

Swimsuit Stress-Test
By Angelus

Ding-dong!

Adam's ears perked at the sound of his doorbell. The anteater hadn't been expecting anyone to come by, but he turned down the volume on his TV and got up from the couch anyway. His shirt rode up his chubby stomach as he stood, letting his white-furred belly peek out from under it. He grumbled something about a "cowdog" and tried in vain to tug it down over the generous curve of his belly. The waistband of his sweatpants was nearly maxed out as well, and his rump and thighs filled out the stretchy fabric.

Ding-dong!

With a resigned sigh, he gave up on his shirt and walked to the door as it rang again. He peeked through the peephole in the door, and was greeted by the sight of a familiar valley of fluffy white cleavage. He pulled back from the peephole with a mix of emotions and a confused blush. He'd recognize that cleavage anywhere.

He tried once again to tug down his shirt and straighten his outfit before unlocking and opening the door, grinning at his guest from the end of his exceptionally long and thin snout. "Marigold, how nice of you to drop by! You're looking very, uh—"

His visitor was a friend, a half-cow half-dog gal with short horns on her head and a huge udder hanging between her legs. In typical fashion for her, she was wearing a top (that barely fit) and no bottoms, showing off the brown and grey patterns that curved through her white fur. She was standing on his front porch with her arms crossed under her chest, making her arms disappear under her head-dwarfing rack.

"Very bloated? Yeah, from when you inflated me that last time, that's why I'm here." Marigold stepped over the threshold, her hooves clicking against the hardwood floor. "I was hoping to borrow one of Ada's swimsuits, you know, the ones she uses when she blows up?"

"Oh, uh, I guess? She should be home later this evening, but you can hang out until she gets back," Adam said as Marigold closed the door behind her.

"Thanks! Looks like *you* haven't worked off the effects of our last meetup either though~" she teased as she prodded his exposed belly.

"Gah!" Adam recoiled from her prod and scowled while covering his midsection with his huge, clawed hands. "Working off all of this weight is a LOT more work than just waiting to deflate you know! How is your milk even that fattening?"

"Oh, you know, cowdog genes!" Marigold gave a coy answer from behind a bright smile.

Adam was momentarily disarmed by the idol-like quality of her smile. "That makes sense... W-wait, no it doesn't!" He huffed and scowled, knowing that he wasn't going to get a straight answer out of her.

"So, Ada isn't home huh? Darn, I wasn't planning on waiting here all day for her..." Marigold tapped her hoof on the floor and hummed in thought. "Hm... Actually... I have a better plan!" She stepped toward Adam and grabbed him by the shoulders, spinning him so his back was facing her.

"Bwuh?!" Adam spun on one foot and was grabbed in a vice. Marigold hugged him tight against her, pressing his head between her bloated boobs as her udder bounced against his

legs. "You're squeezing... Kinda tight...!" Adam gasped as he felt himself flattening against the cowdog's front, literally.

"I know~" She teased as she leaned forward, putting more pressure on him. "Good thing you put on a little weight, I need a lot of extra material for coverage nowadays." She squeezed tighter, forcing the air out of the anteater.

Adam tried to get free, wiggling side to side and straining his arms to slip his large-clawed hands free of Marigold's arms. His upper body was flattening in her grip, reducing his strength as he was cartoonishly squashed flatter and wider.

She let him go, and he stumbled away, his body folding over itself like a piece of paper. His body was normal from the neck up and the waist down, but his torso and arms were flat as paper and squashed out wide from the redistribution of his mass.

"What are you doing..!" Adam gasped as he tried to waddle away. His head was hanging between his legs, and he tipped forward and folded himself in half, unable to get up.

"Getting that outfit I wanted!" Marigold took a step back, sized up the distance between herself and the crumpled anteater, then leaped into the air and grabbed her legs, lifting them as she came down for a landing. She slammed down on Adam with her rear and ballooned udder, making his legs spread flat along the floor as his face was flattened against the hardwood floor. The cowdog wiggled her rump and pressed her udder down with her hands, making sure Adam was getting a thorough flattening under her ass. He let out a few whines as the remaining lumps and bumps were squashed out, leaving him as thin as cotton fabric and as spread out like a living room rug.

