

The Inflation Machine

By: IndigoRho

Kit's finger hovered over the doorbell, the toucan debating whether or not he should really push it. He'd received a rather abrupt invitation from his friend and fellow toucan Aldan, which wasn't necessarily unusual; the pair regularly hung out, after all. For Kit, the problem was that Aldan often had ulterior motives for asking him over. Aldan had practically made a hobby out of encouraging him to overindulge in his more private interests, which tended to end with Kit getting huge in some way or another. His ploys were never malicious—Kit *did* genuinely enjoy their results—but they could be a bit inconvenient. The other toucan hadn't said much in the invitation aside from “wanting Kit to see something really really cool”, so he was essentially going in blind. Inevitably, though, Kit decided there wasn't any harm in just going with the flow, and he pushed on the doorbell.

Within seconds a holographic screen was projected onto the door itself, and Kit found a familiar blue toucan with long magenta hair staring back at him. “Awesome, you're here! Come on in Kit.”

Kit's whole body tingled, and the toucan suddenly found himself teleported right next to his friend; one of the strange benefits of knowing someone who could reprogram reality on a whim. “Whoa, oh, ok. Hey Aldan, you...uh, said you wanted to show me something?” Kit said, looking around the room for clues. There didn't seem to be much aside from an odd metal chair, but Aldan's powers meant he was more than capable of hiding stuff behind panels or in other rooms altogether.

“Yes! I've been working on a little surprise I'm sure you'll be very, very interested in,” Aldan grinned. “It's an advanced inflation machine.”

The bluntness was the most surprising part of all. Kit was so used to Aldan being a bit more coy about making him bigger. “Alright, well I'd be lying if I said you *didn't* have my attention. Go on.”

“Not much more to it than that,” Aldan said. “Just a straight-forward, more efficient way to inflate. I thought you'd enjoy being the first to give it a test run.”

And of course you'd also enjoy seeing me round and immobile, Kit mused silently. Still, Kit hadn't had a chance to inflate recently—at least not willingly—and he was intrigued to see what his friend had come up with. “Well I *guess* that'd be fun,” he answered, hiding his enthusiasm poorly. “So where's the machine.”

“I've got it fully integrated into the house to save space, but sitting on the chair over there starts it up,” Aldan brought up a floating holographic display screen and began poking away at it, knowing Kit could sit in a chair without assistance.

Not being able to see the machine that would inflate him gave Kit second thoughts about his decision, but he managed to brush them aside quickly. From past experiences he assumed it meant Aldan was simply trying to disguise the actual substance inflating him, or maybe where the hose would end up. The lone metal pillar holding the chair up seemed wide enough to conceal a tube, and a slide-away panel on the seat would be easy for someone like Aldan to include. Yeah, that had to be it! Convinced he'd figured out his friend's trick, Kit sat down content with even the small perceived personal victory, his thoughts shifting to how nice it'd feel to be bigger. Things went off the rails immediately.

As soon as Kit was settled into the wide chair metal bindings latched around his wrists and ankles, securing him in place. He tried struggling, but it was swiftly obvious there was nothing he could possibly do to escape. “Uh, Aldan, isn't this a little much!”

Aldan was still busy with the screen, glancing occasionally over at his friend. “The safety straps are for keeping you steady and ensuring the feeding tube is accurately locked into place,” he said, already smiling.

“Feeding tube? I thought this was supposed to be an inflation machine, not a make-Kit-fatter machine!” Kit grumbled, though he couldn't deny enjoying extra bulk from time to time.

“It *is* an inflation machine Kit,” Aldan insisted as a tube deployed from the ceiling and snaked

its way towards Kit's beak. "It just utilizes a couple more essential steps to enhance the process."

Kit stubbornly kept his beak clamped shut as the tube poked at him, demanding entry. Eventually he realized there wasn't much use in delaying the inevitable, and begrudgingly opened his mouth. The toucan grimaced as the tube slithered down his throat and into his stomach, curious as to how large his friend was intending to make him. There was a faint whirring of unseen machinery, followed by a cool sensation in his middle as something began to pump into him, his already-round belly bulging noticeably. He stared down at his gut with anticipation, waiting to watch it swell and balloon outwards, maybe even spill over his lap completely. Despite the consistent feeling of movement in the tube, though, Kit didn't appear to be expanding beyond the initial burst.

