

New Year Bird Bomb
By Angelus

Vinnie was the star of the New Years party, whether he liked it or not! The hefty crow had his beak and butt filled with rubber hoses that had been pumping lard into him all night. The usually hefty crow was now overblown with fat, looking more like a swollen parade balloon than a bird. His stomach made up most of his mass, as his guts were packed from ends to end with thick, calorie-laden lard. His body had readily absorbed a lot of it over the past couple of hours, making his limbs uselessly heavy, and his leaving his face sunken into neck rolls while his cheeks swallowed his beak.

The New Years Countdown was getting down to the last couple of minutes, and Vinnie was also reaching his physical limits. His body was creaking and groaning, and his taut flesh was rumbling from the pressure underneath. His feathers were spread far apart on that huge gut, letting a lot of the flesh underneath show through. The area around his navel was blushing red with pressure, and it was sensitive and sore to the touch.

Still, no one cared to stop the pumps, and the partiers all kept complimenting his looks and size while rubbing his middle.

“Looking good Vinnie!”

“You’re gonna make a great bang when the ball drops!”

“Hell of a way to ring in the new year, right lardass?”

Vinnie couldn’t help but blush from the attention. Even with his demise clearly imminent, he loved people complimenting him, and feeling their eager hands grab at his taut gut and fat ass. He even loved feeling so painfully full, so stuffed with fat, getting fatter and fuller by the second.

A minute to midnight, and his insides let out a concerning gurgle as they reached their capacity. He was stuffed from esophagus to intestines with lard. His whole digestive tract bulged like so many balloons inside his body. He could barely breathe from the pressure inside his body. The hoses bulged as the pumps struggled to keep pumping.

Thirty seconds. Lard started to ooze from the corners of Vinnie’s beak, but the bird blimp could only think about how that was a total waste of calories. Everyone at the party gathered around him, more eyes and hands were on his form, encouraging him to hold out just a little longer, it was ALMOST midnight! His ass was slapped, his gut was rubbed, people poured drinks into his rolls as tribute to the friend who was about to blow.

Ten! Vinnie swore he could feel lard pouring into his limbs now that his guts were full.

Nine! His thoughts started to swirl as he slowly lost awareness of his surroundings. Still, he tried to gurgle a gleeful chirp.

Eight! Another ominous rumble from the bird’s belly. Vinnie was filling up half the living room, and the trembling of his high-pressure paunch shook the house, which made everyone cheer.

Seven! The pumps were chugging, and the hoses were obscenely bulged. Vinne thought his beak might break before he burst thanks to how fat the hose had stretched from the pressure.

Six! His feathers were spread so far apart it was hard to tell he was still a bird anymore! People began to pluck those sparse feathers from his body as keepsakes for the new year. Vinnie wouldn't need them anymore, after all!

Five! Vinnie stopped growing. There was no room left, but the pressure kept rising.

Four! He couldn't even wiggle his toes anymore.

Three! He could barely hear the countdown over the straining of his own hide!

Two! He could feel the first seams of his skin popping.

One! A final gurgle and tremor, before...

HAPPY NEW YEAR! And Vinnie exploded with enough force to blow out the back wall of the house. His remaining feathers were blown across the room, which was now drenched in the gobs of lard that had filled his body. It was a New Year's party that would not soon be forgotten.