

To Be the Biggest

By: IndigoRho

The front door opened and a red-and-cream colored fox strolled in, deep in a lengthy argument with a friend. "All I'm saying is I've got plenty of experience getting big, in all sorts of ways, so I'm pretty sure I can grow larger than you."

Shortly behind him was a gray wolf, who quickly brushed a paw through his brown hair before making sure the door was shut. "I'm just as experienced as you are, Foxtrot!" He insisted. With a buffet and some time I can get massive, I'd fill a whole room!"

"No way Wrath," Foxtrot said. "You'd get full before you even got half as wide as me, guaranteed."

Their discussion had been going around in circles for far too long, and Wrath was eager to finally end it the best way he knew how. "Well, if you're that confident, why don't we have a little competition? Whoever can grow the largest wins and gets bragging rights, deal?"

Foxtrot grinned. "I was just about to suggest the same thing myself! A good old fashioned helium tank will settle this once and for all, should I assume you're going to try clearing out the fridge to keep up with me?"

"Kind of," Wrath smiled back. "I've got that massive thing of ice-cream I've been saving for a rainy day, and I think this is the perfect excuse to test it out. It'll be a good victory meal as well!"

The two friends swiftly dispersed to retrieve their expansion tools of choice, each thoroughly convinced they could outgrow the other with ease. Foxtrot carried an innocent-looking helium tank with him into the kitchen, one he knew would fill him up to victory. In the meanwhile, Wrath had uncoiled a lengthy hose and connected it to the imposing industrial-grade vat of ice-cream that would've looked out of place in any other home. With hoses in their mouths and paws on the nozzles the pair repeated a quick countdown before starting the competition.

A hiss and a rumble echoed throughout the room as Foxtrot and Wrath's bellies both suddenly began to swell. Foxtrot's was taut and perfectly round, the lighter-than-air gas ensuring his expansion was graceful and consistent. He happily tapped away at his ballooning middle with a paw, feeling his hide stretch with each passing second, well on his way to becoming a fox blimp. Across from him Wrath had a look of pure satisfaction on his face, his gut starting to sag as it filled with gallon upon gallon of delicious ice-cream. The wolf soon had to hold his own belly just to stay balanced, though he didn't mind the inevitability of being weighed down by his competitive snack. Being able to prove his friend wrong would be more than worth the immobility.

"That heavy gut of yours is gonna slow you down while I soar to victory!" Foxtrot gloated, making a show of his mobility.

"All this weight just means I'll be able to belly-bump you right out of the room when I win!" Wrath countered, nearly stumbling as his middle swelled further.

They continued to bloat unabated, neither showing any signs of slowing down even as their massive middles began to dominate their bodies and the room. Foxtrot's limbs had puffed up as the helium tank dutifully hissed away, the fox gladly letting himself roll over onto his spherical belly once it'd grown large enough. He ignored the faint creaks—more interested in the feeling of his body finally lifting off the ground—eager to loom over Wrath even further. His ascent was surprisingly well controlled, and he chuckled as he felt his back gently bounce off the ceiling, more sphere than fox now.

Foxtrot grinned from above. "Oh Wrath, you look so small from up here!"

"Huh, there's a small squeaky balloon trying to talk to me, too bad I can't hear him over the sound of all this wonderful ice-cream turning me into the largest person in the house!" Wrath shouted back in between gulps.

Wrath was now rather firmly grounded by the gallons of ice-cream he'd managed to consume. His middle wobbled with every gulp, and while the taste was still delightful, he could feel himself

growing somewhat full. Still he persisted, focusing on the glory of victory rather than the low groans his belly was making. His expanding gray sides pushed up against the counters and appliances, safely oozing around corners. Unfortunately there was only so much the wolf could handle, and Wrath begrudgingly decided to concede to his friend, spitting out the hose and letting out a disappointed sigh.

“Ha, told you I'd be the biggest!” Foxtrot declared, his high-pitched voice forcing a laugh from Wrath. “You did well, but it'll take a lot more to outgrow someone of my caliber.”

Despite his apparent triumph, Foxtrot hadn't removed the hose dangling from his mouth yet, the helium tank still running on full blast. Ominous creaks were coming from within the enormous fox's spherical body. His hide was stretched just a little too far, and Foxtrot's victory wobble atop the ceiling wasn't helping either. Eventually the fox's eyes widened as a tiny pinprick hole appeared along his middle, but his desperate attempt to dislodge the hose was much too late. In an instant the fox blew apart, rattling the room and sending bits of red and cream hide scraps flying in all directions.

Wrath would've jumped in surprise had he not been utterly immobilized by ice-cream. A grin soon grew on his face, though. “I guess being the biggest isn't always that great,” he mused aloud. The wolf chuckled again before giving his massive gut a few pats, suddenly eager for a nice relaxing post-competition nap.