His confusion was soon solved. There was a momentary tightening of his "safety straps", and to his very brief surprise Kit realized his arms were thickening, as were his sides and probably the rest of his body; Kit was fattening, and fast. Thankfully the toucan's bindings were automatically expanding along with him, preventing possible discomfort. The same could not be said of his clothes, though, which was rather frustrating. Kit knew Aldan was perfectly capable of manipulating his clothing so it'd be stretchy enough to endure—he'd done so often in the past when it suited him—so his friend obviously wanted a good look at him bigger today. Flattered, Kit couldn't help but blush a little, despite not being *completely* enthusiastic about Aldan's methods.

The mysterious substance continued pumping into Kit, his button-up shirt straining around his increasing girth. Seams creaked and buttons shook, his pants handling the sudden gains just as poorly. Kit squirmed a little as his outfit reached its limits. A series of small tears provided welcome relief, feathers and flab poking out of the spreading holes. The rips grew louder and longer, the toucan's face flush red as he disrobed through weight-gain alone. He wasn't in the best position to appreciate the full extent of his gains, but at the very least he had a delightfully unobstructed view of his rounder and rounder belly. The tears eventually connected with each other, Kit's clothes falling to the floor in tatters bit by bit, the remains poofed away in turn. Long after Kit had burst out of every last article of clothing the tube in his mouth ceased pumping and retreated back into the ceiling, its mission apparently complete.

Aldan finally dispersed his display to dedicate his full attention to Kit. He slowly circled his swollen friend, occasionally poking Kit's gut with a wing and grinning the entire time. "I'm glad you're enjoying the most important phase of my enhanced inflation experience," he said, delighted to see Kit blush in response. "A larger base is vital for increasing your capacity and potential in general. Honestly if you maintain this weight the whole process will take less time in the future. Though of course if you'd *prefer* regular stuffing sessions like this..."

"Let's not assume this will be a recurring thing!" Kit insisted. "Not that I can't handle the bulk, I think I carry it well despite it being under, um, under duress."

"Sure, duress. That's why you always blush when I help you reach a respectable weight."

Aldan dispensed with the subtlety and began kneading his friend's doughy belly, ensuring Kit knew exactly how soft and flabby he'd become in such a short period. He squeezed and jiggled the immobilized toucan's sides. Kit had nearly doubled in weight thanks to the machine, and it was impossible for him to *not* feel massive, especially with how much his belly wobbled at the slightest nudge. The plumped up bird couldn't help but imagine how imposing he'd look thanks to his temporary bulk, how he could likely pin most of his smaller friends against the wall with his gut alone. Thoughts of literally being able to throw his weight around prompted a somewhat smug grin to form on his face. Aldan tended to slim him back down at least a little after having his fun, but Kit secretly hoped he'd only take back half the added pounds, or maybe forget altogether.

"Ok ok, I get it, I'm fat, blubbery, enormous!" Kit said in a tone far more proud than he'd intended as Aldan continued playing with his pudge. "You really didn't have to strap me down if you just wanted me fatter. I'm willing to make sacrifices when, uh, when necessary."

"Oh, the straps aren't really for the feeding phase," Aldan casually admitted. "They're to keep

you in place on the way to the pre-inflation stretching phase.”

Kit barely had time to give his friend a confused glance before a long conveyor belt system abruptly rose from the floor and his seat flattened out. He let out a yelp, his whole body jiggling, the chair now a platform lurching forward. “W-w-wait, what do you mean by stretching!” he demanded, rapidly moving towards an opening in the far wall. “Aldan maybe we should go over the details before we proceed further!”

The toucan's voice faded as he left the room and was plunged into darkness. Soft lights soon came on to illuminate the passage, along with a holographic projection of Aldan's face that sped along the mysterious conveyor belt with him.

“If you wanted more details you really should've asked earlier,” Aldan teased. “Now I'm gonna have to rush through things. Anyway, as I told you like a minute ago, the bigger you are initially, the bigger you'll end up when fully inflated. Fattening you up helps, but the best results are had by flattening and stretching you out as well.”

Aldan was so nonchalant Kit himself nearly glossed over the word flattening, until his arrival in a wider tunnel made the other toucan's intentions perfectly clear. Glancing around his wobbling dome of a belly, Kit's eyes widened as he spotted an enormous roller active further down the conveyor belt. Becoming a toucan pancake was understandably unfavorable for Kit. Unfortunately his bindings remained firm no matter how much he struggled against them, and he got the feeling his “enhanced” gut would've pinned him down regardless. He didn't fear any pain or bodily harm—Aldan might sometimes be rude to him but he was never cruel—he just wasn't eager to lose a dimension.

“I admit the method *looks* simple or crude, but a lot of complex calculations go into turning someone as wide as you from 3D to 2D,” Aldan continued, ignoring the glares from Kit. “Besides, this is a lot more efficient than my original idea involving a hydraulic press.”