"That's a start. How you holding up there big guy?" she asked as she got to her feet, intentionally stomping him with her hooves to keep him rooted to the floor. Her boobs and udder bounced and sloshed with every stomp.

Adam was only able to let out a quiet whine in response.

Marigold ignored his attempt at a protest and worked on peeling him off the floor. She rolled her hands across his flattened legs, rolling him up like the carpet he'd become. His face rolled up from the other side, his expression both worried and exhausted as he was helplessly rolled up and lifted off the floor. Marigold pinched his edges and flicked her wrists, unfurling him so that his back was to her, and his front was facing away.

"Wow, looking good, as raw material goes," she said as she turned him around to get a good look at him. His backside was the flattened out image of his feet, sweatpants, and ass, and the front side was entirely dominated by his face which had stretched out to the size of Marigold's entire torso. His arms and torso were pinned somewhere between the two sides, like an anteater sandwich.

"Alright now, let's see..." Marigold tossed his limp form over her shoulder and removed her top. Her breasts heaved up as she pulled her shirt off, and they bounced back down with a slosh that strained her bra. She threw her shirt onto the couch and unhooked her bra with one hand, then tossed the bra on top of the couch and let her breasts hang freely. They nearly covered her stomach, and had a rather round and perky shape thanks to the air that was still trapped inside of them.

"Let's get you fitted!" She grinned and pulled him off her shoulder and held him to her front, sizing him up. "Hmm, this is going to be a little awkward to do... But there's no harm in it, you're already flat."

Adam looked as nervous as he could in his flattened state. Marigold laid him face-down on the ground, and since his face was flush with the ground, he couldn't see a thing. A moment later, he felt a great, soft weight upon him. Marigold was laying on his back. Her boobs were pressing behind his eyes, her stomach laid behind his snout, and her udder brushed the tip of his long nose.

She grabbed his sides and PULLED. Adam yelped mentally, unable to do so physically. His body was stretched further, pulled around the cowdog's back by her strong arms. She inched her hands down his flat body, pulling and tugging to wrench a couple extra feet of "fabric" out of him on either side. She pulled his shoulders around her own, his chest and stomach were tugged around her back. On instinct he tried to squirm away, but he couldn't move an inch.

"Okay, almost..." Marigold grunted and spoke to herself as she worked. She made sure there was plenty of the anteater pulled across her back before she rolled over and flattened her back against the ground. A shimmer of pink light sparked at the tips of her horns and zipped down her body, fusing the seam of Adam's form along her back and tightening him into a very unique one-piece swimsuit.

She shook off the magical tingle and pushed herself up, standing on her hooves. She tugged on her new outfit to make sure it was properly sealed, and was pleased that it didn't fall off when she gave it a good yank. "Nice! Now let's see how you look!" The excited cow gal trotted over to the bathroom to observe herself in the big bathroom mirror.

"Whoa, you look great, AND you fit!" Marigold giggled as she turned to the side to get a good look at herself. Adam's stretched face covered her front, and it was distorted further by her many ballooned curves. His eyes were facing opposite directions, pushed apart by her immense bust. His nose was stretched long over her belly, and the tip of it curled between her legs, weighed down into a sizeable bulge where it wrapped around the dairy farm she called an udder. "Ugh, I could still use some more support though, and I don't want to wear a bra under a swimsuit..." she muttered with a little frown.

"Nngghhh, ah!" Adam gasped as he managed to wrest himself into a state that could speak. He was still flat, but he could voice his thoughts, the first of which would be a terrible idea. "If you're still too heavy, maybe MORE helium will fix it," he taunted, alluding to the most recent time he inflated her.

"Pfft." Marigold snorted, paused, then hummed in thought. "Hmm, you know what? I DO think that's a good idea. You keep the tanks in your bedroom closet I'm guessing?" She said as she trotted further into the house.

