

Delayed Gratification

By Victor Waite

On her first night off in week, a coyote makes up for lost holidays and celebrates Christmas and New Year's with a bag of candy and a bottle of champaign. She puts on a recording of the midnight event, though finds her snacks infinitely more interesting, especially when they begin to react with one another...

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Chubby Female Coyote, Excessive Snacking, Belly Bloating, Female Masturbation, Helium Inflation, and Immobility.

A thin column of light stretched across the apartment as its door opened, which widened until obscured by a thick shadow. The canine slapped her paw against the wall several times until she found the light switch, illuminating the sparsely decorated room. The door slammed shut in her wake with a heavy thump, and she shuffled to her living room on exhausted feet. The coyote carelessly tossed her keys onto a cluttered table and chucked her phone at her sofa, then collapsed atop it. The squeak of springs broke the silence for an instant when she bounced, then faded down to nothing as she came to rest. Time slowed and warped as simply laid there and teetered on the edge of consciousness, more than eager to put the grueling day behind her. The sandy canine wiggled from her top and tossed it away, then repeated the process with her skirt. The soothing sensation of exposure pelt mitigated the worse of her stress, and her mood improved as her daily burdens departed. A thought ruined her relaxation before she sank too deeply into her cushions, however, and she begrudgingly sat up to entertain it. As a responsible adult, she grappled with the refuge of her furniture and struggled to prepare for the next day. Her arms resisted her motion at every possible step as she reached for her phone and checked her shift, until the glowing screen conveyed a wondrous, forgotten truth.

She had the next day off.

A second wind filled the coyote like a hurricane, and she flopped back into her couch's embrace with unrestrained bliss. The workday dread unraveled from her core and freed her soul, suffusing her with the energy to properly enjoy her evening. The canine ran through a mental checklist of her options, and a grin spread across her muzzle as she made her choice. Her ass of a boss deprived her of both new year's and christmas, and if she recalled correctly, she still had the supplies to make both celebrations happen. Instead of attempting to throw a party on an hour's notice, however, she opted to spend a quiet evening with herself. She turned her TV on and stepped into the kitchen while it warmed up, then fished a bag of candies from her largest cabinet. The variety pack filled both of her arms as she hauled it back to her seat, and her muzzle watered with expectation as she returned for her drink. The coyote rose on her toes and plucked a gifted bottle of champaign from atop her refrigerator, then cradled it to her chest and returned to her sofa. A carefully applied claw popped the cork free, and forgoing a glass, she took a swig straight from the source. The bubbly flavor tickled her tongue and buzzed in the space between her thoughts, and she elected to set it aside before she lost the entire evening to its temptations. She wanted to be sober for at least some of her recorded new year's special, after all.

A sharp rip filled the apartment as she tore into her knee-high sack of candy, which despite its quantity, boasted a high quality. She popped a pinch of the treats into her muzzle and happily snacked while she browsed her recorded shows, until she found the multi-hour celebration. The coyote reclined and discarded her remote as its introduction rolled, and she idly plucked morsels from her supply as he attention fixated on the well-dressed fox on her screen. The lively vulpine ran through an overview of the event's features and hyped up his crowd, though the canine was less than enthused about the line up. She recalled why she never gave such programs much attention as the host rattled off subjects and their top 10 lists, though she decided against bailing so quickly. She'd already gone through the

trouble of saving it, so why not give it a shot? The coyote clung to that idea and endured the parade of the year's most attractive celebrities, who fell well outside of the chubby canine's equally doughy tastes. There wasn't any among them more than two hundred pounds, and she dwelt on the lack of soft representation as they sauntered down their carpet. Every celebrity after appeared identical to the first lacking set, quickly convincing the canine she was too sober to properly enjoy the festivities. She groped for her drink and took a deep swig once she found it, swishing the delightful flavor and texture across her tongue before gulping it down. She chased it with a handful of candies, then waited for it to take effect and endured the next criminally uninteresting list.

