

Gainer Party Bloat

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Everywhere Kit looked, he saw food. Row upon row of cooking and heating stations filled one half of the immense dining area, manned by a multitude of A.I.s toiling away with the skill of expert chefs. The aromas of their work flowed over Kit. Chicken, seafood, pastries, pastas, pizzas...anything the roo could imagine. He couldn't deny how tempting the feast was, his mouth on the verge of watering. The gathered assortment of delicacies would have put even the most expensive buffet to shame, yet all of it was set up in the home of his toucan friend Aldan.

"Sure you don't want to indulge a little, not even a tiny bit?" Aldan asked, seeing the temptation on his friend's face.

The roo held strong, shaking his head. "Uh-uh, I know you've tweaked everything with your darn reality-altering powers."

"Well it *is* a gainer party, after all," Aldan said, patting his own soft gut. "You knew that when you agreed to come."

"Hey now there wasn't any agreement on my end! You teleported me here mid-call after I gave you a maybe." Kit sighed.

"Hmm, must have misheard you, then," Aldan grinned.

Kit decided pressing the issue any further wouldn't be worth it. "Anyway, I'm pretty sure if I ate even the most innocent looking apple my weight would balloon out of control after the first bite!"

"Ooh, that sounds like a fun little surprise for later." The toucan brought up a holographic display and entered something. "Can't wait to see who ends up snagging that one, hehe. But, more importantly, while you're at my gainer party you're gonna have to find a way to meet the strict width code!"

Kit pointed at his round middle with both paws. "I already weigh like, two hundred and fifty pounds, isn't that be wide enough?"

"Definitely not! I'm expecting everyone here to end up barely mobile at the very *least*." Aldan took a moment to scan the room, delighted to see the bellies of quite a few guests had already swelled greatly.

"But I don't want to weigh a gazillion pounds!" Kit insisted. "I mean, I admit that being bigger can be nice, but it'd be a hassle being a butterball for a whole party. Even *if* you decide to undo all my gains after."

"Alright, how about a compromise. You don't have to get fatter, you can just inflate instead," Aldan offered. "That way you'll still get a big belly and fit in with the others."

Kit knew there might be a catch to the deal, but felt the compromise was a fair one. "Ok, but no helium! I don't want to end up bouncing around the ceiling like a party balloon."

"Don't worry, I wouldn't be *that* mean." Aldan held out a wing, and a simple two-liter of soda materialized in its grasp. He passed it to a rather reluctant Kit.

"Soda? This better not have an absurd amount of calories in it Aldan. I swear I'll roll right over you if I quadruple in weight after one sip!" Kit said.

"Your precious waistline is safe, buddy. It's diet," Aldan laughed. "Only way you're getting calories from that is if you eat the bottle."

Kit was still weary, and examined the soda thoroughly. The bottle looked innocent enough, though the deviously grinning Aldan on the label and suspicious lack of any nutritional information weren't very comforting. After taking a moment to build up some courage, Kit opened the bottle and began to drink. As he'd feared, the taste was absolutely delightful, probably the best soda he'd ever had. Right as he was about to stop sipping, Aldan gripped the bottom of the bottle and lifted it, forcing the surprised Kit to chug it down in one go. He could feel his belly swelling with every gulp, peeking out from under his purple polo shirt.

Even after a solid minute of drinking the soda didn't stop flowing. Confused, Kit glanced at the bottle stuck in his mouth, and noticed the level of the liquid had stopped lowering despite his continued gulping; it was as if the bottle was endless. He did his best to glare at Aldan for the apparent deception, his polo now resting atop the growing dome of his soda-filled belly. Kit could hear the soda sloshing and fizzling as it poured into his stomach, and he stood as still as possible to avoid shaking the brew, knowing it might swell him twice as big. Eventually the bottle did drain, though, and Kit let out a rattling belch as soon as the bottle was removed from his mouth.

Kit rushed a paw to his mouth in embarrassment, blushing. Now that he wasn't chugging soda, Kit was finally free to see the results. His cream-colored belly had swelled to over a foot wide, untamed by the roo's shirt and fully exposed for all to see. He was actually surprised by how much restraint Aldan had shown, having expected the toucan to blimp him up to a ridiculous size at the first opportunity. Although Kit didn't want to admit it, the extra girth was actually, well, nice. Kit lifted his bloated belly with both paws a little, rubbed the rounder sides, even tapped it's surface just to hear the hollow drumming sound within.

