

Flame's New Alarm Clock

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Flame was a gullible fox, to say the very least. He was often tricked into situations he never wanted to be in. Situations that were often very difficult to get out of. *Very*.

It was a normal Saturday. Bland, really. Excruciatingly normal. Nothing had happened all day, and now it was nighttime. Most of the other furs on the street had already passed out, but Flame had stayed up a little later playing Smash Bros. However, his eyelids had begun to get heavy, so he put the controller down and got into his pajamas.

There was a knock at the door.

Flame moved slowly towards the door. He was *just* about to go to sleep and now someone was at the door? Ugh.

He pulled it open, rubbing his eyes as he did so. When he saw who was at the door, his ears perked up and twitched a little.

A snake. An actual snake. Big. Tall. He wore a little brown hat, a suit with weird snake arms in the sleeves, and a pair of trousers that he'd stuffed his body through one leg of. For some reason. He was holding a large case.

"Um... H-Hello?" Flame asked, confused. Who was this? Why were they here?

The snake tipped his hat. "Good evening, fine sir! If you could give me just a minute of your time, I'd like to tell you about a very good product that could benefit your life greatly!" They said in a very cheery voice.

"You're... What? A salesman?" Flame asked, baffled. "At this time of night?"

"Oh, you'll understand why I sell so late at night when you see what I have to sell! You use an alarm clock to wake up every morning, correct?" The snake said, going right into the pitch.

Flame looked at the snake suspiciously. "Mayyyybbbbeeeee..."

"Does your alarm leave you in a bad mood? All that loud noise waking you up, making you feel terrible right at the start of your day?"

Flame seemed impressed. This snake had a product that could fix that problem? He'd recently been throwing his alarm clock across the room every morning.

"Y-yeah, actually."

"Well, have I got just the thing for you!" The snake set his case down and opened it, pulling out a... strange contraption.

It appeared to be a normal alarm clock, but attached to a cup-sized metal canister, which was also attached to a small long rubber tube. The snake held it as though he expected Flame to immediately understand what it was and get excited.

"What, uh... What does it do?" Flame asked after an awkward silence between them.

"This will wake you up much better than any other alarm clock on the market today!" The snake proclaimed happily, plopping the device down on Flame's doormat.

The fox tapped the metal canister soldered to the back of the clock.

"... How?" He had to know. What on Earth about this machine made it such a good alarm clock?

"Well, the way you've been waking up all this time is based around fear. A deep-set genetic instinct that tells you to wake up as quickly as possible because there could be some evil predator right next to you!"

Made sense. Flame nodded.

"This, on the other hand, is built on a very different kind of instinct. A reaction that is mainly centered on the gut."

Flame raised an eyebrow.

"It's really a very simple system. This hose..." The snake picked up the long tube and grinned. "Goes into your rear."

Flame's face flushed and he looked taken aback. "W-what?! Why... Why would I put a hose in my butt?!" He yelled in disgust.

The snake raised his hands in a *calm down, I'll explain* gesture. "Please, sir, I'm not done. When this alarm clock goes off, instead of ringing like crazy, it's set to release a small puff of air into your colon. Believe it or not, studies have shown proof that this system is actually a lot more effective at waking a person up. In tests, the ringing clock tends to make the sleeper angry and disheveled. But the air system tends to have the sleeper wake up much more calmly. They *slowly* come up out of their sleep instead of being jerked awake rudely. This means you'll have a much happier start to your day!" The snake smiled a fanged grin.

Flame stared at the small device for a few seconds, deep in thought. "I... I'm still not convinced. That... Just sounds a little too odd for me."

The snake frowned, then slyly added, "Did I mention that it's eighty percent off? Just for you, my friend. I have a soft spot for foxes."

Flame smirked and blushed a little. "Aw heck. You don't have to treat me like I'm special."

"Oh, but you *are*. I can smell it with my tongue." The snake flicked his pronged tongue out as some kind of proof.

Eighty percent off? Flame had grown up in a lower-middle-class family. He had been taught to never pass up a good deal. If this snake was really selling him this device for such a good deal... Well, it couldn't be *that* uncomfortable to sleep with a tube inside you.

