

Cooling Off

By: IndigoRho

"Uhh, what are you doing Alaska?" Kit asked, looking at his skunk AI secretary in confusion. The AI's light-blue gut was much rounder than usual, a hose in one paw.

"Well with how warm it's been lately, I thought I'd see how effective I could be as a portable water tank," the skunk said, as if his actions were both obvious and sensible. "I could pump you with some as well if you'd like to cool down."

The roo's face briefly flushed red at the suggestion. He knew there was always a risk with letting his AIs inflate him in any manner, but the thought of having a belly full of cold water *was* rather delightful, especially in the heat. Besides, he could always pull the hose out himself if things looked to be growing out of hand. "I...alright, that does sound good. You've got permission."

As Alaska waddled over to him Kit could hear the faint sounds of sloshing water. He opened his mouth in anticipation of the hose, only for the skunk to instead go behind him and abruptly shove the hose right down his pants and up his butt. The roo yelped and jumped a little in surprise.

"W-why'd you put it up there!" Kit asked, flustered.

"This is the most efficient method, and also interferes the least with your functions." Alaska was already busy poking at a small holographic display he'd brought up, likely the hose's controls. "Ensures you can actually hold a conversation, and you won't have to taste rubber."

"I guess so..." Kit mumbled, not entirely convinced of Alaska's motives.

Further complaints were quickly halted by the sudden rush of cool water through the hose. Again Kit jumped a little as he felt the water make its way into his stomach, his middle beginning to swell slightly almost right away. He watched his expansion with fascination, his once-loose button-up shirt starting to strain as it tried containing his swelling gut. Just as Alaska had promised, the water was a welcome reprieve from the heat, though it was also a convenient distraction. Alaska grinned as the buttons of Kit's shirt creaked and the gaps between them slowly widened, tufts of cream-colored fur peeking out.

Inevitably Kit's gut won out, and a middle button of his shirt popped off, flying across the room. He instinctively blushed a little, then a lot as Alaska gave his bloated middle a solid poke with a paw. One-by-one the remaining buttons of his shirt burst, Kit's belly bouncing after every one, and Alaska made a habit of reminding him exactly how many shirts he'd damaged in that way before. As soon as Kit's beach ball sized gut was fully exposed Alaska crouched down and pressed his face into it, causing the water within to loudly slosh about.

"Alright Alaska I think that's enough water for now," Kit said, trying not to sound *too* happy about the attention. "I'd rather not get stuck in every doorway I pass through."

The skunk unburied his muzzle from Kit's gut and messed with his display again. Instead of stopping, though, the flow of water dramatically increased, nearly knocking Kit over in the process. He frowned at Alaska, before following the skunk's gaze to his own belly, which had abruptly gained lettering without him realizing: water tank. Kit blushed and stumbled as his middle ballooned out rapidly, the roo now unable to reach the hose up his butt. Alaska returned to rubbing and squeezing his gut, holding up its increasing mass with both paws.

Despite his best attempts, Kit couldn't handle the weight of the water indefinitely, and slowly toppled over onto his immense middle—and Alaska. Kit wobbled back and forth as the gallons of water within him splashed around after the fall. He was still inflating, rising slowly upwards as his limbs bloated with water as well. Alaska was completely engulfed by his mass, and Kit could feel every little movement the skunk made, giggling at the somewhat unintended tickling.

"T-turn off the water Alaska, otherwise you'll be stuck underneath me for hours!" Kit demanded, not that he believed he'd be able to roll over at this stage anyway.

"Oh no, I can't reach the off button, I guess we'll just have to wait until the tank's emptied into

you completely. What a shame~” Alaska's sarcastic response reverberated through Kit's water-filled gut.

Kit was thankful Alaska couldn't see the poorly hidden grin on his face, knowing the AI would've teased him relentlessly for actually enjoying the immobility. His limbs were stiff and puffy, his cheeks nearly as spherical as his massive body. Though Alaska could call for help whenever he wanted, Kit doubted the skunk would actually do so any time soon, and likely claim there was interference if asked to. Still, there were worse fates than being filled like a water balloon on a warm day, especially when there was another around eager to give belly rubs.