"W-wait. Hold on. I wasn't serious!" He knew that she WAS serious, more likely than not, and he was not fond of the idea of being stretched out even further over ballooning curves. He was already a tight fit!

She ignored him as she walked up the stairs. Her chest and udder bounced with every step, jostling the anteater's vision and tugging on his face. "See what I mean? I'm bouncing all over the place! My udder is gonna stretch you out the way it's hanging so heavily," she said with a grumble as she reached the second floor. Adam was dizzy by this point, from having his line of sight bounce along with Marigold's boobs.

"Now, bedroom... That one right?"

"Don't go in there!" Adam shouted as she pointed at the door.

"Oh yeah, that's yours, thought so." She pushed the door open and squeezed herself inside. Adam's bedroom was fairly standard. A bed, a desk with a computer, a dresser and a nightstand, some posters on the walls and other small decorations. Marigold wasn't interested in any of that; she headed straight for the closet and slid the door open. "Ah-hah!"

The closet contained a half dozen tall metal canisters of compressed helium. The domes of the steel tanks shined under the interior light, and she inspected each of them one by one, checking their pressure gauges to get an idea of how full each one was. All but one was fresh, but there was something more interesting that caught her eye: a sticker at the top of each tank that read "1:1000 Compression Ratio."

"Whoa. You don't skimp on these huh? Even one of these would be way WAY more than I need. ...Good~" She dragged one of the tanks out, and it clanked against the closet door tracks as it hopped them. She set it in the middle of the bedroom and returned to the shallow closet and rummaged around, soon retrieving a length of rubber hose to attach to the nozzle. "Perfect!"

"What are you doing with that? Get a smaller one!" Adam insisted as Marigold stuck the hose onto the tank's nozzle.

"Why would I do that?" She asked, giving the hose a tug to make sure it was secure.

"Y-you only want a little lift, right?" Adam was sounding worried. "THAT tank has enough helium to fill a blimp!"

"That's perfect then!" she replied, sticking the hose in her mouth.

"What?!"

"Yeaahhh, kinda changed my mind once I saw the kinda tanks you had in stock. I think it'd be way more fun to give you a stress test." She pulled the straps of her anteater swimsuit and opened the airflow.

"You'd blow before I do!!" Adam insisted as he heard the hiss of air begin. Marigold's breasts and udder began a slow and steady expansion, filling and stretching him out.

"Y'know, saying something like that just makes me all the more determined~" Marigold said as air hissed out of her mouth with every word. She nudged the valve open wider and was caught off guard by the sudden surge of pressure. The hose bloated from the rush of air, and the end of it was blasted out of her mouth, making her sputter. It flailed around the room like a ballooned snake, and rather than trying to grapple with it, she turned the valve shut and let the hose flop to the floor.

"Damn, that IS strong. I'll have to keep a better hold even if I'm just inching it open." She stooped down and fetched the free end of the hose from the floor.

"You're still gonna use this one?" Adam shouted in disbelief.

Marigold popped the hose into her mouth and bit down on it. "Well yeah, I'll never get big enough to punish you otherwise." She turned the valve open as slowly as possible, and even then, she could feel a surge of pressure as soon as it was cracked open. "Phew..."

"I-it was just a little friendly inflation between friends last time! Surely you can take it easy on me this time!" the anteater outfit shouted.

"Well this is ALSO friendly inflation between friends!" she quipped back with a wag of her tail. Her already ample breasts were pushing up and out, stretching out Adam's forehead and eyes. They lifted as they grew, the helium keeping them light and perky. Her udder ballooned between her legs as well, so she scooted them apart to make more room. It was spilling out of

the sides of the swimsuit and tugging it down as it pushed the fluffy material to make more room for itself.

"Urk, hey! If you keep stretching me like this it'll be permanent!" Adam whined, still helpless to do anything about his situation.