Her patience rapidly wore thin with the "2018 Top Ten Action Explosions," and she grasped for her drink once more before the showcase reached beyond number seven. The coyote didn't wait to swallow her treats before flooding her cheeks with the mercifully inebriating fluid, and pressure built in her mouth and nearly burst free before she swallowed. Sizzling pockets of lingering foam floated from her lips, and her night became infinitely more interesting as she attempted to replicate the fizzy outburst. It took only a moment of experimentation to discover the reaction between the candy and drink, and despite her light buzz, she decided against exploiting the newfound reaction. Presented a choice between enjoying only one or the other, she picked the candies and placed the bottle out of reach before her resolve wavered. To make the deal more fair to herself, she removed the self-imposed limit on snacking and delved into the bag unimpeded. A few more handfuls revealed she'd made her decision just in time, and her middle obviously bloated with the influx of treats. The comparatively small pool of champaign in the bottom of her belly vigorously reacted with her snacks, ramping up the pressure in her gut and inching it over the top of her thighs and hid her panties. A grin spread across her muzzle as she lavished her inflated paunch, until an unexpected belch deflated it almost to its original size.

A heated blush warmed the coyote's cheeks, which faded when she remembered there was no one to scold her. A few exploring squeezes confirmed her middle had given up most of its pressure, and a thought crossed her brow as the heat in her muzzle rekindled. She reached into her bag and extracted a fistful of candy, then greedily stuffed it into her muzzle. The canine chewed and chewed until her jaw ached, then swallowed the sugary mass down. A thrill raced up her spine when she felt its subtle landing her depths, and an indulgent smile spread across her muzzle when she sensed its weight. She looked up to her program to find it in the middle of a "Top 10 Horror Reboots in Space" list, then shook her head and returned to her own idea of entertainment. Another mouthful of candy boosted the rate of her growth, spurring her to place both paws on her middle and relish it. A content sigh tumbled from her lips as she basked in the strange sensations, savoring the subtle spread of her fingers across her swelling middle. The bubbling and gurgling of her belly was palpable even through her generous flab, and her kinky curiosity demanded she push the envelope farther. Her middle audibly sloshed when she leaned to the side and reclaimed her delightful drink, which she promptly brought to her lips. It's flavor took a back seat to its properties when she tipped it back and chugged, only stopping when a rising burp interrupted her guzzling.

The consequences were immediate, and her belly bloated and swelled several inches. Her fur spread thin across its taught surface and exposed the sensitive hide beneath, which she wasted no time exploring. The coyote gently raked her blunted nails along the map of her stretch marks, relishing the almost ticklish sensations. She squeezed her legs together and squirmed under the rumbling dome of her middle, grappling with the strange pleasure of her unexpected expansion. Soft, hollow taps filled the air as she drummed her fingers across its surface, and she indulged in her reverberations until another belch ore past her lips. Her cheeks blazed and she giggled with delight, then reached for more candies to test her limits. One paw dug into the endless bag while the other disappeared between her thighs, and her chewing and moaning gradually rose above her TV's noise. The new year's special fell entirely from her perceptions as she lost herself in uncharted bliss, which soon drove her to wiggle free from her panties. She tossed the discarded garment across the room, caring little for where it landed, then explored her blossoming fetish unimpeded. The canine's growing stomach applied a wonderful pressure to other parts of her body, supplementing her bliss and eroding her stamina. She soon stopped tasting the treats entirely, only interested in feeding the reaction in her belly. Her pulse raced as climax neared, until she ceased chewing entirely and swallowed them whole.