"Fine, you've convinced me, Mr. Snake. I'll buy it! How much?" Flame said. The snake's smile was wider than ever.

"For you, my friend, only fifty dollars."

Whoa, fifty bucks? This thing had to be some kind of premium device despite its appearances if that was its cost *after* an eighty percent discount!

Flame happily got his wallet from his bedroom and gave the snake two twenty dollar bills and one ten dollar bill. The snake pocketed the money and left a piece of instructional paper with the device. He tipped his hat at Flame and slithered away, disappearing into the night.

Flame closed his door and carried the unique alarm clock inside, tossing it onto his bed. He unfolded the paper and started looking it over. His cheeks turned a little pink at the visual diagrams shown to assist in operation. He felt like he was reading some kind of NSFW comic book.

"Well... Seems pretty simple." He tossed the paper aside and looked down at the clock. He felt pretty apprehensive now that he was actually considering using it. But he'd just spent fifty dollars on this thing, he'd *better* use it, he told himself.

He wound up the clock and set the time according to his digital clock. He set the small red hand to 7:30 and turned the alarm on his normal clock off. He pushed it aside and sat the analog thing in its place. The ticking of the gears within was actually rather relaxing.

Flame sat down on his mattress and blushed as he started to pull down his pajama legs. He didn't pull them down all the way, just down to his thighs. He laid down on his side and held the small latex tube in his paw.

He held his breath as he pushed it in, letting out a small gasp at how cold it felt inside him. He'd never... had anything in there before. This was a very strange and new sensation. It wasn't horrible, but it was very off-putting and confusing, like running backwards.

Flame made sure the tube was in far enough so that it wouldn't fall out while he was asleep, then pulled his legs back up. The elastic waists of his pajamas pressed the cold tube against his back, and he shivered. He stuck his paw under the pillow, pulled the covers up, and tried his best to focus not on the tube in his rear, but on the ticking. He was unsure when, but soon he fell into a deep sleep.

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"Mmmrh..." Flame felt odd. The sun was shining in his face. He slowly blinked his eyes awake. He realized that he felt like he had a lot of gas. Dang. What had he eaten before? He turned over so that he was facing the ceiling, and the chill of the tube sent a shiver up his spine. Immediately, the purchase he'd made the night before came back into his mind, and he realized why he felt gassy. The alarm clock had been slowly letting out a slow trickle of air into his ass. He panicked and sat up, groaning from the sudden pressure. His waist was distended with air, and sitting up put a painful amount of pressure on it. He rubbed his lower stomach and could feel the air bubbles rushing into it and filling it up at a steady pace. His belly gurgled.

"N-no... Nonono..." The snake had said it would just release a single puff of air, not a constant stream! His unit must have some kind of defect. Well, this defect was blowing his stomach up like a balloon! He had to stop it quickly before this bloating got out of paw.

Flame looked over at the alarm clock, and saw that it wasn't there anymore. The tube was leading down over the edge of the mattress. It had fallen down at some point while he was asleep.

Flame leaned over the edge, looking down, wincing at the pressure the movement applied to his waist again. There was a loud series of burbles as a large bubble of air flowed easily into his intestines. The clock was lying on the floor; the face of it had cracked from its collision with the floor. It must have broken. Clearly it wasn't as premium a design as he'd thought.

The swelling fox let out a small burp and then tried to lean over the edge of the bed to grab the clock. What he would do from there, he wasn't sure, but that wasn't going to be a problem, as his ballooning gut raised him up a few inches, and his paw swiped futilely just above the clock on the floor.

Flame let out a much larger belch and groaned, sitting back up and groaning at the building pressure. His gut felt horribly taut. He rubbed his stomach as it began to press against his previously loose pajamas, making them feel very tight. The last thing he needed was an extra layer of pressure, so he wrapped his hands around his belly to try and unbutton his top. However, before he could even get a grip on one button, his shirt let out a *RIIIP!* and one of the buttons burst off of him, flying across the room and clattering on the floor.