"That should be the least of your worries!" More air hissed out between her teeth as she spoke. "Oop-" She shut her mouth, and her cheeks puffed out from the air flow. Cautiously, she turned the valve a little more. The hose bulged again, but this time she grabbed it with her free hand and was able to hold it steady. She let out a muffled "Mhhrmph!" as the air hit the back of her throat with force and made her stumble back. Her chest and udder surged briefly from the increase in flow before leveling off, growing at an inch a minute.

Adam could feel his face getting stretched out and down thanks to where the air was concentrating in the cowdog's body. His line of sight continued to tilt out to the sides, and his long snout and tiny mouth were stretched toward the ground. His whole body was being tugged on. He felt his neck and back getting pulled across as shoulder straps, and his legs were lengthened, fused to the backside of his snout as they were. "Isn't that, rgghh, enough?" he asked, straining as his flattened body was stretched out.

Marigold shook her head. "Nope! And since you keep complaining, I'm gonna speed things up so I don't have to listen to you for as long!" This time she gave the valve a dangerous quarter turn. "Ghulpf..!"

The pressure surge hit with enough force to make her grunt. She stumbled backward again, barely staying on her feet this time. The hose was bulged out to the point of creaking from the pressure it was delivering, and Marigold's body was struggling to distribute all the helium the way it had been. Her stomach began to inflate now, helping to fill out her swimsuit and stretch Adam further. The bridge of his face, which had so far been left alone, now started to curve as a swell of belly blew up behind it.

Her body was filling up the space in Adam's bedroom. She struggled to keep her balance as she became much larger and incrementally lighter. Her swelling rump and balloon of an udder bounced against his bedframe as she shifted her legs to keep her balance. She tried to scoot away from it but her breasts hit the far wall, making her and Adam both grunt from the collision.

"Your bedroom is a little small, you know!" Marigold huffed as she felt her hips press against his desk. It felt like no matter where she stood she was bumping up against something, making the space feel tight. All of her curves were enhanced by the air now, which contributed to the growing feeling of the walls closing in. Her butt was getting rounder and larger, stretching Adam out until the cleavage of her rump was more obvious.

She had to lean back as her stomach and breasts conquered her front side, and she put her hands on her back to steady herself. Her legs were spread as wide as she could manage, but her udder was bottoming out, spreading across the floor and pressing against her legs. That pink balloon pressed out and bulged around her legs, and Adam's features were increasingly stretched around it as he pinched the udder in the middle.

"See, erf, this is why, ugh, I grabbed the big tank! You're still holding on!" The cowdog grunted as her expanding body pressed into the corners of Adam's furniture. His desk and bed frame poked at her stomach and rump, and she was too big to shift away from them. Her body

was approaching the walls, and her living outfit stretched with a series of gentle creaks and pops as Adam was pulled wider and longer over her increasing surface.

"You're n-not really trying to blow me up are you? You'll blow too!" His voice was sounding squeaky from all of the stretching.

"Nah, I'm confident you'll blow before my curves do!" she said, proudly patting her burgeoning sides and making a hollow sound reverberate through her body. "And your house is gonna give before either of us!"

"I'm not sure this still counts as 'friendly' inflation, mmphh!" Adam's protests were silenced as his mouth was flattened against the carpet floor by Marigold's udder balloon. Her body was pressing against all four walls and the ceiling now. Her breasts ballooned into the upper corners of the room while her udder occupied the lower half, with the rest of her puffy body pinched in between. Her limbs were as yet unaffected, but she knew it was only a matter of time before they started to take on air as well.

Her body pushed through the flimsy drywall, making it crumble until she could feel the wooden ribs of the building pressing into her breasts. It squeezed her like a cage, making her wince. "Sorry, but it's getting tight in here, I'm gonna need more to bust free!" She grabbed the tank and turned the nozzle again, letting even more helium blast through. The hose stretched until it was translucent and thick enough to wedge Marigold's mouth open. Her fluffy white and brown cheeks rounded out on each side of her face as the surge of air rocked her body, and the house along with it.

The wooden frame creaked and cracked, and the singular window in the room shattered as a bulge of white fur swelled into the outdoors. The floor beneath her sagged and the supports in the walls splintered and bowed outward. They were the only thing holding back her expansion, and they simply couldn't hold back as much pressure as her body.

