

Experimental Explosives

By Angelus

Ryth couldn't help but admire the blast-proof testing chamber that Nitride had commissioned to be built. The structure was a large metal dome, with sound dampening material between the inner and outer layers of metal. It was connected to a small lab, which in turn was connected to Nitride's home inside the Clockworks.

Ryth was here to help Nitride with a promising new experiment that was exactly up Ryth's alley. Nitride had told him about a literal "calorie bomb" he was developing, that should make anyone caught in the blast gain considerable weight, without otherwise harming them. Ryth's tan potbelly was proof enough that he was ready to get fattened up. That gut bulged out from under a dark-colored, hooded vest that was intentionally designed to show off Ryth's fat middle.

Nitride was lifting a hose out of a port in the floor. Nitride was tiny even by gremlin standards, standing at a whole half foot shorter than the four-foot-tall Ryth. He hauled the length of hose over his shoulder and pulled it around and behind Ryth. He tapped the end of Ryth's tail with his foot. "Open, reh."

Ryth did so, making his innocuous-looking tail open at the tip to reveal a fleshy, purple maw with no teeth. Nitride stuck the hose he was holding into that maw, and it clamped around the hose on instinct.

"Good. If your gremtail spits that out and wastes my product, I will throw you into a garbage chute, reh." Nitride said as he walked towards a line of control panels set against one side of the domed chamber.

Ryth knew Nitride well enough to know that the smaller gremlin was serious. "Don't worry, I can control it!"

Ryth's response didn't really matter, Nitride was hardly listening. He flicked a switch on his console, then turned a dial and pressed a button. There was a distant rumble, and the hose shuddered, sending a tremor up Ryth's tail that made him wiggle where he stood. Moments later, he could feel his tail bulge as it was pumped with a thick mix of tasteless slime.

The viscous liquid bubbled up into his guts through his tail, pushing air out of his mouth in a rumbling "bhuurrrpp!" He could feel the weight of the experimental blast slime pulling his body forward and his belly down. With a huff, Ryth crouched so that his stomach met the floor sooner. He felt his skin stretching, mostly around the lower portion of his belly as the slime gravitated to the floor. "This stuff is -huurrapp- dense!" he belched at Nitride.

"Well reh, obviously, something with a high yield naturally will be, until I find a way to reduce its density for transport, reh!" Nitride explained. He was busy looking at some readouts on a screen that Ryth couldn't be bothered to make sense of. He was more focused on the feeling of his top being pushed up by his stomach as the waistband of his leggings was tested by the weighty curve of his gut.

"Phew, bhuurrap! How much of this were you planning to test?" Ryth asked as his heavy stomach swelled out enough in front of him that he could lean into it. The pressure on his knees and ankles lessened, and he felt his stomach press out as the weight of the rest of his

body fell against the load of slime in his gut. He scratched at his sides with his little claws, enjoying how it felt against his stretching flesh.

"All of it, reh. If the batch is a success I will make more. If it is not, I do not need to save it, reh reh."

"How much is all of it?" Ryth's stomach was big enough that he could stand up straight again. The weight of it was spread over the ground, no longer putting strain on his legs or back. Even leaning against it he was mostly upright. He could feel the decorative band around his tail getting tighter as his tail bulged with all it was swallowing down. His rump was filling out his pants, popping a few seams at the back.

Nitride shrugged. "Some amount more than what you've thus consumed, reh."

"N-no kidding huh..." Ryth muttered as his stomach burred loudly, and another belch burst from his jaws. "Bhuuoorpp! Well good! You know I wouldn't want anything -huurrapp-less!" His stomach was rising to the point that it was blocking his view. He pressed it down with his ams, but it continued to swell up before him.

"Reh-hehe, that's why you're helping! I know you'll love the results, reh!" Nitride stepped away from his results panel and approached Ryth's growing belly. The shorter Nitride couldn't see Ryth's face past the curve of his gut. He started to poke and squeeze at Ryth's middle, jostling it around and feeling the viscosity of the explosive slime inside.

Ryth hiccupped from being shaken around at this size. His stomach was taller than he was now, blocking the whole of his forward vision. The heavy slime inside was spreading out wide to his sides, like a flattened bean bag chair the size of a small bedroom. He could feel the weight rooting him to the ground and pressing on the bottom of his stomach, flattening it against the cold metal floor of Nitride's lab.

Nitride cackled, and he leaned back against Ryth's swelling stomach. He spread his arms out as though trying to hold back the encroaching swell of gremlin stomach, but he really just wanted to feel as much of it against himself as possible. "Reh-hehe! You blow up well, grembloat! I knew you were the right grunt for the job!" He slapped his hands against Ryth's stomach, feeling just how much weight was pushing out against him.

"Oohf! I'm not a grunt, I'm a scout!" Ryth insisted as Nitride slapped his stomach.

"Not when I'm through you, reh-heheh!"

Those hose in Ryth's tailmaw shuddered, and he felt the flow of slime slow dramatically. There was a distant sputtering of the pumps as the tanks they were drawing from ran empty. His tailmaw slimmed as it was no longer being pumped, and it let go of the hose once he heard the pumps cease completely. "I think it's empty!" Ryth shouted over his gurgling stomach.

"It is!" Nitride sounded proud. "Well done! Now for the next step!"

"What's the next step anyways?"

"Reh-heheh! This!" Nitride pulled his arm back, and then punched Ryth right in the stomach.

The sudden strike cause a reaction in the slime Ryth had filled up with. There was a sound like a muffled explosion from inside his stomach, and his form bloated out for a moment as though containing a blast. When the bloat from the dull blast receded, all of the mass in Ryth's gut had dramatically redistributed. Ryth himself was dazed and struggling to get his bearings from the sudden reaction.

His clothes had all blown off. His top had burst off of his chest, and the band around his tail popped like a cheap belt. His rump exploded the rear of his pants, and his thighs swelled out from the legs, tearing every seam wide open. Ryth could feel his body, now a blob of blubber, wobbling across the test chamber floor and slapping against itself. His rolls gradually steadied, and he looked over himself as much as he could, noting that his cheeks were pressing against his goggles and blocking his peripheral vision. His arms were so heavy they were difficult to move, but he was grateful that they were resting on top of ballooned side rolls.

His ass had hit the floor, and the size of it was the only thing keeping his thickened tail from reaching the floor as well, as it was draped over the curved mounds of his rump cheeks. His stomach was still spread over the floor, but it was more rounded than before, as his fat was less dense than the slime he was filled with. He took up several more square feet, and felt like he was floating on a pile of waterbeds that had been pressed up against him from all sides. He wiggled his wingers and grinned, letting his body settle into all that bulk. "Ooohh, now THIS is good stuff!"

"Glad you approve, I had a feeling you would, reh~" Nitride squeezed at Ryth's love handles as he spoke; it was about all the diminutive gremin could reach of his blobbed out companion. "Thank you for your assistance! The weight is yours to keep of course, reh!"

Ryth had assumed that, but was glad to hear it. The feeling of the weight was so comfy and cozy, and he could lean back and forward and side to side and feel like he was leaning on a pile of thick, heated pillows. Ryth let his face sink into his cheeks, and he purred with delight, just relaxing and drinking in every wobble and slosh of his fat body. Nitride sure did know how to craft a satisfying calorie bomb.