Aldan noticed the enjoyment right away, and couldn't resist joining in himself. He gently rubbed the roo's gut with his wings—delighting in the blushing he provoked—and surveyed his handiwork. Creating a custom soda on the fly had been somewhat challenging, even for Aldan, and involved a lot of guesswork to ensure the correct amount of liquid was produced to swell his friend up just right. Successfully pulling that off was almost reward enough. *Almost.*

“You really do look great with a round gut, Kit,” Aldan grinned.

“You think—urrrrrrrp—everyone looks great with a rounder gut!” Kit said, blushing when he burped.

The faint fizzing noises within Kit didn't go unnoticed by Aldan, who's grin only seemed to grow. “Well I happen to think it's a pleasant shape. I maintain it too!”

Kit snorted. “You stay at a—uuarrp—modest size, though! Everyone—bworrrp—else you try to—urp—make spherical—brrraaaaaaap.” Kit's last belch echoed throughout the room, drawing in the rather unwanted attention of the other guests.

Every belch shook the roo's belly, causing him to expand ever-so-slightly in return. While the majority of the swelling was centered on Kit's middle, his paws and tail were also getting a little puffier, subtly disrupting his balance. Kit himself was too distracted by his embarrassing burps to notice, though Aldan spotted the changes right away, and was eager to help. “Feeling a bit gassy there, bud? If you drank more often I'm sure you'd handle it better.”

“That's—brruuurp—that's not how that works at—uarrp—all!” Kit was trying to hold the belches back, but they were too constant to completely contain. “I'm not getting—bwooaarrrrp—fat off soda just—urp—just so I belch a little less—blrrrrrrrp!”

“Well then just walk the gas off. Or I guess waddle it off in your case,” Aldan teased. “Besides, I wouldn't mind grabbing a plate of food for myself.”

Kit was still nervous about upsetting the soda in his belly. “Why do we have to walk, you can literally teleport the food into your wings. Heck, you can just *make* some from thin air!”

“I'm not *that* lazy. And it's important to mingle a little, so stop worrying and be sociable with me!” Aldan said.

Kit relented, following the toucan towards the buffet with excessively careful steps. Just as he'd feared, even cautious movement caused his stomach to fizz a bit louder and bloat from carbonated gas. He continued belching as regularly as when he was standing still, though each time he did his middle seemed to shrink at least a tiny amount. Though the burping didn't reduce his size, Kit was convinced they were slowing his expansion to some extent.

Every couple feet Aldan would stop to chat with one of the other guests, introducing them to Kit and heaping unwanted attention on the inflated roo's size—usually in the guise of praise. Most would give him a vigorous handshake in greeting, sometimes even a firm hug, which would shake Kit around

and lead to his belly blimping up a little more. Kit's inflation was gradual enough for the roo to acclimate, and by the time his belly passed the two-foot mark he was worrying less about being immobilized. Sure, walking on increasingly puffed up footpaws wasn't ideal—and the squeaking with every step a new source of distress—but overall he was still fairly light.

Slosh, fizz, creak, belch. Slosh, fizz, creak, belch. Kit grew used to the strange chorus of noises echoing from within him, drowning them out with idle chatter. To distract himself from the curious stares he tried talking more, though of course that meant more burp-interrupted sentences. By the time the pair reached the buffet, Kit's swollen middle was nearly four feet wide. He'd started using his puffy tail as a rest to prevent himself from falling over and rolling away, not to mention as a brace for whenever he came close to tripping over his massive footpaws. Despite being the thinnest person in attendance, Kit was undoubtedly the widest one there, a fact that provoked mixed emotions from the roo.

"Ha, you carry yourself very well for your size!" Aldan complimented as he eyed the offerings of food. "Honestly you're a natural at being big."

"Really funny Aldan. Being a waddling balloon isn't—blrrrrrrp—easy you know!" Kit frowned. "Ugh, was that—uarrp—soda ninety percent carbonation or something?"