A series of splintering cracks signaled the end of the bedroom. The wooden ribs supporting the walls all blew apart in rapid succession, showering Adam's lawn in chunks of wood. Marigold's body swelled free, expanding to her full and unrestricted size. She began to float toward the sky thanks to all of the lift the helium was generating, and she was grateful that the tank was wedged into her breasts so that she didn't lose it as she began to rise.

The buoyancy of her udder and breasts were in competition, and her body began to tip forwards, giving Adam a look at the damage to his house. He grumbled and shouted up, wondering if Marigold could hear him now that his mouth was so far from her head. "Hey, come on! I might've made you knock down a building or two downtown last time, but my bedroom? I call foul!" he shouted in an increasingly squeaky voice.

At this point, she couldn't respond without the hose blasting itself out of her mouth, and she couldn't reach past her breasts to grab hold of it temporarily as her breasts were now each as big as a mattress, dwarfing her torso. It didn't help that her arms and legs were starting to take on air as well, growing thick and puffy above the elbows and knees. The feeling was familiar, and she wiggled her fingers and hooves, enjoying the remaining mobility she had before the air made its way to her extremities.

It was hard to tell if all of the creaking coming off of the growing blimp was coming from Marigold's body or Adam's, but it was clear that one of them was growing quite taut. Marigold could tell that it was her swimsuit though, as it started to dig into her breasts and udder and grew tight around her shoulders and thighs.

Adam could feel himself being pulled in every direction now that the cowdog was rounding out. The strain had been concentrated on his face at first, but as her belly and back swelled into a continuous spherical curve, he felt the stretch across his whole, flattened form. His vision was wide and blurry from his eyes stretching across a massive pair of breasts, and his voice was an almost inaudible squeak now that his snout was a few dozen feet long.

His body let out a growing series of *grrrnns* and *crrrkks* as his flattened, fluffy flesh was stretched like spandex. White-furred cleavage spilled forth from the tight neckline, trying to get free of the constricting outfit. Marigold's curves had been blown outward by all of the air. Her rounded body stretched his face out wide, making that once slender snout of his wider than a highway and flat as a piece of paper. He was also digging into her pink blimp of an udder, pinching it in the middle so much that it had cleavage that matched her breasts.

He looked like cling wrap stuck around a collection of balloons that were rising into the sky. He could feel her fur and skin pushing against him and shifting under him as she stretched and shoved against him, forcing him to adjust and accommodate all of that blimping cowdog.

He was in disbelief at how huge she had gotten... He didn't remember her getting this big before, he was certain this was a record for her! A brief twinge of jealousy hit him; he wished he could be standing on the ground below and looking up at her, appreciating her size from a more favorable position. He wanted to look up while standing in her shadow and watch the way her body expanded under a deluge of pressure that he had control over.

Instead, he was at the mercy of the dairy dirigible, only able to guess her breadth by how far he was spread by her mass, and unfortunately, the unnatural folding and flattening of his body made it a difficult guessing game.

Adam would have loved to know that Marigold's boobs were each nearly as big as his house now, with her udder keeping pace. The rest of her body was about half as large, but the continued swelling deformed her limbs and face as air pressure pushed into whatever body parts offered the least resistance.

Her legs were bloated to the hooves and spreading wide across her expanding hide, stretching them into broad grey and brown domes that stuck out from her round hide. Her dark hooves dimpled her flesh as it inched out, expanding around them and even inching them apart. She could feel her body pulling hard on her legs, keeping them stuck straight out and immobilized.

Marigold's arms were undergoing the same, spreading wider as her body passed the limit on how far out her limbs could be stretched. Her palms and fingers even started to bloat, and she wiggled them one last time before the nonstop torrent of air puffed them up into fat, stubby balloons that spread across the flattening curves of her hands.

The arm and leg holes of her outfit were forced open wide by her limbs, much wider than they were "made" to stretch. The hems started to fray, sending Adam into a panic. He was starting to tear! "O-okay, I really can't take much more of this Marigold! If you don't stop we're BOTH gonna blow! C-come on, mercy, erk!"