As promised, Kit had little time to fume at Aldan before he felt himself coming into contact with the roller. The sensation of his feet being flattened and spread out was odd to say the least, and he didn't get any more used to it as his legs were pulled under too. His belly pressed up against his beak and jiggled wildly when its time came, the roller looming above him, never slowing no matter how much toucan was in its path. On the other side of the conveyor belt Kit was twice as wide and flat enough to be slid through a mail slot. With a frustrated sigh his head went under, experiencing a brief moment of darkness before being returned to the light, his gaze locked upwards. He continued along the conveyor belt for a short distance more before reaching its end and sliding off onto the floor of the room he'd begun his journey in.

In his altered state Kit could do little else than wiggle about. That and stare at the results thanks to a video display Aldan had activated on the ceiling. He looked like a massive circle, his pressed gut having overwhelmed much of the rest of his body. Kit's face was frozen in a look of mild concern regardless of his actual mood, permanently blushing over how large both his middle and his feet looked while flattened. Aldan was right, he was much bigger after being pressed. His friend soon wandered into his line of sight, appearing quite pleased with himself.

“Excellent, you handled the second phase admirably,” Aldan said. “You're a natural at getting flattened.”

Never in his life had Kit wished he could roll his eyes more. “Real funny,” was all he was able to manage.

“Don't worry Kit, you're on the final phase. I guarantee you'll think it was worth it once you've been pumped back into shape!” Aldan chuckled, again messing with a holographic screen.

Kit's old friend the ceiling tube returned, having to work extra hard to find a way into the toucan's beak. A distant hiss was followed by a blast of air flooding into Kit's cheeks, causing them to puff up swiftly. The screen above allowed him to witness his gradual return to the third dimension. His middle steadily rose, never losing width but gaining plenty of height. Unlike past inflations he didn't feel like his body was being stretched or forced to hold more than normal. Instead the experience was

more akin to being refilled, as if being a blimp was a natural state he was returning to. For a moment Kit wondered if there'd be any lingering side-effects aside from the weight Aldan had made him gain. Once he was finally able to deflate, would he be even rounder, still stretched out? He had trouble deciding whether the possibility was concerning or desirable.

The air continued to flow into Kit, and the toucan was beginning to feel normal again, at least relatively. His middle was the most recovered, a taut sphere already larger than his average inflated state and still expanding. Air was slowly puffing his flattened wings and feet back up as well. He was too enormous to be properly displayed on the ceiling screen now, and Aldan made sure not to zoom out the view so Kit would know just how massive he'd become. Despite the ridiculous path Kit had taken to blimping up, the toucan was thoroughly enjoying himself, delighting in the feeling of being huge. Of course he was reluctant to let Aldan know the true extent of his joy.

Kit sensed his colossal body on the verge of pressing against the ceiling and a wall. Taking up so much space gave him a rush, fueling his desire to get even huger, to not stop until he filled the entire room by himself. He imagined rolling over his friends and engulfing completely, feeling their helpless wiggling beneath his mass as he simply laughed and laughed. They'd be powerless against a toucan blimp of his magnitude, overwhelmed by his sheer size despite the fact he was only filled with air, convinced they were in control until the moment their feathery balloon tumbled atop them. Kit was smiling around his tube and chuckling even as his head sunk further into his orb of a body.

As Kit neared capacity Aldan ventured closer, obviously satisfied with the results. He gently nudged his friend to rock him a little before outright rolling Kit a few feet amidst insincere protests. "See Kit, you're substantially rounder than usual, all thanks to my machine."

"I *guess* so," Kit relented, nervous Aldan might send him through the whole process again if he pretended otherwise. "I still think there's got to be a way that doesn't involve force-feeding and flattening me though! Or maybe we just double the feeding and nix the flattening."

Aldan grinned, drumming on Kit's balloon belly a bit. "My elaborate simulations say otherwise. In fact, most of them came to the conclusion that repeating the flattening and inflation stages multiple times in short succession would result in an even larger toucan blimp. We could test it out right now if you'd like."

Kit didn't immediately say no, delayed by wandering fantasies. Utterly dwarfing Aldan would have its perks, though he wasn't sure they'd outweigh the risks of being reliant on his friend to deflate.

"I'm not hearing a no," Aldan teased, opening a passage leading to a roller that seemed the perfect size for the inflated Kit.

One look at the roller was enough to change Kit's mind. "No! Let me enjoy this size for a while, then we'll talk."

"I know you too well Kit, it'll be a matter of when not if," Aldan gave Kit's bloated side a playful thump.

Kit didn't deny his friend's claim, instead quietly blushing and pretending he hadn't heard. Of course in the back of his mind there was only one thought: *Bigger...*