

Guess Who's Popping At Dinner

[BUUUAAAARRRRP]

In the middle of the dining room, a generously sized Arcanine sitting at a table on two chairs held a paw to her mouth, giggling as a slight blush crept up on her cheeks. "Excuse [urp]...me, heh." As she lowered the same paw down to her top and began wiping barbecue sauce down her bloated front, the disgust of the other patrons sitting around her rose from mild to moderate. It was not that Aurora, the Pokémon who has our attention, was oblivious to the judgment being pinned on her. She just loved eating more, and eating more was something she was good at. The only problem at the moment-[BUUOOORRRP]-was that her stomach did not want to cooperate, much to her dismay. Aurora looked at the stacks of plates that littered the table before her with a slight groan. "[URRRP] Ugh...I don't know how I'm so bloated after such a light snack. Feels like I need to take some antacid or something."

"'Allo 'allo, mademoiselle!~ Can ai 'elp you?" Aurora turned to the direction of the obviously (at least obvious to everyone else) fake French accent and was a little thrown off by the fur it came from. Rather than the t-shirts and jeans the rest of the wait staff wore in the roadhouse restaurant, a raccoon stood by her table wearing an outfit more befitting of a 5-star restaurant with an almost ridiculous looking handlebar moustache on the end of his muzzle. However, this 5-star restaurant appears to not believe in tailoring since the raccoon looked like he could almost burst out of the uniform, the buttons of his vest straining as diamond divots formed between them. After straightening his moustache after it almost fell off, he continued, "Ai 'aird you from ze kitchen, so ai thought ai would bring you sumtheng to 'elp wiv yur...", the waiter leaned forward to speak more quietly, the fibers of his vest creaking in response, "Wiv yur...gas."

A grumble came from the Arcanine's belly, rumbling up into a stifled burp as she smiled at the raccoon. "I'd appreciate that! Gotta [buorp] make sure I'm ready for that 'between dinners' snack!"

"Vairy well! Haire you go.~" The raccoon produced a tray from behind him, and on it was a pill bottle which he swiftly picked up and uncapped. "Zis weel surely...'elp with your gas problems.~" The raccoon almost sounded ominous as he brought the bottle to Aurora's paw, tipping out two capsules.

"Could, I get a few [buaarp] more? I think I might need it." She beat her chest a little to settle the gas bubble that felt trapped within.

"Oui oui! As you weesh!" The waiter almost eagerly dumped the rest of the contents of the bottle for Aurora and watched intently as she cupped the capsules into her maw and downed them with a hearty gulp of her soda. Already expecting the relief, she gave her belly a good rub through her stained shirt and let out a satisfied sigh which was cut off by another burp. Then, without pause, a rumble came from her stomach.

[FFFFRRRRRTT]

Aurora's eyes widened a bit by the sudden outburst but was back to her giggling self really quick. "Oopsy, heheh. I guess that was just the last of it coming out! Thank you, sir. May I have the check, plea-[FFFFFRRRRRRRRRRTT][BUUUAAAARRRRRPPPP]...Heh, sorry...I don't know what came

over m-[FFFFRRRRRTTT].” The Arcanine stared down at her belly, confused why her stomach was still producing (and expelling) so much gas!

“Oh! Mai apulogeēs, mademoiselle. Ai seem to ‘ave made an oopsy.” The raccoon waiter was once again at Aurora’s side now wearing a clothespin over his nose and scrutinizing the pill bottle. Another cacophony of flatulence and belches occurred before he continued, “Eet appairs zis was not ‘Gas X’. Turns oot ai ‘ad picked up ‘Gas +’ instead! Honest meestake, if you can’t tell.~”

All the while the raccoon spoke, Aurora's gas output was steadily increasing. Her production, however, was growing exponentially. In the time it took the alleged waiter to explain his 'mistake', the Arcanine helplessly watched as her already bloated belly began to expand and strain the buttons of her shirt. After a particularly bombastic eruption from her rear, every button popped off in unison, letting her belly and breast bounce out into the open. At the table across from the bloating Pokémon, the buttons had clattered onto another diner's plate, bringing their attention to the table they were trying so hard to ignore. The scene they saw was enough to make them jump out of their seat, urging the rest of the table to leave. Slowly but surely, the rest of the restaurant became aware of the growing Arcanine, especially when a surge of growth knocked the table, and all the plates on it, over.

"Madame, ai am so vairy sahrry to tell you, but-," before the raccoon could finish, the gas in Aurora's body was fighting for space anywhere it could find it, and it just so happened to find it in her butt as another wave of growth pushed her forward off her chair. She braced for the fall, but when it never came, she opened her eyes to find herself beginning to float in the air like a methane filled blimp! Meanwhile, her outbursts have only continued to grow louder and more powerful, but not enough to counteract the gas forming deep within her gut. The waiter raised his voice, "I'm sahrry to tell you, but you're scareng ze othair guests! I woud ask you to leave, but ai doubt you'll fit through the doairs. Zat leaves only one opsheon! Ai am goeng to need you to pop!"

Aurora would have yelped in fear if she was able to hear the waiter over the continuous stream of gas coming out of both her ends. However, even if she could have heard him, the gas inside her was running out of places to go in her creaking body, opting to start collecting in her head and swelling her cheeks to the point that her mouth could no longer open. She could not even close her eyes to wince at the feeling of growing *just* too tight as they began to open and bulge out almost toonishly. Every part of her body was now swollen in some way, and with nowhere else for all that flatus to go, it is just a matter of time until she blows! Almost reminiscent of an old British sketch comedy film, the raccoon waiter, flung himself over one of the tables to duck in cover, right befo-

[B00M]

Peeking over his makeshift blast shield with paws cupped over his ears and now wearing a gasmask which also had a fake moustache just under its lens, the raccoon surveyed the damage done by the Arcanine's final blast. Through the fetid smoke, he could just make out all the tables knocked down and all the leftover food flung at the walls. He could only look at the scene with pride, especially as scraps of fur began to flutter to the ground around the dining room. As the air cleared and seemed safe to breathe, the raccoon took off his gasmask and took in a deep breath, resulting in a fit of coughing. Once done, he kissed his fingers to his lips, "Now, ZAT...is ze smell of a job well done!~"

20 Minutes Earlier

In the restaurant maintenance closet, a raccoon almost too wide to be inside it panted and grunted as they tried to force the buttons of his vest to close. Just as his fingers began to hurt from the work they were doing, he succeeded in his task and relaxed his belly with a sigh of relief, giggling a little at the familiar sound the tortured fabric made as he tacked on a fake moustache. "See? This is how a waiter should look!" He looked back at the tied-up waiter pinned to the wall by his butt, "Hey, no hard feelings?" The raccoon spoke with a more authentic sounding Southern accent, "In hind sight, pun not completely intended, I probably didn't need to kidnap you and tie you up. I, also, probably could have changed somewhere else...and maaaybe I could have just taken my guys word for it and not-[FFFRRTT]- and not test this Gas+ stuff here. [frrrt] Last one, I swear." The waiter groaned as the smell began to fill the cramped room. "Anyway, try not to pass out! I've got a job to do!" With that, the raccoon opened the door slipping out quickly to set his plan into motion, but not before opening the door again really quick to peak his head inside, "And yes, it's a real job!" Closing the door one last time, the poor, hot-boxed waiter was finally left alone, only to pass out.

THE END