The noise was so startling that Flame thought for one horrible moment that the ripping sound had come from his stomach and he let out an instinctive terrified yelp, scrunching up his face in preparation for the pain that was to come. About five seconds later he realized the air was still building up inside him, so clearly he hadn't ruptured just yet.

Finally, though, the idea of simply removing the hose came to him. But, he was sitting on it. He'd have to somehow stand up to be able to reach around and yank the cause of his expansion out.

The blimping fox huffed as he pressed his paws on the mattress, trying to sit up straight. His belly would not allow it. Quickly approaching the size of a beachball, it was simply too taut with air to allow any kind of movement, so Flame was stuck sitting in an awkward obtuse angle, his head pressed uncomfortably up against the headboard of his bed.

The expansion began to spread from his belly outward, and this really sent the fox into a panic. Slowly, very slowly, the ballooning began to spread, making his chest rise and filling out his sides, giving him quite puffy love handles. The buttons of his pajamas pinged off in succession from bottom to top as his chest slowly began to push up like a loaf of bread in an oven. He began to hyperventilate, fearing the worst, that at any moment the pressure would reach its peak and he would be done for.

Flame pressed a paw into his belly, hoping to somehow push the air out, and it caused the gas within to displace suddenly. He gasped as he felt his legs rapidly poof up, slowly filling out his pajama bottoms. He was becoming more and more balloon-like with each passing moment. He had to do *something*, or at least try to. He couldn't just sit here and let himself explode!

The quiet fox whimpered anxiously as he began to rock himself side to side. It was easier than usual in some ways, he was so much lighter now that the slightest movements could push him about, but also more difficult due to the restricting pressure of his body.

With each wiggle, he came closer and closer to rolling over the side of the bed. His body did not slow down, though, and while he was focused on getting off the bed, he was still puffing up. His footpaws swelled, looking like they belonged more to a balloon animal than a real animal. His cheeks filled up, making his face look almost fat. His neck spread outwards, making it look like his head was directly attached to his round and blimpish chest.

Flame finally fell off the bed. It was much slower than he thought it would have been. His body hovered for a moment, then began a slow, feather-like descent to the floor, where he bounced lightly, his body letting out a slight squeak, then he slid softly across the floor on his belly.

At last! The fox tried to reach his paws around his back to yank that damned tube out, but... his arms. His paws. They were too swollen. He couldn't move them at all! They were stuck out at his sides, making him look like a starfish!

Flame whimpered. The clock kept whirring. He kept creaking and growing. Flame was sure this was it. He was as good as popped.

As the feeling of tightness began to reach some sort of uncertain peak, Flame closed his eyes tightly, hoping that his explosion wouldn't be too painful.

Pop!

Hm? That wasn't as loud as it should have been.

The swelling had stopped. Flame was no longer growing! Had his own internal pressure forced the hose out? How lucky he was to survive such a dangerous experience! Oh, joy!

"I ssssssee the clock did it'sssss work," spoke a memorable voice.

Flame felt himself being picked up. He wished he could have expressed how his holder had to be very gentle, as the slightest amount of extra pressure or sharp objects against his skin might spell his doom, but his cheeks had swollen his muzzle shut. He was turned around, and

his nervous eyes stared down at the trouser-wearing snake salesman he had met the night before.

“You’re lucky I happened to come in here. You look jussssst about ready to burssst.” The snake observed slyly. Flame let out a muffled whine.

“All the otherssss I went to thissss morning were sssssmart enough to pull the hossssse out, at the very leasssst. They were just disssssarmed. You, though... You musssst be ssstupid!” The snake laughed and tossed the fox through the air. He whined loudly as he felt himself rise up slowly, approaching the ceiling fan which could surely pop him, but the breeze of the fan pushed him back down, and he landed softly on his bed. Flame heard sounds, and could just hardly see out of the corner of his eye the snake rummaging through his things, putting all his valuables in his little briefcase. He tried to move, tried to stop the snake from robbing him, but was completely immobile in his state. He was almost see-through, he was so swollen.

Once the snake had collected all the things it saw worth in, it slithered back over to his open bedroom window and slipped out, but not before turning around, tipping his hat, and saying, “Nicccce doing businesssss with you!”