to make him stumble. His green gut shook visibly, and moments later began to bloat with a sound like a hiss of gas filling a balloon. He grabbed at his sides as they ballooned, and he squirmed as he felt his body pressurizing at an alarming rate. "Real fast! Hrk!" To try and relieve the pressure, Aros tried his best to belch... to no avail.

Try as he might, Aros couldn't expel the wind building in his belly, and his sides swelled out of reach as his stomach pushed up against his chest, and then his muzzle. His swollen form started to creak like rubber as his flesh distended, growing a bit shiny as it was pulled into a taut blimp in front of him. It spread to his sides, beyond the reach of his arms, and rose over his head. He muttered to himself about being lucky he had a big lab. This size was no problem for him, but he was in a particular mood to NOT destroy his workplace today.

With a low, pressurized rumble, the gaseous expansion of his stomach slowed to a stop. "Huh." He drummed his fingers along the wall of stomach that spread before him, listening to the echoes of those taps through his hollow hide.

His idle amusement was interrupted by another rumble, and he could feel the familiar rise of pressure up his throat that signaled a belch. He grinned, dug his heels in, and got ready. The "BHHUURRAAPP!" that loosed from his jaws was explosive, and it was followed without pause by another "UhhUURRrRAP!" The overhead lighting flickered from the force of so much air escaping at once. Aros slapped his sides with both hands, forcing out another tremendous belch that sent ripples across his stomach as he belched at the mound of belly in front of him.

"Much better, but lots to go! Hmm..." He noticed that while the pressure had decreased, his size hadn't. Curious, he patted and squeezed at his body. There was definitely a huge blimp of air still in there, but above that was an obviously thick layer of fat; more than Aros normally had on him. "Oh man, no way..." His grin turned to a sneer, and he squeezed his stomach HARD, forcing an almost wall-shattering BHUOORRAARRAP! out of his throat, significantly deflating himself. He slapped his stomach again, and this time there was no question: Every square inch of gas he expelled was replaced with an equal amount of fat. His size remained the same, but his weight was skyrocketing as air was filled in with fat!

Aros thought to belch out the rest of the air, but before he let even a single urp slip out, he changed his mind. He hoisted his body so he could reach his work desk with one arm, and began mixing up another batch of the stuff. He needed MORE, but even more important, he needed to find out what would happen if he belched this potent, strange gas into someone else~