

Stream Experiment

By Victor Waite

For Smallergod, owner of Jenny

Jenny decides to spice up one of her art streams with a cream pump, but things get out when she gets too bloated to stop it.

Content Warning: This story is intended for mature readers and contains a Female Mouse, Anal Hose Feeding, Inflation, Belly Growth, Exhibitionism, Destruction of Clothing and Furniture, and Immobility.

Jenny chittered while she looked over her tanks and hoses, inspecting them for potential problems. Condensation collected on a pair of large metal containers, each rivaling the chubby mouse in height. The cream inside clearly retained its chill, and the hose connections at their bases were air-tight. She followed the line to a small pump, which was little more than a set of bellows and a digital motor. She tapped its side and turned it on, unleashing lines of text across its small screen. The pump was hardly high-tech, but worked well and featured visibly moving parts. A tremor of anticipation flicked through her tail when it connected to her computer, and the bellows rose and fell as it primed up. The bottom-heavy rodent traced the line and checked for weaknesses, and she was happy to find none. Finally, she reached its outlet, which was capped with a particularly lewd nozzle. Its ovoid profile was obviously meant to fit comfortably inside someone, and a rosy blush warmed Jenny's muzzle while she looked it over. It neared her upper size limit, but she couldn't risk it slipping out halfway through the fill.

Satisfied with her rig, she lifted the pump from the floor and carried it to her chair. Jenny watched her monitor and placed it in under her chair, in the path of camera beneath her desk. A little shoving put the bellows completely in frame, where her audience could watch it work and fill her to the brim. The mouse took her seat above it, drawing a squeak of protest from the worn, plastic furniture. Her ears flattened to her head at the sound, though they perked back up in realization immediately after. A few light kicks moved the device out of her shadow, ensuring she wouldn't land on it if her chair gave out. When she could stall no longer, she wiggled and leaned back until her ass peeked over the cushion's edge. Jenny blindly groped at the floor until she found her hose, then mentally braced herself. The cool metal tip sent a shiver up her spine when it made contact with her winking pucker, but warmed quickly as she held it in place. She relaxed with a deep breath, then gingerly pressed it between her cheeks. Her jaw dropped in a silent gasp of delight as she stretched around its smooth curves, then jolted when she crested it widest point. She panted and caught her breath while she adjusted to its girth, and her blush persisted while she found a more comfortable sitting position.

Jenny adjusted the camera below her desk until it showed both the hose's entry and the pump, then started her final test. She opened up her art program and drew a line across the screen, then control-Z'ed it away. A faint hum filled her room when the pump reacted and activated, cycling the bellows just once before returning to dormancy. She repeated the process again and again until the hose sagged with calorie-laden fluid, drawing a light moan before the first spurts of cream filled her. The mouse curled her toes and squeaked when the chilled fluid met her heated interior, sending sparks of pleasure across her nerves. Finally ready to begin, she sent out a stream notification. Instead of drawing right away, however, she waited for the room to fill with a modest amount of people. She teased them with what was to come as their curiosity grew, building suspense until fifty or so people had joined. When she felt she started to lose them, the mouse turned her face and under-desk camera on and explained.

"So, this is still an art stream, but it's going to be a little different than the other ones. You might have noticed the pump under my chair and the hose in my..." she coughed and

cleared her throat, but gestured to make her point. "Every time I undo, that pump is gonna put a little cream in me. If you guys think its not going fast enough, I've set up a donation bot to speed it up. Each mistake is one pump, and each dollar is one pump."

She paused to let her audience take things in, then continued.

"I'll go as long as I can today, but I might have to end the stream if you guys make me too big to reach my tablet~ We'll figure things out from there, if I get there at all," she teased. "I'll pin the donation link to the top of the chat window, and we'll get started."

The taps of Jenny's keyboard filled the room while she posted the link, along with a pump counter, which paid off instantly. A \$20 donation came through before she could pick her pen up, and a surprised squeak tumbled from her muzzle when the pump activated. A solid jet of cream sprayed against her insides as the bellows contracted, catching her off guard with a burst of pleasure. She hardly recovered in time for the second, and an expression of bliss plastered itself across her muzzle with the third. Jenny only fought to regain control of herself when she saw her face in the monitor, and her cheeks blazed with an embarrassed thrill. She shook the dumbfounding sensations from her thoughts and held herself together, but the damage was already done. The chat feed relentlessly teased her over giving in, inspiring a steady drip of small donations. The pump fell into a constant rhythm as it processed all of them, gradually filling the pudgy rodent's middle with a pulsing stream of calories. Despite the surging and resurging pleasure, Jenny found her center and began drawing.

Her workflow slowed considerably while she struggled against the ebbing and flowing tide of carnal bliss, and she seriously questioned why she decided to "punish" her mistakes. The pump counter racked up as each undone stroke added to the number of incoming cycles, compounding until she struggled to get any lines down at all. Her free paw drifted to the considerable swell in her middle as her thoughts drifted farther and farther away from drawing, until part of her monitor flashed red. Curiosity dragged her from her carnal haze as she took a closer look, and her eyes widened with disbelief when she read the ominous text box. The pump counter froze if the program decided she wasn't drawing, and she jumped forward to tap her tablet. Her belly audibly sloshed and the sudden movement shook loose a belch, but she got the counter moving again. The chat's teasing redoubled, but she pushed her growing arousal aside and got back to work.