"Something like that. Well I can always help you get the last of that belching out of your system." Aldan suddenly looked just as devious as his image on the soda bottle.

"W-wait, don't—urrrp—you dare!" Kit managed a single step back, his whole body shaking and fizzing and bloating as he did. "I'm totally—uooooorrrp—fine with the burps—bworp"

Aldan didn't listen. Instead the toucan grabbed the sides of Kit's belly with both wings and shook it as wildly and hard as he could. Kit gasped as he felt the soda within him splashing up a storm, before being overcome by a long string of louder and louder belches. Almost instantly the roo's middle ballooned outward dramatically. He continued trying to demand Aldan stop the shaking, but he was burping far too much to say anything meaningful. The fizzing in his belly was becoming a muffled roar, and Kit felt the inflation spreading all over his body.

Kit's polo stretched and tore as his chest puffed up, falling to the floor in shreds. The same fate befell his pants, which burst along the seams as his legs and hips bloated. Had he been wearing shoes they'd have never stood a chance, his large paws swelling even more as well. Though Aldan had stopped shaking him, Kit continued growing out of control, until the roo could no longer stand. He belched in surprise as he toppled over onto his round middle, shaking up the soda once again and speeding up his inflation.

The ballooning roo flailed about as his limbs swelled and were partially engulfed by his increasingly spherical body. His cheeks grew rounder and rounder, too, thankfully wedging his glasses in place so they didn't fall off. Kit could feel all eyes in the room turning his way, the roo's face flushing red as he burped and blimped. Over time the fizzing within him settled down, replaced by the occasional creaking as Kit finally ceased inflating.

"Aldan!" Kit shouted, flustered. "This is exactly what I *didn't* want to happen!"

Aldan shrugged innocently. "You only mentioned not wanting to be a *floating* balloon, not a grounded one."

Kit merely fumed in response.

"Oh c'mon, it's just temporary. Live a little!" Aldan gave his friend a gentle shove, smiling as the roo rocked back and forth on his bloated middle.

"Aldan everyone can see me! What if they take pictures and post them everywhere!" Kit wished he could look around to confirm his fears, but his puffed up neck and cheeks prevented that.

Aldan didn't appear too concerned. "Not like it'd be the first time, blimpy! Honestly you should be used to this by now, and we both know you enjoy filling up a room now and then."

Kit managed to blush even more. "Don't let anyone hear that!"

"You shouldn't be so bashful about your hobbies," Aldan insisted. "No one here is gonna judge

you, heck most of them want to be even bigger than you are now!”

While Kit admitted there was truth in his friend's words, he wasn't about to stop being at least somewhat embarrassed about his situation. “Well then you should have inflated them instead!”

Aldan smiled and shook his head. “I think a little tough love is in order, friend.” He turned away and bellowed at anyone who would hear him. “Hey everyone, it's Kit's birthday today!”

“N-no it's not!” Kit didn't like where this was going.

“Kit really, really wants to enjoy his cake, but he's having a little trouble reaching it!” Aldan poked Kit again, causing the roo to wobble and garnering some laughs from the other guests. “Why don't we all lend him a paw and bring the cake to him instead!”

On cue guests began grabbing plates of cake from the dessert stands and making their way towards Kit, who was trying in vain to shake his head in disagreement. Unfortunately for Kit, none were swayed. A line quickly formed, and one-by-one the guests took turns force-feeding the spherical roo slices of cake. He squirmed and resisted at first, but eventually the delightful taste of the cake was too much for Kit to ignore entirely, and his reluctance became token at best. At least he wasn't growing any bigger in the process.

Aldan simply stood by, obviously satisfied with the turn of events. “I knew you'd want to indulge a little eventually, Kit! The food I provide is far too delicious to miss out on.”

Kit wanted to point out how he was very clearly being fed against his will and too inflated to escape, but the roo couldn't sneak a word in while constantly gorging on cake.

“Best part is, you've now got plenty of room to try out everything I have to offer! And I do mean *everything*,” Aldan said, patting the currently hollow belly of his blimped up friend. “I bet there won't be an inch of free space in ya by the time the party's over.”

Kit groaned as he imagined how huge he was going to be, before another tasty slice of cake caused him to moan in delight. Maybe his predicament wasn't *too* bad...