

## Getting a Lift

By: IndigoRho

Kit looked up and sighed. Up on the very top of the tallest bookshelf was a remote he'd spent the last half-hour trying to find. While he should have been relieved, the taur's current condition complicated things. His second belly sagged all the way to the floor, pressing up against both pairs of his legs and making movement in general rather difficult. He enjoyed the weight—and the convenient seat it provided—but the excess bulk made standing on his hind legs to reach nearly impossible; a quick attempt at trying only succeeded in getting him another foot closer and wobbling his bellies. He was still thinking over his options when AI-JY appeared in the room.

AI-JY—called AJ by Kit for short—was one of the taur's three AI secretaries, a bluejay sporting an ample belly and wearing nothing more than formal cufflinks and a collar. “Enjoying your Birthday, Kit?”

“Yes. Mostly.” Kit tried reaching for the remote once more, to no avail. “The breakfast you and the others made for me has, um...caused some complications, though.” He tapped a paw on his forebelly.

“Well we couldn't agree on what exactly to prepare for you, so it made the most sense to just make everything you liked,” AJ smiled.

“Understandable.” Kit knew the AIs enjoyed any excuse to make him larger, but he wasn't in the mood to confront them about it at the moment. “Hey AJ, would you do me a favor and help me grab that remote up there?”

AJ took a quick look at the remote, and then Kit. Or, more precisely, Kit's hefty middle. The taur should've been more suspicious of the AI's grin at the time. “Certainly!”

Kit breathed a sigh of relief, before letting out a surprised yelp as something abruptly entered his butt. Before he could even turn around to find the source he felt a pressure building in his second belly as it began to swell; he was inflating. The taur rocked from side-to-side on his tiptoes as his middle rapidly ballooned outward, paws soon leaving the ground entirely. He couldn't see the hose stuck in his rear, but he could sure feel it, and batting at it with his large feathered tail failed to dislodge it.

“Really AJ, how is this helping!” Kit asked, knowing the AI was still somewhere nearby. His immense belly was beginning to push into nearby furniture, knocking things over as it spread in all directions.

AJ diligently appeared before him, smiling. “Filling you with air will lift you up higher which means you'll be able to grab the remote with ease.”

“You could've just grabbed it for me,” Kit sighed. The taur admittedly was enjoying his expansion, though he wasn't eager to let AJ know that. Not that he could hide his blushing.

Kit's smaller first belly finally started inflating a little itself, brushing up against the bookshelf and making the taur look even larger. He was inching upwards at a respectable rate, but he was at risk of filling up half the room in the process. Just as AJ had promised, Kit eventually rose high enough atop his own belly to comfortably reach the remote. Of course by then he was stuck on the cushiony blimp his middle had become.

AJ stopped the flow of air and removed the hose, admiring the results of his creativity. “Kit I think you're big enough to serve as your own birthday balloon for the party later! You just need a festive message on your sides, first.”

“Don't you dare AJ!” Kit wobbled and bounced on his belly, trying to force out the air and become mobile again.

Unfortunately AJ was already one step ahead of the taur and not about to comply. With expert penmanship the AI wrote “Happy Birthday Kit!” in bold letters across one side of his massive belly, even going as far as to add colorful illustrations of balloons and confetti. Kit's other side soon received

the same treatment.

“Do you think your friends will enjoy my handiwork, Kit?” AJ teased.

Kit crossed his arms atop his round forebelly. “Yeah, they’ll definitely get a kick out of it.”

The taur knew the teasing would be endless at the party if he remained a blimp, but he doubted any of the AIs would make an effort to deflate him before then. Oh well, at least he’d be able to spend the rest of his birthday being massive.