He started to feel prickles all over his body. Micro-tears were opening up all over his body, invisible to the naked eye, but he could feel them like a shower of needle pricks spreading from his center. "T-too much! TOO MUCH!! Can you hear me?!" Adam bellowed from where his snout was buried in udder.

She could not, in fact, hear him. While he worried about stretching beyond his limits, Marigold was approaching hers. Pressure built at the base of her floppy ears until they went rigid and bulbous with a pair of almost simultaneous *pwops*! They squeezed shut from air pressure, preventing her from hearing anything other than the whoosh of incoming air, and the creak of her bathing suit. Her muzzle soon matched, inflating from base to tip until her black nose puffed up with another *pwuff* of air. Practically the only things about her that hadn't bloated were her hooves, horns, and eyes.

More of her body spilled free of her anteater swimsuit as it tore. The full size of her breasts tried to free itself as his face was stretched until it was almost translucent. He started to split along her sides as he was pulled further than he could stand by her tits and udder. His eyes shook and his voice was reduced to a mosquito buzz from how thin he was. He ran out of stretch and squeezed that expanding cattledog, trying to hold together with everything he had left.

More rips. More tears. Her fur pushed through in tufts where Adam split open. His form was pinching her body and restricting her expansion, so she continued to grow in protest of him, raising the pressure she was putting on him second after second. Flesh creaked like strained rubber. Their bodies trembled, shaking as they rose into the air. More air pushed in, relentless, unending. Adam knew exactly how much air was left in that tank... And it was far, far more than he could take.

His efforts were futile. With a final *crrrRrRRRKK...!* the pressure on his body surpassed his ability to hold himself together. He burst off her body as though *he* was the overinflated balloon. He snapped off of her with a sharp and tremendous *BANG* that shook Marigold's body as he was rendered into shreds. Fur was blasted everywhere; a nova of grey, white, and black was spread so far across the sky that it was little more than a fading wisp of fuzzy haze.

Marigold expanded with a dramatic BWOOMPH the moment she was free of her tight swimsuit. Her body expanded larger than a warehouse, with breasts and udder bigger than a city block. Even for as high as she was in the atmosphere now, she was clearly visible from below, like a blimp hovering above a stadium. Flecks of Adam's fur still clung to her massive body as it continued to expand.

She thought about spitting the hose out now that Adam had been taught a lesson. She could let herself deflate and drift back to the ground. She certainly COULD do that, but she also thought about all of the air she had retained the last time she'd been inflated, and how it still hadn't disappeared even after weeks. She only knew one surefire way to get all of it out... She clamped down on the hose with her sharp teeth and grinned.

Bigger and bigger... Bigger and bigger still! That tank she'd nabbed from Adam's closet was living up to the label. The flow of air hadn't let up, and she was starting to creak, rapidly approaching her limit now that she was expanding unhindered. The rumble of pressure started in her udder and rose up through her body, spreading to her breasts until her entire body was quaking. She squeezed her eyes shut in anticipation, knowing she was reaching her limit, but surprised she had been able to hold so much before reaching it. All of the expansion Adam put her through had been good for something after all. An amusing thought~

It was her last thought of the moment. Unused to being pushed to her absolute limit, she was a poor judge of just how long she would last. Her entire body exploded at once, torso, udder, and breasts all blowing out simultaneously, making it look as though she vanished from

view. The sound crashed through the air like a crack of thunder, rattling homes and setting off car alarms. The wave of air pressure blew a circular hole in the clouds and made treetops sway wildly on the ground below.

Flecks of her own grey, white, and brown fur mingled with Adam's as they were carried to the ground by the blast of air, littering the entire neighborhood with a thin coating of loose fur. The gust soon settled into a breeze, and the echo of the explosion faded. Neighbors would simply shake their heads and click their tongues, saying "that anteater is at it again," knowing that whoever it was that exploded, they would be back for another round sooner than later.