Unfortunately, her greedy stuffing brought diminishing returns. The shortest moment of reflection would have revealed the candy's hard shell interfered with the wonderful interaction, but in her lusting, drunken state, that realization escaped her. Instead, she chased her airy high harder and harder, scarfing the treats down as fast as her anatomy allowed. Thick bugles of sweets rolled down her throat at a brisk rhythm, filling her belly and displacing most of the built up air. Her belly remained a mostly constant size as she belched off the excess, though the chocolate added to its weight and density. Her rolls subtly squished out over her lap and thighs, escaping her perception until her lower roll pressed down on her wrist and threw off her fingers' lustful angle. Her widening hips rolled to compensate, but her shifting growth soon reached a point she couldn't ignore. The coyote let out a pitiful whine and withdrew as her manual ministrations grew increasingly lacking, and with great frustration, she abandoned her need and reached down into the depths of her couch. Irritation played across her face as she blindly groped for her solution, which gave way to excitement when she found it. She plucked the electronic wand from her couch's hold and lunged to plug it in, and anticipation welled in her chest as it buzzed to life. She wasted no time shoving it under the shelf of her belly, and her thighs clamped down and held it in place. Convulsive pleasure quaked through her figure as she rode the wand for all it was worth, driving her toward orgasm and clouding her thoughts with rapture.

The coyote's belly wobbled and sloshed as the toy's vibrations propagated through her figure, stirring her up and coaxing out another belch. She thumped her middle in an effort to bring out more, but the proportion of drink and candy simply wasn't right. The canine bounced on her seat and did everything in her power to reinvigorate the reaction, but nothing produced meaningful results. Her pursuit grew desperate as she manually mixed and churned the contents of her belly, until her patience eventually wore out. Prepared for

drastic measures, she reached for her bottle and jammed its opening between her lips, then pointed its bottom to the ceiling and opened her throat. The zealous pour unleashed a second tide of bubbles, which swished between her cheeks and over her tongue before washing down her gullet. Her belly groaned and sloshed as the liquid splashed down and freed its carbonation, rapidly stretching her middle to its limits. Tingling lines scattered across her pelt as new stretch marks formed, scoring her gut with paths of enhanced sensitivity. She rushed to trace them once the bottle was light enough to hold in her teeth, and her muffled moans of bliss echoed in its emptying interior. The coyote chugged relentlessly as her rounded gut surpassed basket ball sized and reached beach ball proportions, rolling over her lap and squishing her favorite toy in place. The strengthening vibrations only sped the fizzy reaction, and blissful bolts of pleasure lancing through her core reached into her middle as she balanced on the brink of bliss.

The canine let out a rapturous cry and bit down on the bottle, holding it in place and muting her cries as orgasmic pleasure thrummed on her nerves. Her legs squeezed together and threatened to crush the wand as every muscle in her body tensed and convulsed, including those surrounding her stomach. The contents of her belly sloshed and roiled with her overloaded trembles, driving her internal pressure to a dangerous level. Pangs of discomfort sparked in her core as her body struggled to deal with the expanding bubble, until something that defied her lust-drunken expectations occurred. Her middle retained its bloated bulk as the mixture in her stomach continued generating air, diverting its ongoing effects to other parts of her body. The contours of her flexing thighs filled in as air seeped into her anatomy, slowly bulking them up and restricting her movement. Her arms followed suit and swelled with the consequences of her carelessness, lightening and stiffening until they pointed out from her sides. She only noticed the strange side effect when she fell from her climactic high, though its implications had yet to hit home. Still buzzed on her bubbly brew, she surveyed its effects with detached interest and arousal, curious to see how far such a change could reach.

Her focus snapped to her buzzing toy as its ministrations pierced her afterglow, overwhelming her oversensitive clit with its unending vibrations. She spread her thighs in the hopes it would fall away and free her from its carnal hold, but it remained firmly in place despite her lack of effort. The coyote cursed her weight under her breath and stretched farther to no avail. The only bouncing she could muster failed to dislodge it as well, and an irritated sigh poured from her lips when she broke down and simply reached for it. Her arms resisted her command and remained stiff however, and the canine only noticed why when one swung into view. What little definition her chubby limb had before was lost in perfect curvature, rounded and inflated not unlike her belly. Confusion conquered the fog surrounding her mind long enough to hold her interest, though she couldn't piece together a response to the sight. The coyote's elbow stiffened as the body-dominating bubble seeped passed the joint, inflating her forearm and wrist while splaying her fingers. Realization dawned on her in that instant, and she reached for the empty bottle before her motor skills abandoned her completely. A grunt leapt from her chest when the motion buried her toy deeper, and a blush kindled in her cheeks as she did her best to ignore the sensations. She found it difficult to read the container's label as her wand drove

her to a second release, but after a few seconds of shaky concentration, she found her culprit. In tiny letters, near the bottom of the label, sat a note.

