

Mentos Roulette

By Angelus

The players were seated and the table was set. All three of them had a few two liter bottles of cola set in front of them, and in the middle of the table was a tube of Mentos, unsealed. Raggon spoke up first as he grabbed a cola bottle and twisted the cap off, letting a small hiss of carbonation escape. "Well, let's get going! Waiting isn't gonna make winning more likely for any of us." The Buizel lifted the soda bottle to his mouth and started chugging it down, swelling his small stomach with every gulp.

"He's got a point." Jags grabbed a bottle and practically tore the cap off with his strength. The green maescrian was the biggest guy in the room by far, but that wouldn't save him from a stroke of bad luck in this game. The bottle of soda hardly made a dent in the roundness of his middle.

"Bottoms up!" Anthony was a Floatzel, and he looked (and vaguely smelled like) a rootbeer float. His twin tails were much puffier than Raggon's, and he was significantly taller too, though he was still dwarfed by Jags' mass. His already rounded middle bloated out further as he guzzled the soda down into his guts.

They each let out a burp in turn as they finished off their respective bottles. They set the empty plastic jugs on the floor beside their chairs, and grabbed another bottle each. Raggon grabbed one, having already bloated considerably from the first. Jags and Anthony grabbed two each to offset their size difference from the Buizel. The quiet room was filled with the sounds of chugging as they all downed their soda loads as fast as they could. Raggon's gut doubled in size, swelling until he had difficulty moving without upsetting the carbonated drink sitting in his stomach.

Jags and Anthony both drank enough to swell out a bit themselves. Anthony's cola-colored middle sagged out onto his lap as is sloshed with the incoming soda. He tried to steady his tails to keep from shaking his body too much before things really got started. Jags' gut already filled his lap from the moment he sat down, but with as much soda as he put away, it rounded the usual weighty sag of his middle with a bubbling bloat.

Once they were filled, they all eyed the tube of Mentos sitting in the middle of the table.

"So, everyone remembers how this goes down, right?" Raggon asked. "We each take turns passing the tube around and popping one Mentos per pass. There's six in that tube, but only one is real. The rest are imitations that won't react with the soda." He paused. Jags and Anthony nodded in understanding. "If you get the real Mentos, you WILL explode. The two who remain split the pot. Speaking of... Pay up!"

All three of them dropped money into a bowl on the table, a hundred bucks each. The winners would take home a respectable fifty bucks in profit. Once everyone had paid, a lid was fastened to the top of the bowl to make sure their money wouldn't be blown across the room when one of them popped.

"So, who goes first?" Anthony asked.

"We roll for it. Lower number goes first." Raggon explained as he passed six-sided dice to Jags and Anthony. They all picked up their dice and tossed them onto the table. Anthony rolled lowest, with a one. Jags was next, with a four, and Raggon rolled highest, with a six.

"Well, you're first Anthony." Raggon picked up the Mentos tube and flicked it to Anthony, who barely caught it.

"Good! I've got the best odds," the root beer Floatzel said as he flipped the top open and shook the top mint out into his hand.

"Yeah, unless the first one is the real one," Jags snorted, leaning in.

"Sh-shush, you." Anthony closed his eyes and tossed the mint into his mouth, swallowing it whole. There was a tense silence in the room as all three of them waited to see if there was any reaction. After almost a minute in silence, Anthony sighed with relief. "Well, it would have kicked in by now. Told you going first is best!" he sneered as he passed the tube to Jags. "Your turn!"

"Keep talking and you might eat those words you know!" Jags said as he plopped a mint into his hand. It looked tiny in his huge palm, and he wondered if he might actually be safe from bursting even if he did get the real one. He shrugged and swallowed it, and looked down to watch his stomach. All eyes were on him, but after several seconds, it was clear that Jags was in the clear as well. "Huh! Sweet." He smirked and passed the tube to Raggon. The odds were now down to one in four.

"Dang, I was really hoping I'd get to see one of you blimping up by now!" Raggon said as he shook a mint from the tube with anxious hands. He took a calming breath, and then swallowed that mint down into his already soda-stretched middle. He counted the seconds in his head, waiting to feel that familiar fizzing in his stomach... but it didn't happen. He sighed with relief and started to chuckle. "Hah! Lucky me, right? Your turn again, Anthony."

"M-me again? Shouldn't we roll for turns again?" Anthony tried as Raggon shoved the mints at him.

"No way! We already have an order, and it's your turn again," Jags said as he looked at Anthony, waiting for the Floatzel to take his turn.

"Fine," Anthony grumbled. He took his mint and swallowed it, and waited. A few seconds passed, when suddenly Anthony made a gagging sound, and soda foam spewed from his nose. "C-crap! No!" His stomach gave an ominous gurgle, and it began to blow out like a big chocolate-colored balloon.

"Hah! Told you you were gonna eat your words!" Jags said, laughing at the swelling Floatzel.

"Nice! Looks like Buizel beats Floatzel again!" Raggon said as he gave Anthony's gut a slap to agitate it more.

Anthony's twin tails bloated with more air than they usually held, turning them rounder. The "life vest" that Floatzels had puffed up along the length of his body, immobilizing his arms as it bloated under his arms. It pushed on the back of his head, forcing his face against his growing sphere of a gut. The strap of the pendant he wore vanished between a pair of bloated neck tires, and his legs stuck straight out from his body as his stubby limbs were sucked into the blimp of his body.

He knew there was no point asking for help, but he wished that Jags and Raggon hadn't lifted him out of his chair to shake him around more. The rough housing stirred up the soda more, and he grew with a throbbing surge that puffed his mouth shut. "Mrrrp-phh!" he protested as he was bounced off the floor and against the wall. His tails had become a pair of spheres

almost as big as his body, each. His limbs were sinking into the tightening, creaking sphere of his body. He was bigger than Jags now, not that Anthony took pride in that in his current state. He could feel the bubbling pressure ticking his insides as he reached his limit. He squeezed his eyes shut, straining to hold together.

It was useless. His internal pressure rose WAY above what his body could take, and the Floatzel exploded into a spray of foam and cola. The dice were blown off the table, and Raggon's chair was knocked over, taking him with it. Jags was heavy enough to keep his ground, and his dice bounced off his middle as it was flung from the table. Anthony's pendant clattered to the floor.

Raggon got to his feet, chuckling, even as his stomach bloated up a bit from the soda in his belly being shaken. Jags rolled his eyes and wiped some soda from his face. "Well, that was fun!" Raggon said as he clambered to the top of the table and removed the lid from the pot. He took his half, and handed Jags his half. "Nice score this week, too."

"Hell yeah, I'm taking this to the buffet tonight." Jags said as he counted his winnings and pocketed them.

"Yeah, I bet," Raggon teased as he ribbed Jag's heavy gut.

Jags swung his weight toward Raggon, nearly knocking the Buizel over again. "Hush, mini blimp. Same time next week?"

Raggon grunted from the impact, and there was a bubbling hiss as the last of the carbonation in his soda gut was shaken out, stretching him until he could barely bounce forward on his bloated toes. "Erk! Yeah, Anthony said he'd be in again win or lose, so same time next week for sure! Oohf, so full..." Raggon opened the door leading out of the room, and held it open for Jags to squeeze through, while doing his best to keep his blimped gut out of the way. Jags nodded his thanks, and then he and Raggon split off, Raggon headed home to deflate, and Jags for the buffet.