

A Bloated Encore

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A Patreon Vignette for Garuda

Reese belongs to Garuda

May belongs to her owner

Mere minutes after cleaning out a restaurant grade ice-cream machine, May finds an excuse to show off her gluttonous capacity once more. She bets Reese she can finish a large soda and full pack of mentos before they get back home.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Bunny, a Male Fox, Belly Struggles, Soda Bloating, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Borderline Mobility

A bell's ring broke the night's tranquil silence, announcing May and Reese's departure from the conquered restaurant. The manager wiped splotches of melted ice creme from his apron and waved them off with a mixture of relief and jealousy, torn over the bunny's gluttonous display and his role in cleaning its aftermath. Reese dashed in front of her and held the door, though the single-wide gap couldn't hope to accommodate the bloated bunny. A blush tinted her cheeks as she bumped open the double-door's other half, kindling a similar heat in her boyfriend's muzzle as she waddled into the parking lot. The fox followed behind her and watched the sway of her furniture-destroying ass with shameless desire, memorizing its every curve and wobble until they reached his car. A sharp beep echoed across the quiet city as he unlocked its door and climbed into the driver seat, while May struggled to do the same. Her breath rushed in puffs of effort as she wedged herself between the neighboring truck and Reese's passenger seat, rocking both vehicles with her bulk until she tumbled in. Reese braced against the console as the suspension tipped with her flab, then rocked with the slam of the door. May blindly reached for her seatbelt, but after a few minutes of fruitless groping, decided to go without it. She was so firmly squeezed in, she doubted she needed it anyway.

"I'm gonna need a bigger car if you keep this up," Reese chided.

"Yeah you are," May beamed. She wrapped both arms around her belly and squeezed, squishing her doughy flab until it smushed around the glove box. "Don't lie, you want it just as much as I do~"

The blunt accusation warmed his cheeks and stirred his sheath, though he shuffled his hips and downplayed it. "Yeah, I just didn't think you'd blimp out so fast. We're buying you new clothes every week."

The bunny shivered in delight at that truth. "And to think I could go even faster if I wanted."

As much as that idea aligned with his fantasies, it brought an arch of doubt to his brow. "I'm skeptical that you could, but intrigued that you may."

The obese bunny grinned and reached under her seat. The swell of her belly shoved her breasts into her double chin while she searched the strained space behind her calves, forcing her to hold her breath until she found her mark. May sighed with relief and drug a two-liter soda from the car's inner reaches, complete with a tube of mentos taped to the side. "I only stopped back there because I emptied that machine. Don't you go thinking I don't have room for more~"

Several thoughts and feelings swirled in the fox's head, but only one found its way to his mouth. "How did you know that was there?"

"I know alllll about your bloating habits," she teased. "But I'm gonna ignore that and prove a point. I bet I can swallow the candy and chug the soda before we make it back home."

"I doubt it, but I'd love to see you try~"

"Then start the car and lets go"

With a glimmer of competition in his eye, Reese cranked the engine and backed out of the parking lot. The instant the cab rumbled with mechanical life, May unwrapped her pilfered candy and popped the rounded mints onto her tongue. Her cheeks bulged with the entire package as she shot Reese a confident wink, then tipped her head back and swallowed them whole. A set of diminutive bumps and swells bulged her neck and vanished behind her exposed breasts, then landed softly in the half-melted ice cream filling her belly. The corner of her eyes watered with a hint of strain, which she ignored as she opened the soda. The fox struggled to keep his eyes on the road while she balanced the bottle on her plush chest, continually drawn by her soft groans and grunts of effort. He found his chance to look at a lengthy red light, and what he found surpassed his expectations. Lost in a world of gluttony and bliss, May tipped the container high above her head and gulped, visibly swelling her middle in an instant. The candy and soda reacted with spectacular effect, unleashing a cloud of carbonation that tightened every curve on her belly. The valleys between her rolls shallowed as her mountains flattened, hardening the upper roll of her belly until it destroyed her damaged top. The defeated fabric slipped down her figure and vanished somewhere beneath her seat, revealing a sight that enraptured Reese until a honk from behind stole him back to reality. May giggled between mouthfuls, and the pair continued on their way.

Reese retaliated with a tap to the gas, sloshing the half-full bottle into the bunny's mouth. Her eyes widened and her cheeks bloated with the abrupt and fizzy rush, and she narrowly avoided spilling the sweet drink across herself as a heavy belch rumbled from her chest. The fox answered her mirthful glare with an affectionate wink, then wiggled the wheel and shook her up just a little more. May stifled a second outburst into her paw, then called him out on sabotaging their bet.

"Hey, no driving like an idiot," she laughed. "That wasn't part of the deal."

"You never told me I couldn't," Reese teased. "I'll make it up to you though. Let's take the scenic route and give you a little more time."

May accepted and resumed her attack on the dwindling soda.

Though her resolve remained strong, May's pace faltered. Her body rebelled as her stomach bloated and bumped the glove box, refusing to comply without a fight. Her seatbelt dug into the tight curve of her middle and added yet more pressure to her rounded belly, clouding her thoughts with hedonistic fatigue and exhaustion. The determined bunny hardly noticed Reese departing from the main road, abandoning pavement and asphalt for dirt and gravel. May felt the transitional jostle, however, and she emerged from her caloric haze just long enough to realize her boyfriend's trickery. Reese grinned mischievously as path's bumps and dips bounced her rounded belly, straining her hide with audible fizzing.

The bunny grimaced in a mixture of pain and pleasure as stretch marks forged paths across her sensitive hide, blending sensations until something deep within her gave. Her expression locked as the inner passages beyond her belly flooded with her feast, shredding her waistband and restoring her gluttonous vigor. Reese's cheeks blazed at the sight of her defeated shorts, eclipsed by her belly, and his own pants grew tighter as she lifted the bottle over her head. Despite the bumpy travel, she depleted the container with ease, until she reached the final mouthful.

The yellowed glow of passing streetlights scattered across May's bloated hide, highlighting the sensitive spaces between her fur as she took her last gulp. Audible gurgling and fizzing filled the space between the car's hum while she basked in the pride of her victory, until her stamina collapsed and a vengeful food coma claimed her. Reese's congratulations barely registered on her teetering consciousness, balancing on the verge of sleep until the pair pulled into their driveway. The slam of a car door shook her from her stupor long enough to haul herself from the seat, a feat that required their combined strength. May leaned into Reese's side as he walked to the door, then helped squeezed her hips through the painfully narrow entrance. Instead of ushering her upstairs, the fox guided her to the living room, where they collapsed onto the couch to its pained protests. May's stomach gurgled and groaned with the graceless landing, though sleep fully claimed her before she could complain. Pinned beneath his lardy lover, Reese relaxed and joined her in dreams.

It was still an early night by their standards, but the sooner he slept, the sooner he could wake up and discover just how much of her bloat would linger as flab.