Non-carbonated, helium infused.

The coyote's head tilted with curiosity, and several of her night's events began to make sense. Before she could fully process the full implications, however, her wand shifted amid her expanding thighs and leaned into her buzzing clit. The rush of sensation loosened her grip on the bottle, and her thoughts melted away in a climactic tide. Burning pleasure resonated on her nerves and sent her into convulsive fits, mixing and churning the contents of her belly. Bubbles audibly formed and foamed beneath her stretched hide, gradually forcing yet more air into her limbs. She helplessly struggled against her bliss and anatomy as she filled, unable to do anything but watch her finesse balloon away. Her legs stiffened and inflated, firmly locking her wand in place as her arms lost the last of their usefulness. The couch creaked with relief as she gained buoyancy, lifting her from the cushion's soft embrace and locking her posture. Her eyes remained squeezed shut as she rigidly propped up against her seat, unaware of her partial departure until she lifted away entirely. Her climax waned as her heels skirted the ground, and she opened her eyes to find herself lifting off. Her limbs resisted her increasingly frantic commands until she floated from the sofa entirely, relinquishing what little control she retained. A torrent of emotions washed through her as she drifted to the ceiling, though a burst of pleasure undercut her plight.

Her rise took a sharp turn to the side when the wand's cord pulled tight, nudging her directly over her couch. She did everything in her power to squeeze her thighs and maintain her grip on her lifeline, though the task grew increasingly difficult. Racing pleasure and another looming orgasm sapped what little strength and coordination she clung to, and a burst of bliss answered each attempt to reset her grip. She looked to the ceiling and confirmed she was beyond reach of her fan, but floating into it later presented a significant risk. The coyote bit her lip and mustered her endurance in the face of her climax, but her quivering, lust-soaked thighs betrayed her. Her breath quickened as the wand's rounded head slipped across her pelt, inching her closer to the upper bound of her abode. The possibility of denying herself such a rapturous burst seemed almost as bad as aimlessly floating free, and she used the last of her strength to drive the toy against her trembling folds. It's rounded tip grazed the end of her tingling clit, catapulting her into uncontrollable bliss. Ragged pants escaped her muzzle as she struggled to curl up and savor her ebbing and flowing tide of pleasure, but her body resisted and remained stiff and springy. Her middle bubbled and rumbled ominously as her flexing walls stirred and churned the mixture, adding to her buoyancy until her source of her bliss slipped free.

The buzzing wand fell to the couch below and uselessly pleased its cushions, leaving the coyote free to float to her ceiling. She bumped and bounced against the rough surface, sending her into a turn that eventually planted her back against it. An unexpected benefit of her carnal slip reveled itself as she settled in place, and she gathered just enough of her wits to notice. The added lift from her climax pinned her to the ceiling with enough force to keep her lightened body in place. With the threat of the fan eliminated, she let out a high-

pitched sigh of relief. The tingle of her afterglow dissipated as she splayed out, and the farther-reaching consequences of her state unfolded as she fully came down from her high. Though a pleasant, alcoholic buzz still thrummed in the back of her mind, she realized there was little to no chance of getting down on her own. She resolved to call for help, until she remembered where she left her phone. She decided to simply wait it out, until she recalled that she had the next day off, and it may be a little while before someone came looking for her. The air suffusing her body easily kept her pinned, but it couldn't stop her expression from falling.

"I wonder if I'll deflate before someone finds me. That can't last too long, right?"