Jenny's strengthened resolved spared her of mistakes for a short while, but she worked around them as they came back and the pressure in her middle grew. The tight globe of her belly wobbled across her thighs and crept toward her knees, pushing her breasts up and apart as it slowly dominated her figure. More and more of her chest eased into her face camera while she staunchly ignored it, but it wasn't long until the fluid swell interfered with her arms. A gurgle and a slosh soon accompanied every stroke, motivating her audience to keep the donations up. Her normally clean lines deteriorated until they resembled an uncleaned sketch, though her bloated state never fully eclipsed her skill. It did shift her audience's attention from her work to her figure however, ensuring the pump

counter never reach zero. The blushing mouse kept drawing anyway, until a sudden pop snapped her out of focus. Her body wobbled while she searched for the source of the sound, which revealed itself mere seconds later.

A loud rip filled the room when her tight shorts gave way, tearing along a seam and fluttering to the ground. Jenny's bloated belly preserved her modesty, but that didn't stop her from burying her face in her paws. Lines of text raced through the chat window far faster than she could hope to read them, paralyzing her until her top followed suit. Her freed breasts didn't neatly fall into either camera frame, but that was only a small comfort. The mouse's blush nearly burned through her fingers at that point, but she couldn't deny her perverse enjoyment of the situation. The pump counter froze by the time she remembered she still had an audience, and her chair creaked under her vastly increased weight. Her expression dropped when she fell just a few inches short of retrieving her pen, and she sloshed and rocked in an effort to close the small gap. The protests of Jenny's chair grew more urgent with each attempt, until a sharp crack announced its failure.

The mouse let out a sharp squeak when she dropped out her face camera's frame, and her house shook with her impact. Her overstuffed stomach sloshed in her graceless landing, forcing out a burp that rattled her windows. Her cheeks flushed crimson when she looked up to find her face still on the monitor. Her camera readjusted itself with her fall, maintaining her audience's unobstructed view. Worse yet, her under-desk camera titled too, fixating on her spread thighs and overhanging belly. Jenny struggled to roll out of view and end the stream, but her greedy belly betrayed her and pinned her in place. The best she could do was to close her thighs, which did nothing to conceal the hose's entry point. She could only hope her arousal blended in with her fur, but she didn't like her odds with that. The sloshing rodent eventually calmed down enough to construct a plan, and she wrapped her tail around the hose and tugged. A gasp leapt from her throat as her pucker gradually yielded and reveled the nozzle's base, but she failed to clear its widest point. Each unsuccessful attempt sent a ripple through her figure-dominating stomach, and it didn't take long for her to wind herself.

Jenny's chest heaved and rippled while she caught her breath, putting on an accidental show for her enamored audience. A constant stream of donations ensured she'd be there until she emptied the tanks, even if the pump counter magically unfroze. She craned her head and looked to the cream tanks, and dread darkened her muzzle when she saw its gauge. The mouse had just about filled herself with the first tank, meaning she wasn't to yet to the halfway point of her journey. A strange mixture of fear, embarrassment, and lust washed over her as the gravity of her situation sank in, renewing her desire to escape. She frantically looked around for anything that might be useful, but nothing came to mind. She briefly entertained the notion of trying to work her keyboard with her tail, but deemed the risks of trying it blind too great. The pressure in her belly escalated to uncomfortable levels as she gave up her search, though a last ditch idea crossed her mind.

The mouse planted both paws on her belly and pressed down with all her strength. A rush of air tore past her muzzle in another belch, but she didn't relent. She screwed her

eyes shut and endured until she wondered if she would burst. The mouse quickly decided she would anyway if she did nothing, then redoubled her efforts. Jenny relax her tailhole despite the growing strain in her tightening pelt, and hope welled in her chest when the nozzle moved. The rodent grit her teeth and drew the last of her strength, and she let out a sharp gasp of relief when the hose finally popped free. A gush of cream followed in its wake until her muscles returned to their original state, trapping the vast majority of the liquid within her. The pump detected the loose hose and cut the flow, minimizing the puddle inching across her floor. Jenny rolled her head back in relief and laughed, oblivious to the lewd encouragement and mock disappointment coming from her audience.

The mouse eventually recovered and snaked her tail to the camera under her desk, pulling it free and taking it over the crest of her gurgling middle. The rosy heat in her cheeks slowly faded while she collected her thoughts, and she breathlessly addressed her audience. "I think that's all for today," she huffed. "I mean, I don't think I can reach my computer and take the stream down, but I won't be doing anything until I can get up," she smiled. "I don't know how much you all threw at this, but there might be another one of these in the future if it was enough."

Jenny dropped the camera to her side and let it roll until it showed her expansive belly, offering a second angle on it while she rested. Soft snoring filled the room as she fell into a food coma, and her audience slowly filtered out. Most of seemed eager to find out how much the colossal meal would impact her figure.