

Carbonation Inflation

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A Patreon Vignette for Garuda

Reese belongs to Garuda

Perhaps against his better judgment, Reese makes a bet and must drink enough soda to pop his belly button out. He records the session as proof, and along the way discovers he may enjoy it more than he thought. Will it be enough motivation to push beyond his limits and win?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Fox, Soda Bloating, Exhibitionism, Male Masturbation, Carbonation Inflation, and a Friendly Wager

Reese reached over his desk and adjusted his webcam, fixing it upon himself and his seat. Soft squeaks filled the room as he tipped and leaned it exactly right, until he fit entirely in the frame. Satisfied with its position, he reclined back and adjusted his lights. The fox's monitor showed his bare, red-furred figure in all its glory, from the fluffy hair on his head to the fluffier fur of his tail. His upper body left the camera's sight as he reached out and let out a small grunt of effort, drug a substantial 2-liter bottle toward his chair. The vulpine repeated the process until he brought his whole supply within reach, completing his standing army of fizzing drinks. Several of them stood proudly beneath his seat, more than ready to jump in and aid his fulfillment of his bet. Reese took in a deep breath and gathered his endurance, then looked directly into the camera. He explained the stakes and goal, to bloat himself up until his navel popped out, or become a servant for a certain fox until the end of the month. On success, however, the consequences would reverse, and Reese would have a pudgy maid at his beck and call for weeks. The fox stared into the lens and called his rival out, instructing him to order a maid costume in advance of his loss. With the gauntlet dropped, Reese settled back in his seat and grabbed his first bottle.

The vulpine wasted no time twisting its cap off and tossing it aside, then lifted the container to his lips with both hands. His cheeks filled out as the fizzy drink flooded his waiting maw, washing across his tongue and unleashing its carbonated flavor. A procession of bulges traveled down his neck as he gulped and swallowed, growing evermore obvious as he tilted his head back. His progress was brisk and steady, clearing the bottle at an impressive pace and pouring its contents into his middle. His soft belly filled and rounded more and more by the second, inching over the top of his thighs and steadily eclipsing his lap. The space between his audible swallows lengthened as he approached the end of the container, and he struggled against his reflexes to drain the last few drops. Motes of soda glittered in the air when he dropped the bottle and sharply gasped, taking in a much-needed breath and adding to the pressure in his chest. A faint pang of queasiness played across his face as a shameless belch tore passed his lips, relieving just a shred of discomfort. One of his paws drifted to his middle and brushed its taut surface as he mentally braced for an encore, and a faint blush warmed his cheeks with the sensation. His arousal sirred beneath his rounded overhang as he gently raked his claws through his russet fluff, discovering he may enjoy his challenge more than expected. He shook his building lusts from his mind before they fully bloomed, however, then reached for the next bottle and brought it to his lips.

The second leg of his marathon proved much more difficult than the first, but also more rewarding. Each swallow dropped another mouthful of soda into the growing ocean in his stomach, which only added to its constant sloshing. The upper curve of his belly rounded with released carbonation, straining his hide to blissful levels of sensitivity. As soon as the bottle lightened enough, Reese relaxed his grip and rubbed his taught curve, sparking pleasure across his hide and coaxing out shameless groans. His cock throbbed and hardened to full length and squished into his lower shelf with almost enough force to lift it. The soda's fluid weight kept his paunch firmly in his lap, however, causing his spire to simply squish into his padding. The fox's paw drifted lower as the pressure in his gut rose once more, seeking out ever more sensitive patches until his blunted claw dipped into his

navel. An electric jolt of pleasure made him sputter around his chug when he slipped into the tight dimple, spurring him to repeat the gesture the instant he recovered. The vulpine moaned into the half-empty bottle as he squeezed finger back in and added a second, exploring a previously unknown pleasures of his belly. His cock pulsed with jealousy as he briefly lost himself to indulgence, both checking his progress and exploring a newly discovered kink. His cheeks blazed with realization when a flash of clarity reminded him he was on camera, but his shame proved short-lived. The vulpine made a mental note to edit the video down to just the results before presenting it as evidence of his success, then resumed his deep drink until the bottle ran dry.

Reese simply let go of the plastic container and dropped it to the floor as he withdrew his paw, then allowed himself a break before reaching for the next. A pocket of carbonation filled Reese's cheeks when he lifted his stomach and dropped it in his lap, sloshing out a shameless belch that rattled his desk. The faintest traces of a blush warmed his muzzle as relief blended into bliss, until he realized his sacrificed progress. His finger sank into his firm belly noticeably more than before, bringing a twist of displeasure to his expression. The fox pushed his carnal needs to the back of his mind and reached for his third 2-liter, then wrapped his lips around its opening and chugged. His body resisted every swallow and begged him to reconsider, though he steeled his resolved and kept drinking regardless. The resulting pressure swelled his middle to the point of pain, which twisted into pleasure as he pushed through and beyond his limits. His cock bounced against the underside of his vaguely spherical belly as his nerves sparked with bliss, earning his attention once the container was light enough. The fox shamelessly reached under the inflating swell and wrapped a paw around his knotted length, slathering it with pre before embracing his sexual needs. He moaned and groaned into the flowing soda as his rhythmic motions shook his sloshing middle, plumping his paunch with an explosion of carbonation. His expression twisted in mixed pain and pleasure as he reached and far surpassed his capacity, stretching his hide and thinning his fur. Reese's straining middle showed though his sparse pelt, and as lines of sensitive stretch marks blazed through his hide, he came.

Jets of seed painted his tight underbelly, locking every muscle in his body with delightfully dangerous bliss. His hips bucked with reflexive rapture, grinding the tip of his shaft into his sensitive hide and prolonging his climax. Reese's eyes rolled back as his shivers and shudders shook loose more carbonation, compounding the reaction until something within him popped. Fear flashed across his eyes as harmful possibilities pierced his lust and raced through his inner vision, though his panic faded as he came down from his carnal high without consequence. With apprehension, he rubbed a paw across his nearly spherical middle and found his navel. An exploratory touch sparked him with pleasure and confirmed his success, filling him with relief as smoldering soreness set in. He let his half-empty bottle douse him with its contents and roll to the floor, and the fizzy beverage soaked into his pet as he relaxed and relished his victory. Reese's lust revived beneath his belly, fully in view, as he spun to his computer and eyed his camera.

"Hey Vic, go ahead and order a 10X maid outfit while you're at it. You're gonna need it by the time I'm done with you."